

★ PHOTOPLAY

September

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FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE - GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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LEWIS STONE
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Based on a story by **Richard Conlin**

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Cheers and Jeers:

Farley Granger gives me a pain. Who does he think he is? In all of the articles I have read about him, he tells all of the virtues a girl must have to become his wife. That makes me sick. Does he ever think that a girl with all that would probably never think of marrying him?

JOAN MORRIS
Portland, Me.

After the manliness of Stewart Granger in "King Solomon's Mines" (which shook the entire feminine population more profoundly than an atom bomb), what does Hollywood do but cast him in an all-time-low floperoo called "Soldiers Three"! When they take a handsome man like Stewart Granger and cast him in a role where he has to depend on silly grimaces, popping eyes, twitching eyebrows and plain mugging to get laughs, then they would do anything. After this, I wouldn't be surprised to see Mario Lanza, with a wig, play *Camille* or Frank Sinatra, with his usual poor performance, play a musical version of "Hamlet."

How tragic that M-G-M has dealt Stewart Granger such a blow and how glad Kipling must be that he is dead!

ELEANOR R. WALLACE
Havertown, Pa.

I've just read Barbara Stanwyck's article, "Look Ahead!" and all I have to say is, "If I can look as good as Stanwyck does, I'll be glad to be forty."

MARGARET STEIN,
Ecorse, Mich.

Why are Hollywood gossip-mongers making Liz Taylor out to be such a bad girl? I believe with so many others that she is just emotionally immature and when she finds herself she will make some man a fine wife.

ANITA J. PRATT
Liverpool, N. Y.

Shapes and Figures:

If Vera-Ellen fits the description Liza Wilson gave of her in the May issue of Photoplay, oh brother! My height is the same as hers. I weigh nine pounds more, my waistline is 4" larger, my hips 3" larger, my bust 1" larger—and my friends call me "Skinny."

CLAUDINE K.
Pell City, Ala.

(We gave the following measurements for Vera-Ellen: height, 5'4½"; weight 108-111; bust 33"; hips 32"; waist 20" Are your friends kidding?)

In the July issue I was infuriated to see that Betty Grable has again obtained the distinction of having the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. It is my opinion that Betty Grable's legs are overrated. They are entirely too skinny. Anyone who isn't half-blind could see that Ava Gardner possesses the most beautiful gams in Hollywood or, for that matter, anywhere else.

CARROLL KING,
Charlotte, N. C.

Casting:

How about matching Elizabeth Taylor and John Derek in a movie? Since she is supposed to be the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and he the handsomest man,

they ought to be a real hit together.

LINDA LILES,
Temple, Tex.

Lately all I ever see is Betty Grable with Dan Dailey and Doris Day with Gordon MacRae. Why don't their studios team them up with their old co-stars, such as Dan Dailey with Anne Baxter, who were wonderful in "Ticket to Tomahawk" and June Haver with Gordon MacRae, who were likewise in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady."

Jo Woods,
Biloxi, Miss.

Question Box:

Would you please give me the name and some information about the person who played Frank Lovejoy's son in "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I."

SHIRLEY BLASENAK
Norwood, Mass.



(His name is Ron Hagerthy. Unmarried; born in Aberdeen, So. Dak., 19 years ago; 5'10"; 160 lbs.; brown eyes and dark brown hair, which gets a henna rinse for his role in "Starlift," his next for Warners.)

In "Valentino" were Lila and Joan real people? If so, what happened to them? If not, who were the women prominent in Valentino's life?

HELENA ADDAMS,
New Bedford, Mass.

(Lila and Joan were fictional and with no real life counterparts. Natacha Rambova, divorced by Rudy a few months before his death, and Pola Negri, to whom he was engaged at the time of his death, were the great loves of his life.)

Who is that little boy who sang with Mario Lanza in "The Great Caruso" in the "Ave Maria" scene? He was wonderful, if that was really his voice.

BETTY GETTLER
Oreland, Pa.

(That was Michael Collins, son of a Los Angeles attorney and that was his voice you heard.)

How about some information about the young man who played in "Sealed Cargo" with Dana Andrews. His name was Steve.

JANE AVONA,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(That was Skippy Homeier, former boy star. He is now 6'1", 158 lbs, has blond hair, green eyes. Born in Chicago 10/5/30.)



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Story by **ROBERT RISKIN** and **LIAM O'BRIEN** · A **PARAMOUNT** PICTURE



BING INTRODUCES THE SCREEN'S
GREAT NEW SINGING SENSATION,
ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI,
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BEING HAILED THROUGHOUT
THE LAND AS THE GREATEST
SINCE **JENNY LIND**.



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Claudette Colbert of
"Let's Make It Legal"

What should I do? your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-three and I have been married five years. Our boy is three. We make a nice little family and would be ideally happy if it weren't for a meddling mother-in-law.

The trouble is, she is really, truly good, generous to a fault. She is always baking a cake or a pie and sending them over to our house. She frequently makes little suits for my son; once a month she invites us over for dinner. It is these dinners that ruin me. She spends all the time squeezing my mind. She wants to know what time I put the boy to bed. When I say "eight," she says it should be six. She thinks he should be fed spinach, which he loathes, and prunes, which he can't stand. When I try to explain that even children have tastes, she says it is a matter of training.

When I wear a new dress, she asks whether my husband has a new shirt and says families should share alike. Yet, when I had to have an operation, she volunteered to loan us a small amount of money to tide us over. She lives by a set of ideas that were fine for her day, but which seem old-fashioned to me. And I think I could stand anything if she wouldn't telephone me three or four times a week for a report of all our activities.

So far I have never said one cross word to her; but sometimes I think I will burst.
Althea Van N.

Two things should come to your rescue in this situation: absolute honesty and a sense of humor. The next time you visit your mother-in-law, you should make a special effort to remember every question she asks, every suggestion she makes. When you return home, you should write out these questions and suggestions. Being brutally honest with yourself, you should ask whether you have a right to be irked. You should think over her conversation to find out whether some of her ideas have real merit. At twenty-three it is easy to regard anyone over thirty as eccentric.

You may find that some of your mother-in-law's ideas would help you do your housework more quickly and efficiently, if put into effect. And, since you must think she did a good job in rearing your husband, you might take some of her notions about rearing your son seriously. Once you have tried to be fair, you should try to find humor in the situation. Try to be objective and think of your mother-in-law as an interesting character in a novel and I believe you will bring a fresh and tolerant attitude to your difficulty, don't you?

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a sophomore in high school, and I am having a very unhappy time. You see, we have two sororities in our school, and anybody who is anybody has been invited to join by the end of the freshman year. I was not invited. I have a cousin the same age as I am, and she has joined. When I sort of hinted that perhaps she

would do something for me, she just laughed and said I wouldn't fit in. I don't think there is anything wrong with me. I am just average. I have straight brown hair, and plain blue eyes. People are always telling me I remind them of Cousin Nellie, or the girl next door. I just don't make an impression as me.

What can I do to get the girls to like me and consider me for membership?
Hilda T.

Why don't you look around at your fellow students and select those who, you think, would be good sorority material. Speak to a few and arrange a meeting. Form your own sorority. Decide upon a secret name and a secret password.

I remember that when I was in school some of the girls belonged to an organization, the badge of which was a small, ivory elephant worn on a black velvet ribbon around the wrist. I was terribly impressed. (I wasn't asked to join, incidentally.)

All through life you will find that people join together in little groups. It is one of the natural inclinations of human-kind and is known as an exhibition of the herd instinct. Don't let it bother you. If you are included, fine. If you aren't, form your own little group. As you grow older, you will find that no one individual group has a corner on fun, comradeship, or secret ritual.

What others have done, you can do. Perhaps better.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am seventeen and I am very fond of a boy named George. We aren't engaged, but we do go steady and eventually we might get married. However, we have one problem to straighten.

George had a rough boyhood. His father was a drunkard. One night about a year ago, George's father came home, tight, and got into an argument with George's mother. Mr. G. finally grabbed his wife and was going to strike her, so George stepped between them. Mr. G. knocked George out. Mrs. G. came running to our house, so my mother and I took George to the hospital. The doctor had to take stitches in the back of his head, but there was no skull fracture, just a slight concussion.

Since that happened Mr. G. has become a member of "Alcoholics Anonymous" and is the best father in the world. He has been wonderful to me and has bought me a shortie coat and a dress. George says he will never forgive his father. It makes George angry because I say that I think his father has reformed and that he should be forgiven. He hinted at one time that Mr. G. bought my affection with gifts.

This is silly, of course. However, I would like to bring about a reconciliation between George and his father. Whenever I discuss this with George, he says that I am meddling. I'm sure there is some way to bring these two together, but how?

Mariane E.

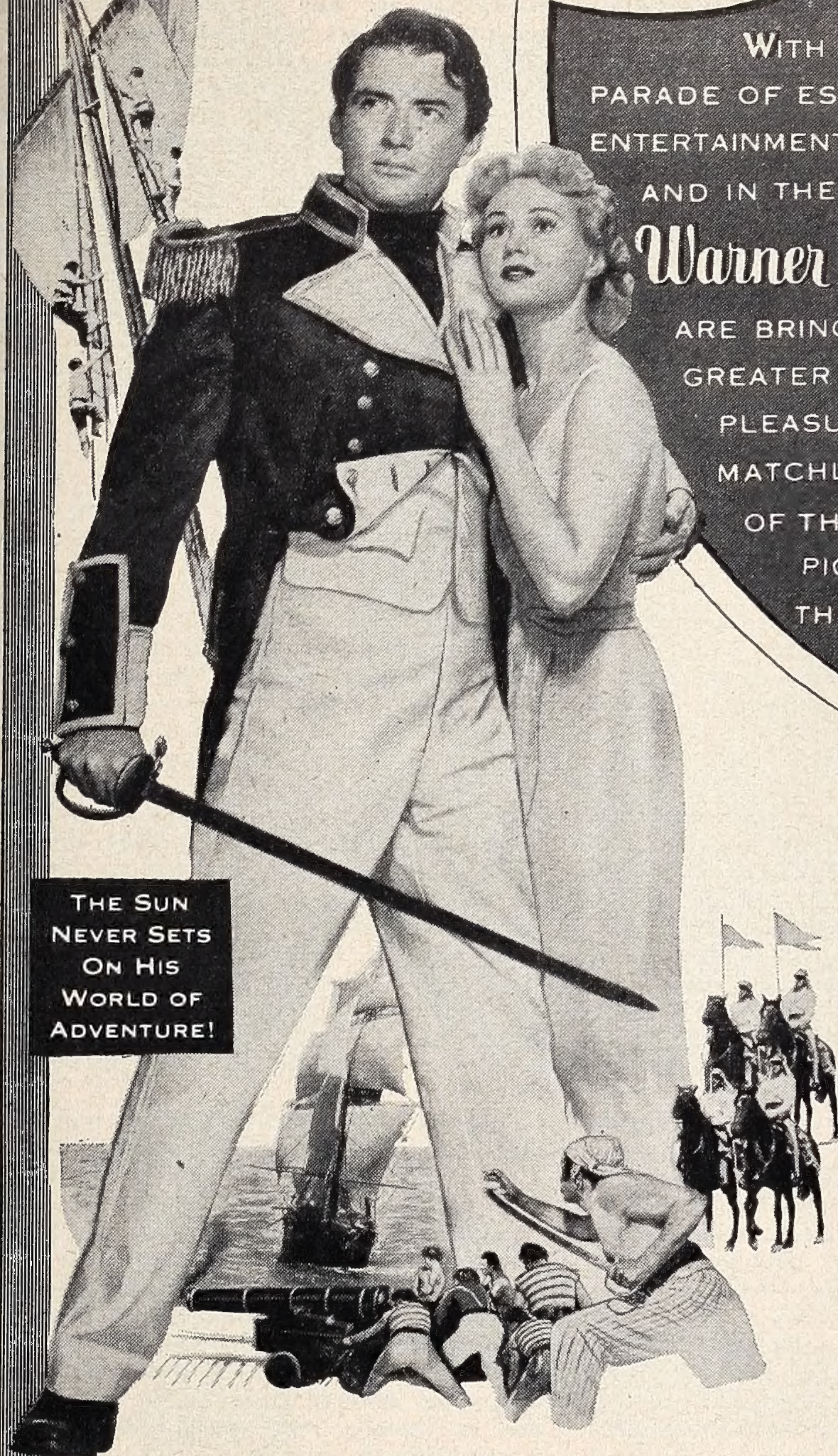
(Continued on page 8)

WITH A PROUD
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ENTERTAINMENT TO BE SEEN NOW
AND IN THE NEAR FUTURE,

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ARE BRINGING AN EVER
GREATER MEASURE OF
PLEASURE TO THE
MATCHLESS MAGIC
OF THE MOTION
PICTURE
THEATRE.

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON HIS
WORLD OF
ADVENTURE!



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From the Novel by C. S. Forester



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"A
**Streetcar
Named
Desire**"

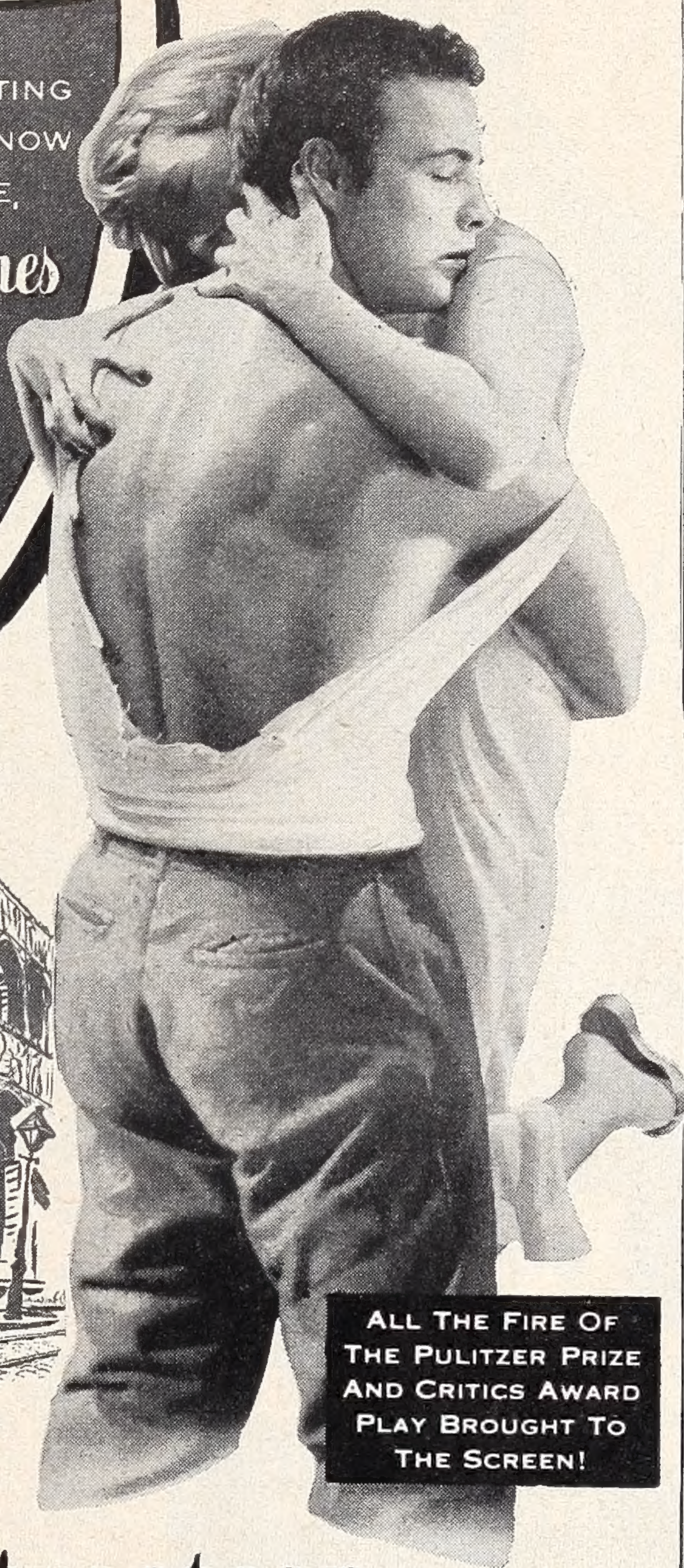
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WITH KIM HUNTER · KARL MALDEN

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Screen Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
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As Presented on the Stage by Irene Mayer Selznick



ALL THE FIRE OF
THE PULITZER PRIZE
AND CRITICS AWARD
PLAY BROUGHT TO
THE SCREEN!

(Continued from page 6)

I'm convinced, from your letter, that you are sincere in your eagerness to be of help in adjusting this situation.

However, I feel that this whole problem is outside your province. You aren't going to change George's mind about his father by arguing with George. You must assume that he is quite as much a thinking individual as you are, and that he has a right to his own viewpoint, particularly where his own family relationships are concerned. I'm afraid nothing said to George could alter this attitude at this time. Only time and his father's continued good behavior will accomplish that. If you value George's comradeship, you had better withdraw at once from all participation in the conflict.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was drafted out of high school into the Army. A lot of men in my barracks make fun of me because I don't smoke, drink, gamble, or chase after women. I don't want to gamble because I want to send my money home to the bank, then when I get out of service I will be able to go to college. Also, I like to help my family a little bit. I have a nice girl friend at home who writes to me almost every day. I want to be as decent a boy as she is a girl.

How can I get along pleasantly with these older men yet keep away from doing what they want me to do. They tease me until I think I can't stand it and pester me to come on and be a man.

PFC John A.

What you are going through is part of growing up. Now is a fine time to learn to resist people who want you to do things that you don't want to do. Obviously you have been given a fine set of principles by your parents; also, it seems to me that your own instincts are clean and decent. Be content to remain as you are.

I gather that your fellow soldiers attempt to make you feel inferior or less manly than they, simply because you don't share their tastes. This is silly. You have as much right to spend your leisure doing things that interest you, as they have to follow their inclinations.

You will learn in your military tactics course that the best defense is always a strong offense. That being the case, take the line that you are right about leisure hour activities and the other element is all wrong and you'll get along fine. Especially if you are good-natured about it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married only six months. Five weeks after we were married my husband was laid off and couldn't find a job for six weeks. I had kept my job when we were married. Before we were married my husband came to meet me every night after work. However, as soon as he went to work the second time, he would meet me only about twice a week.

When he was out of work he did our shopping and he used to tell me about all the women who made passes at him. Now there is a girl in his office who is a widow, and he is always telling me about the compliments this girl pays him and how easy it would be for him to step out with her.

This makes me miserable and jealous.

Adele J.

There is an old "personality" law which makes it impossible for us to love another person deeply until we like ourselves. We must feel that we are worthy of love before we can love and expect to be loved. Your husband's ego suffered a wound when he lost his job. Probably he

began to wonder if you weren't disgusted with him; it is likely that he was a little disgusted with himself. In order to make himself seem important and to keep you interested, he had to tell you about his potential success as a Don Juan.

When he tells you about compliments he has received, it would be smart policy for you to agree with the compliments. Tell him that he is attractive and that any girl should notice it. Praise him. Assure him that you love him and that you know he's going to be a business success. Give him the confidence he must have, if he is going to give you the love you covet.

And be gay about it. A weepy, jealous wife adds to a man's subconscious conviction that he is not a complete success.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was in my teens, my mother proposed my name for membership in her club, which consists mostly of older women. I joined to please my mother. Now I am holding a minor office which would ordinarily lead to holding more important offices. I have been married for five months and my husband has been wonderful about the fact that I have to attend club meetings once a week. However, I would rather stay at home with my husband, or do something with a group of his friends. Tentatively I have mentioned this to my mother, but she has said that this one evening is her only chance to be with me and for us to confide in one another. I don't "confide" and what she says to me is simply gossip which bores me.

I want to give up this club now. You see, holding more important office would mean that I would have to devote two evenings a week to the club during the winter.

How can I explain this to my mother so that she won't be too disappointed?

Evita N.

Although you haven't said so, I have the feeling that you are an only child and that your mother is clinging to you. If this is the case, you might make arrangements to have dinner with her twice a month, or to have luncheon and go shopping several times each month. If she is lonely, you should be as companionable as possible.

However, now—meaning today—would be as good a time as any to explain that your mother's club holds little interest for you and that you wish to tender your resignation from office and from the club. Think up some nice little excuse, such as taking a course at a school, or joining a younger group, or baby-sitting while a friend makes regular trips to her doctor, so that your mother will have a reasonable story to tell her friends.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of **CLAUDETTE COLBERT?**

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Goliath fell before
the boy David,
so did David
the King fall before
Bathsheba, the adulteress!



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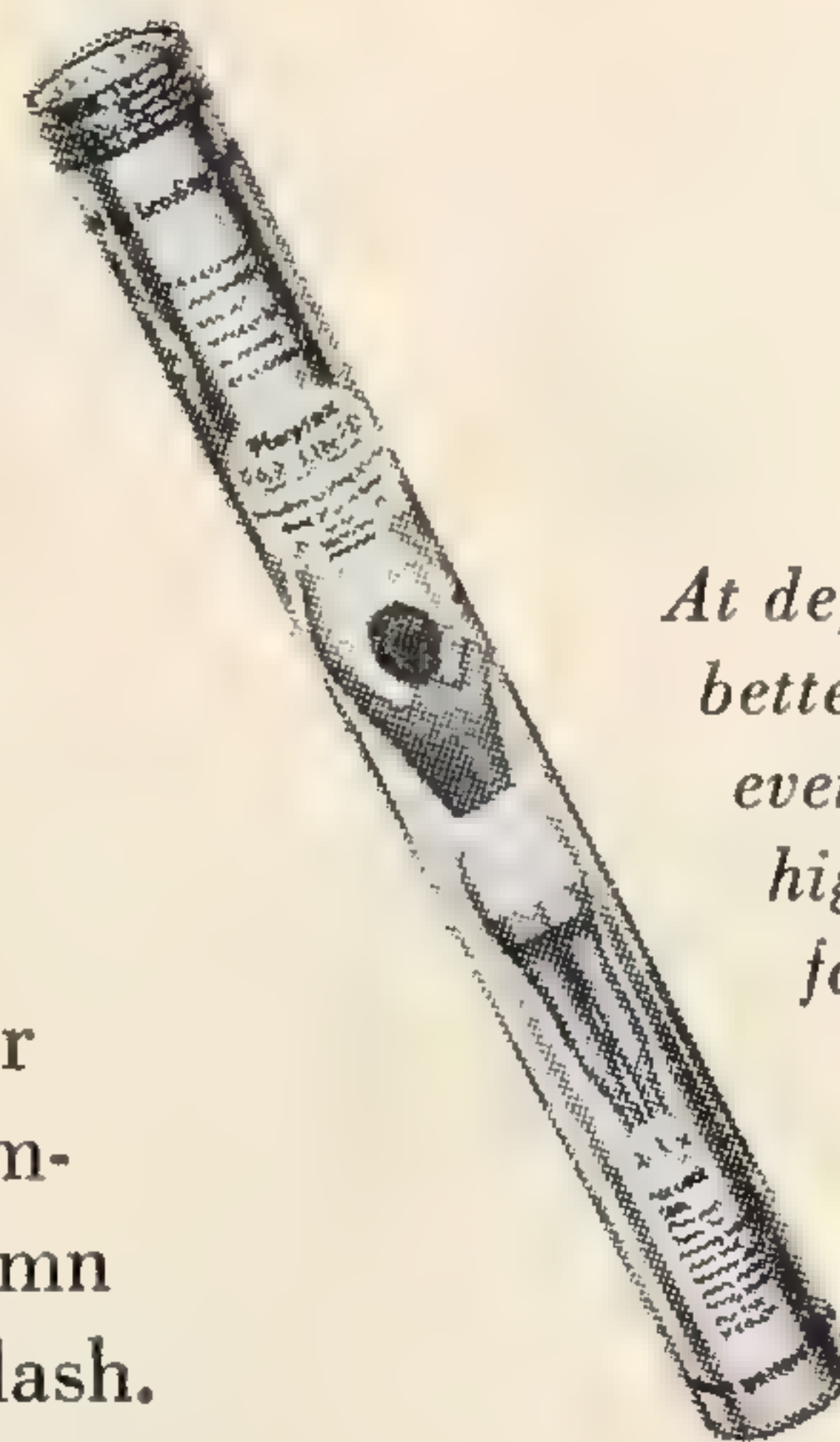
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DAYTIME HIT! PLAYTEX presents ARLENE FRANCIS in "Fashion Magic," top entertainment. CBS-TV Nationwide Network. See local papers for time and channel.



● Ringside seat: Mrs. Tony Curtis (Janet Leigh) shows wedding ring to director Don Weiss, Don O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds

INSIDE



● Burt Lancaster and producer Harold Hecht have more than a working interest in "Ten Tall Men." They're producing it together

They're Saying That: His studio feels his marriage to Janet Leigh may affect the popularity of Tony Curtis and wish he had taken front office advice and waited . . . Stewart Granger is the original worry-wart and if he isn't unhappy because another actor has a larger dressing-room he is unhappy because another actor seems to be getting more close-ups with better dialogue . . . Steve Cochran, the rugged individualist, is now too big a name to take chances of jeopardizing his career with his current design for living . . . Jeff Chandler insists on keeping his graying hair uncovered because he believes his fans find it very attractive.

Impressions: Doris Day's inimitable way of cocking her head like a cocker spaniel when something puzzles her . . . Cesar Romero's unpublicized devotion during the prolonged illness of his father who passed away recently . . . Peter Lawford's studied indifference as he dances with Mrs. Gary Cooper . . . Lana Turner's magnificent tolerance in face of another ridiculous rumor that threatens her personal happiness . . . Ruth Roman's dark sparkling eyes and plunging necklines, which are the best double-features turned out in Hollywood!

Torrid Two: Quixotic, impulsive, unpredictable Hedy Lamarr's sudden, unexpected marriage to the internationally known Ted Stauffer climaxes the famous beauty's fourth attempt to find "peace" and "happiness." Hollywood, to put it mildly, gasped and grinned over



• Margaret O'Brien shows off her first grown-up hair-do while lunching at Chasen's with her mother



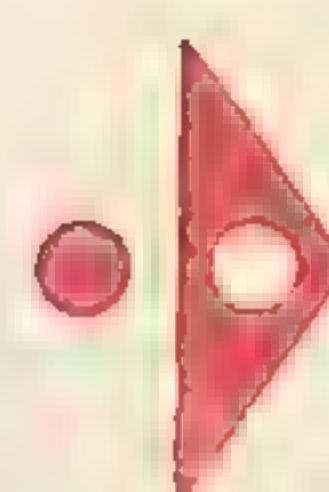
• He's in the Army now: Sally Forrest says goodbye to Vic Damone on "Rich, Young and Pretty" set, his last film



• If the shoe fits: Keenan Wynn, Esther Williams and Red Skelton go Western for roles in Technicolor "Texas Carnival"

cal york's gossip
of hollywood

STUFF



that's HOLLYWOOD for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Sidney Skolsky



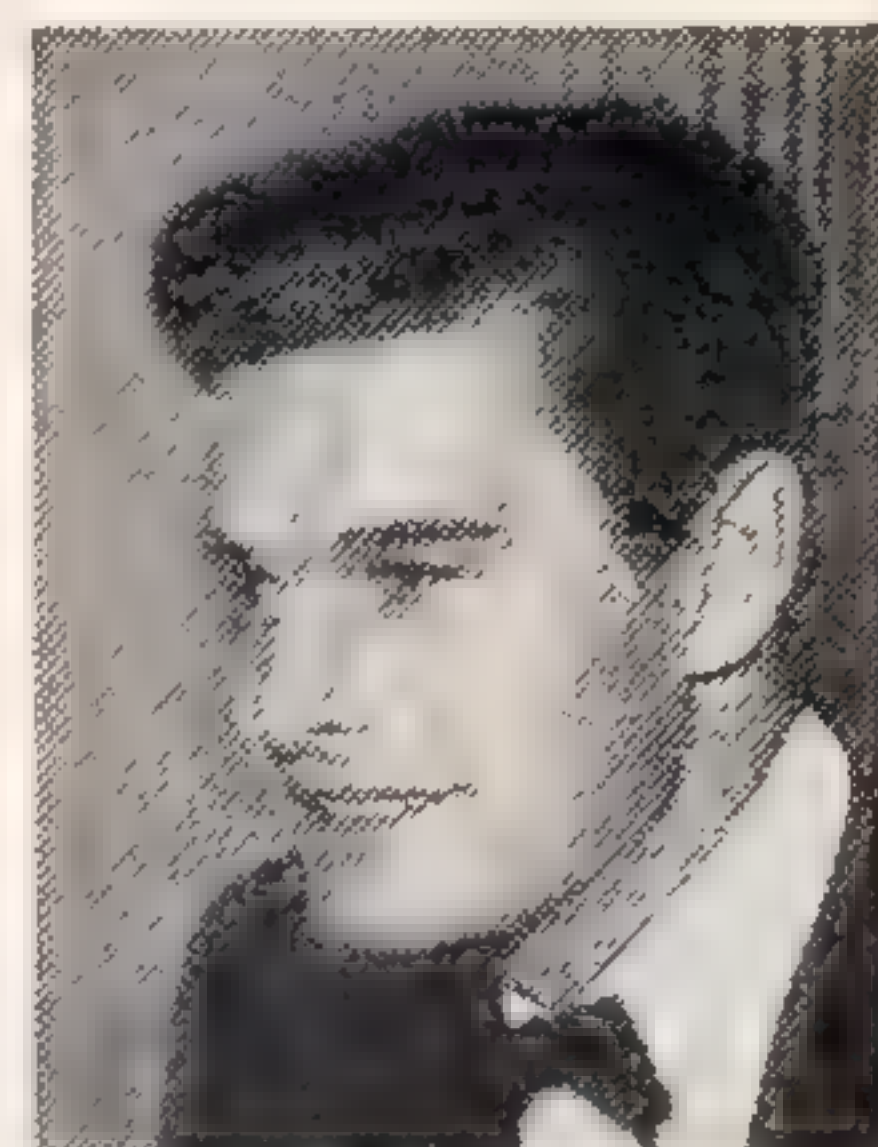
Calvet

I realize that it may be disillusioning to tell you this about the great Lanza, but Mario snores . . . Marilyn Monroe, whom the boys go to the movies to see, has been known to go to the movies alone . . . Movie cashiers don't seem as pretty as they used to . . . I often wonder if many movie producers would have accepted "South Pacific" if it had been presented as a scenario. I doubt it . . . Lana Turner's broken toe was decorated with a bandage covered with cherry-colored sequins. I swear on the production code it's true . . . Monica Lewis has the equipment to make the largest sweater appear snug . . . Only in the movies

can a group of strangers get together and, at the drop of a chord, harmonize perfectly any song written . . . When a scene of Corinne Calvet's was deleted from a picture by the Breen office, her only comment was, "Don't they want the people to know I'm a girl?" . . . I still get a thrill standing on the Sunset Strip and looking down on the lights of Hollywood . . . Much as I like Jane Russell, I wouldn't want to be alone on a desert island with her.

Farley Granger often cooks for Shelley Winters, so you know who wears the pants, as the expression has it, in that combination . . . Movie ushers never want to seat me in the section of the theatre I prefer, but always take me where they would sit . . . Howard Duff told me he wants to play in a Western. "An actor can't go wrong in a Western," said Duff. "You make them while you're young and watch them on television when you're old" . . . I often think Martin and Lewis have more fun doing their act than even their audience has watching it, which may be their secret weapon. I still believe Jerry should tone down the mugging, though.

Jean Peters was doing a sexy scene for "Anne of the Indies" wearing a transparent nightgown. The make-up man interrupted the scene because Jean's nose was shiny. "If anyone notices Jean's nose in this scene," cracked Louis Jourdan, "the picture won't make a nickel!" . . . Marlene Dietrich goes to the movies and behaves as if she weren't in the movies . . . Despite the article Hedy Lamarr wrote about the curse of beauty, her beauty was no handicap in acquiring another husband . . . I thought you might like to know how much extras in pictures get paid. A day's minimum salary is \$15.56. A dress extra gets \$22.23 a day. If the extra is given lines to speak, even if it's only "Yes, sir," the salary is \$55 a day . . . Maureen O'Hara will turn in the acting gem of the season if she convinces audiences she is a boy in a sequence in "Tale of Araby" . . . Jeanne Crain is sexier since marriage and babies . . . Description of Hollywood climate by a friend who is not a member of the Chamber of Commerce: If you can see the mountains, it looks like rain. If you can't see the mountains, it is rain . . . Alan Young, when asked, "Do you sing?" answered, "No—but I do four songs in 'Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick.'"



Jourdan

Greg Bautzer, the Hollywood lawyer, attracts more actresses than any movie hero . . . Doris Day has this advice for ambitious newcomers: "Take it easy and don't try so hard. Success will come when it's ready" . . . Charades is a game invented by Hollywood people so they can avoid knowing each other at parties . . .

A starlet whose pekinese had a misalliance with a mongrel wanted to know the name of "an unethical veterinarian" . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, after being greeted by a stranger, remarked, "I know people I don't even know" . . . I have yet to see a private eye in the movies who didn't wear a trench coat.



Garbo

So far as I'm concerned, there has never been a face on celluloid as interesting as Garbo's . . . If this be treason, make the most of it, but Rita Hayworth is not my idea of a princess—and I like her personally . . . Denise Darcel clicked with fewer lines than any other actress and yet, as Tom Jenk remarked, "Her role was stacked" . . . An independent producer was so poor that he couldn't afford to buy "prop" money for one of his pictures and had to use the real thing . . . I might reconsider and go on that desert island

with Jane Russell after all . . . Tony Curtis has no inhibitions. If you want to know anything about him, all you have to do is ask him . . . Dick Powell asked M-G-M for permission to borrow his wife, June Allyson, for a picture he intends producing. In this town a husband doesn't have much to say about what his wife can and can't do. That's Hollywood for you!

this union. For romance, intrigue and adventure, the combined real-life experience of this tempestuous twosome would out-fiction fiction! During his precarious past life, Hedy's tall, blond forty-two-year-old husband was a soothing source to several sighing Hollywood ladies. His marriage to Faith Domergue ended in 1947. Once, during an Atlantic crossing, Rita Hayworth, who was traveling first class, and Ted, who wasn't, knew each other. Various Hollywoodians attempted to untangle the network of red tape that once prevented Ted's entering this country. Hedy says, and it's happened before, that this time she is retiring to devote her life to the fascinating fellow she originally met down Mexico way. *Vive la romance!*

Tender Tootsies: Cal swears he'll never touch another one! Emerging from the Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel, we saw Elizabeth Taylor, just before she left for England, talking over a phone in the lobby. So help us, we also saw that she was standing there *barefooted!* A bit of super-sleuthing and we were convinced that lovely Liz hadn't lost her lovely head. It seems that along with Jeanne Crain, Barbara Stanwyck and Ava Gardner, Elizabeth had been selected to present an award at the Screen Directors Guild annual banquet. Detained at the studio, the famous beauty arranged to change her clothes in a hotel room. The phone call came in just as she was dashing through the lobby and had removed her shoes from those tired, aching feet. It could have happened to anyone.

Hollywood Headlines: Clark Gable has every reason to feel discouraged if it's true that "Across the Wide Missouri" is so inferior it may never be released . . . All Hollywood sympathizes with Tony Curtis, who was called home from a personal appearance tour when the father he worships was stricken with a heart attack . . . Now that Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw have a new home, all they're shopping for is six rooms of furniture and a baby . . . According to an inside source, the dove of peace is no longer the pet bird in the Rory Calhoun household.



Jennifer Jones, back from entertaining troops in Korea, attends UCLA music festival with husband David Selznick

STUFF

Cal Wishes: That someone would introduce Scott Brady to Marilyn Monroe, who he thinks is the greatest discovery since the wall telephone . . . That John Hodiak's public could hear his hysterical rendition of "Little Red Riding Hood" in Ukranian! . . . That handsome Bob Wagner, who is really going places and accomplishing things, would stop acting as if the Beverly Gourmet (where he was discovered) keeps open in his honor . . . That Marlon Brando (who recoils against going Hollywood) wouldn't drive around in that yellow convertible looking as if he just had a mayonnaise massage! . . . That producers could see the avalanche of fan mail Gig Young receives monthly . . . That more young actors had the enthusiasm of Bill Campbell (Spencer Tracy's plugging got him an M-G-M contract) who organized Ricardo Montalban, Phyllis Kirk and others into a weekly group who see old movies and discuss acting.

Farewell Frolic: There wasn't time for the Van Johnsons to call on all their friends to say goodbye. "Why not invite them here and tell 'em all at once," he grinned. Evie thought it was an excellent idea. An excellent party it was! When Cal took inventory he discovered there were exactly three eligible bachelors (Peter Lawford, Cesar Romero and writer Cy Howard) and at least two extra girls for each. Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra, close Hollywood friends these days, arrived together and left, unescorted. While in Rome making "When in Rome," Van Johnson gets a lucky break. Arranged by Ann Sothern, he will meet Father Willis Egan, the humorous, kindly, warm and intelligent brother of Richard Egan, who is studying at the Gregorian College. "Just copy Father Egan," mused Ann to Van, "and your role of the priest will be perfect!"

Many Hoppy Returns: Proud parents now have one more reason for being grateful to "Hopalong Cassidy." Recently, the famous Western star opened his own "Hoppy Land" and he was right there to greet the kids who swarmed the place. It's situated on Washington Bou-



The Gene Nelsons, at the Ice Capades. Gene doubles as singer as well as dancer in star-studded film, "Starlift"

hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN



Tyrone Power

With so many stars hopping back and forth from Filmville to Manhattan, from Hollywood to Europe, the fashion-minded gabbers wanted to know what the traveling gals bought. We can tell you a few style gasps. Judy Garland was never a gal who cared too much about clothes. But Judy sure splurged on creations by Pierre Balmain and Christian Dior. One is a breathtaking gown of gossamer black lace mounted over ivory tulle and satin. The strapless bodice of lace seems to be "painted on" the ivory satin; but the tremendously full lace skirt is over many layers of ivory tulle, with its satin skirt beneath all that . . . Arlene Dahl picked up some divine duds in Paris. One was an ankle-length dancing dress of black lace, very full skirted and tight-bodiced with a long black lace stole, brightened with splashes of bright blue sequins. . . There's no doubt the most popular evening style with the movie glamour gals is the bouffant look—with bodices as décolleté as "the law will allow." A dress Janet Leigh bought in New York has a skirt consisting of six layers of pastel marquisette, each a different color—mauve, pink, pale chartreuse, baby blue, gray and lavender—creating a truly rainbow-like over-all effect. The almost no-bodice is of pale gray marquisette and this dreamy thing makes that gorgeous blonde even more so.

The mess jacket and ruffled-front evening shirt (see cut) that's startling the natives, is worn by Tyrone Power for a definite purpose. "When we were robbed in Europe," he explains, "they even took my shirt studs. I don't want to buy new ones because I don't want to worry about losing them again" . . . And one more male fashion note: Errol Flynn showed up at a cocktail party wearing red plaid wool trousers!

Of all the big movie premieres of the month, there's no doubt that "Caruso" took the cake. It brought a host of celebrities from both the film and musical worlds and all acclaimed Mario Lanza, who is getting the full bobby-sox treatment a la Sinatra in Hollywood. Deborah Kerr, who's expecting, was there in a black gown topped by a three-tiered stole of silver fox. Joan Evans looked so pretty in her floor-length satin formal of pale blue. The tight bodice was cut very low and, even though strapless, was dented into a deep V center front. Mario's wife was stunning in white satin with a long white ermine cape. The Keefe Brasselles, Leslie Caron with Bill Campbell, Debbie Reynolds with Jeff Richards, the Johnny Greens, the Artur Rubins, Bob Stack with Claudette Thornton, the Marshall Thompsons, Monica Lewis on the arm of Arthur Loew Jr. (who used to beau Janet Leigh), the Howard Keels and Pier Angeli with another Metro newcomer, Richard Anderson, were just some at the premiere who cavorted at the late spots afterwards.

Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson were in Hollywood for just two days but, with all the things and people they had to attend to, managed to give a lovely cocktail soiree in the new outdoor addition to the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Faye, in a short dinner dress of dead-white lace over bright blue, was more dressed up than most and looked radiant. She spread her charm to over a hundred guests among whom were Ann Sheridan with Steve Hannagan, Hedy Lamarr (in sports clothes) with Ted Stauffer, Jane Wyman (in a black street dress and tiny white mink stole) with Milo Anderson, Dan Dailey, stag. Later at the Cocoonut Grove, where Lena Horne was "standing 'em in the aisles" with her songs and beauty (and her Dior-Fath-Loper gowns) we saw Peggy Dow in a good looking white halter-dress of silk jersey that had a softly gathered skirt and a gold contour belt. Her sandals were of gold kid. But the gadget that particularly struck us as eye-catching was a wide, rigid gold bracelet monogrammed with her initials in little brilliants—worn *above* the elbow.

Walter Florell, who always comes up with the quite new or quite mad in hats—and other things—has invented something lovely. It's a long-stemmed artificial rose that can be worn on the head (as a wreath-type hat) or twined about the throat as a necklace; or twined around the arm even more times as a bracelet. It can even be worn as a belt—and very effectively, too, most especially on a simple black one- or two-piece dress.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN



Ann Sheridan, Steve Hannagan

The story the columnists missed on Errol Flynn playing host one evening to his wife Pat Wymore and his two ex-wives, Lili Damita and Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes. Happened Flynn was birthday-partying for his and Lili's son when Nora and Dick Haymes blew in to see her sprouts—and they all had a merry time after the kiddies were tucked in. . . . The merry-go-round of Joan Crawford having quiet dinners at her home with Jeff Chandler, who dates Anne Sheridan at the night spots and big parties. But Chandler is lonely when Steve Hannagan is here, admitted he wasn't with Annie during a recent Hannagan Hollywood visit, because, "I can't be—the top man's in town" . . . Alan Ladd selling the pups of his prize Boxer to chums at fifty dollars a crack—worth a mint more.

Doris Day planning a disk jockey radio show to be taped from her home . . . Dan Dailey acting as a non-professional "psychiatrist" for pals who crave the help he got at the Menninger clinic but who can't afford it . . . Marion Marshall, who went through a long-term contract at Twentieth without making a dent, crashing through for Paramount in "That's My Boy" and "The Stooge"—a new star . . . Linda Darnell's top man: Agent Charlie Feldman, who's romped with the town's best.

The slick chick teaming of Debbie Reynolds and Carleton Carpenter in "Two Weeks with Love," which has brought three successive pictures in a row for the couple to make before 1952 checks in . . . The "denial" that John Agar had proposed to another girl who turned him down before he took off for a Nevada splicing with Loretta Barnett. They were all at John's mother's home for dinner before the wedding dash . . . Ellen Drew's marriage to heavily loaded socialite Bill Walker, which will probably halt her picture-making.

Eve Arden's report, following a tour of Army camps, that the boys aren't nearly so interested in pin-up art as they are in pictures of "back home"—but it doesn't stack up with the swarm of G.I. requests for pin-up stuff at the studios . . . Charlie Laughton going right from the role of a deranged, bloodthirsty French nobleman in U-I's horror picture, "The Door," to recording an album of Christmas carols for kiddies! . . . Liz Scott, who's torn between columnist Herb Caen and United Artists prexy Arthur Krim . . . Angela Greene says her home is done in Louis XIV and Louis XVI—and the nursery in Hopalong Cassidy I.

INSIDE

levard outside of Culver City. Like gay midway "Hoppy Land" has everything to delight the heart of a child. There's a miniature train, games, slides, all kinds of contraptions for the kids to ride—and they're safe. Hoppy himself supervises everything—especially the hot dogs and other edibles. "Hoppy Land" is a delightful place where any child need but a dime or two to enjoy himself. It keeps the kids off the streets. It keeps them happy. Cal wishes Bill Boyd "Cassidy" the happiness he's brought to our town.

A Little from Lots: In the old days an important picture like "Old Soldier Never Die" rated three-months' camera work. Twentieth Century-Fox has given it a fourteen-day schedule! . . . Charlton Heston, who learned to ride bareback for his role in "War Bonnet," is so used to eating his dinner off the mantel, he can break himself of the habit! . . . Director Walter Lang proved his genius all over again, in persuading Susan Hayward to give up that huge head of hair for her role in "With a Song in My Heart." Now, even sexy Susan loves it! . . . Jimmy Stewart, who took a cut in salary because he really wanted the small clown role in "The Greatest Show on Earth," never once removes his make-up in the picture. Studio scuttlebutt has it that James still wraps up the production. This, we could have told 'em.

Heart Song: They talked about nothing personal, but because Cal knows the depth of their feeling for each other, he could appreciate the quiet evening spent with Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner. Along with such good friends as the James Masons and the Paul Clemenses we dined at La Rue's. Front pages all over the country had just chronicled the news that Nancy Sinatra had decided to divorce her famous husband. Frank spoke glowingly of the music from "The King and I." There were no unkind



Sonja Henie, lovely in white lace and emeralds, chats with Gordon MacRae at fabulous party she and husband Winthrop Gardiner gave before they left for New York. Dinner was served in the garden



Irene McEvoy and Kirk Douglas were among guests who listened to the romantic Hawaiian music and watched native girls do graceful hula dance

words in him. And the whole evening, too, glamorous Ava, whose heart and mind must have been all but consumed with conflicting emotions, was warm and considerate of everyone's welfare. She was also exhausted—too exhausted to eat after a long hard day on the set with Clark Gable in "Lone Star." "I just want a glass of milk and some coffee beans," she smiled at the surprised waiter, "they really are wonderful for giving energy." Ava wasn't kidding. For the balance of the evening she sat there nibbling from the jar of coffee beans in front of her. "Guess how many there are," Frank mused, "and you win a fur-lined brown derby!" We wished we could have guessed how much happiness the future holds for them.

Happy Warrior: No, the Bob Hopes aren't facing bankruptcy. Mr. Ski-Snoot didn't follow the wrong pony, or lose his shimmy shirt on Wall Street. But it is true that Hope and all the little Hopes are living in an inexpensive five-room frame house. Here's how it happened. Just before he took off for Korea, the Lemon Drop Kiddo (plug!) bought the lot in back of his estate. A little house on the lot went with the deal. His own magnificent manse was undergoing alterations, so the Hopes had to move out during the process. Need we go on? Actually, he loves living in the little house, which will be moved away later.

"There's something about six in a bathtub that's so cozy!" burbles Bobby.

Short and Sour: Rock Hudson's dates with beautiful belles like Ann Sheridan, strengthen the rumor that Vera-Ellen won't be walking down the aisle with him . . . June Allyson's rumored retirement is causing front office silver threads amongst the gold . . . Mild-mannered Doris Day would like to take the person who's spreading those "separation" stories and dunk him in her Bendix!

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Peace reigned generally around the often warring households of Hollywood last spring, but not in the Bel-Air battleground of the Victor Matures. The beautiful hunk of man and his beautiful blonde wife were dug into their trenches again. At that time Mrs. M. denied they were separated for keeps and added, "We had a little argument, that's all." They'd had one skirmish before in which Vic was shot down in flames in a divorce suit, in November 1949. They called a truce the next February, though, and peace held again.

After the smoke had cleared from this latest tactical maneuver, I hotfooted over to the "Las Vegas Story" set at RKO to find out who won. The broad-shouldered actor, who usually has 5,890 well-chosen words to say in any communique to the press, was practically silent this time. After some hemming and much hawing, he admitted that his wife always comes out the winner in their family discussions.

"Sure, I admit I was wrong," he finally said. "The woman in this case has been right in every instance. I've been wrong so consistently. This is great," he laughed. "I can see some future lawyer holding out this interview to me and saying, 'Here, see, he admits he was wrong.'"

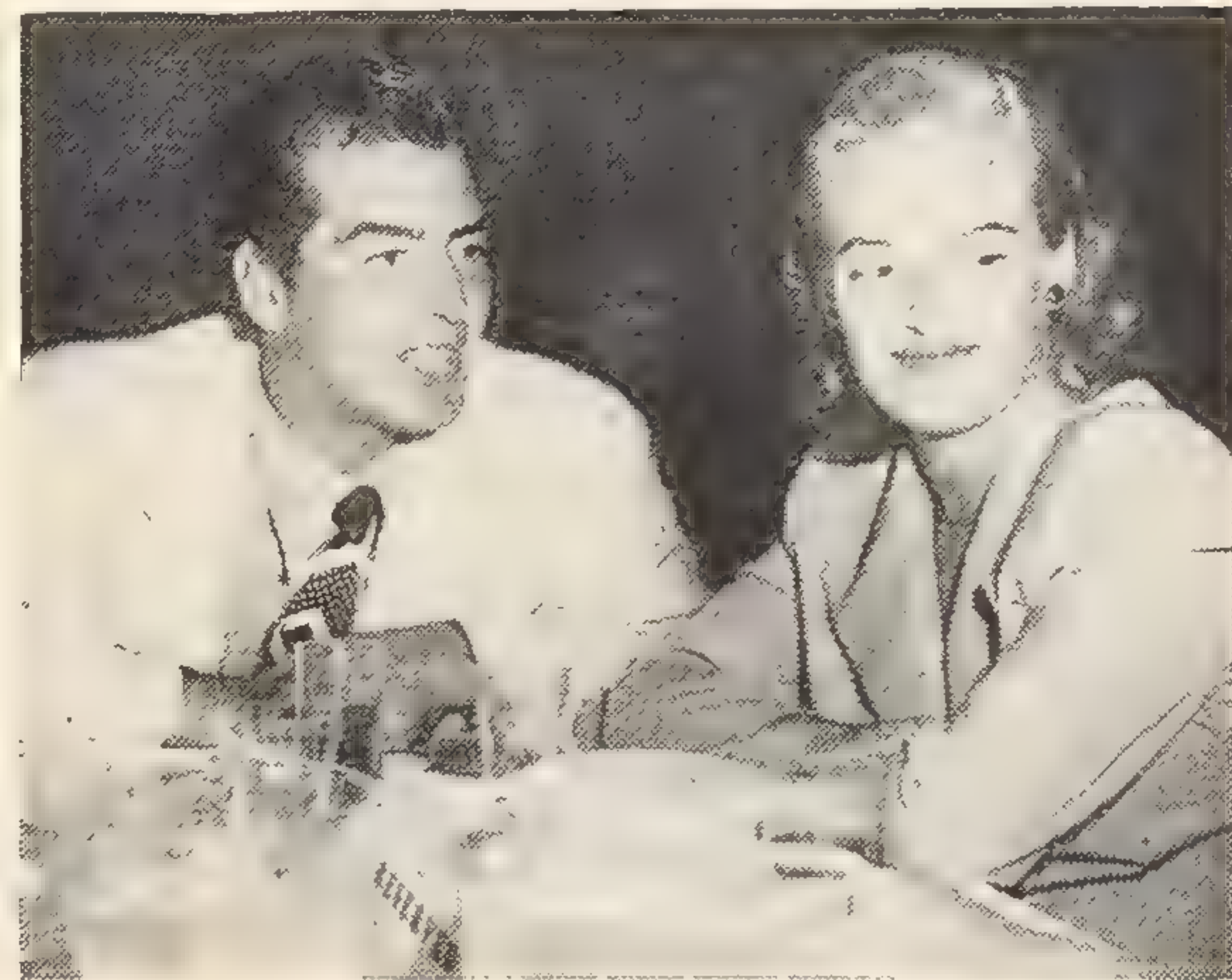
"Gee, seriously, Honey, it's hard to say anything. I don't want to hurt her. I really don't want to talk about it. Oh, I'm no gem, I admit that. We had some type of argument which is pretty par for the course. If anything's printed in the gossip columns that you've had an argument with your wife, though, people know it."

Does Mature mind the gold-fish bowl of Movieland?

"Some of my greatest friends are gossip columnists," he shrugged. "It's their job to report what they feel is going on in town. But it still doesn't help, if you've had an argument, to have Joe, Pete and Harry know it. We just had a simple little problem that comes up in everyday life. My wife really is very charming, great sense of humor, you know, all that. . . ."

I wanted to know what he thought about couples airing their disputes instead of bottling them up for future serious explosions.

"I'm no authority on that," he said firmly. "If I give you any advice it's liable to upset the whole universe."



The Victor Matures



Even Jane Powell, expecting her baby when this picture was taken, couldn't stay away from the party. Chatting with her is actor Phil Reed



Sitting in a corner, but far from blue, were those new friends, Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra. Barbara's reported reconciliation with Bob is still a rumor. Nancy recently agreed to divorce Frankie

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Sheilah Graham, columnist and Photoplay writer, introduced Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis to TV audiences on her NBC-TV program, "Sheilah Graham's Hollywood"

INSIDE STUFF

People, Places, Things: This really was party month for Cal and one of the nicest was held in Zachary Scott's bachelor apartment. Guests crowded the small quarters, but typical of the charming host, everyone was made comfortable with individual folding tables and the best curried food in town. Daughter Waverly and her friend Kitty Murray were the most dignified, well-poised sixteen-year-olds Cal has ever seen. They too were fascinated by Anne Baxter's amusing story of the exhibitors' luncheon at Twentieth.

"Expecting" momentarily, Anne tried to remain inconspicuous in a secluded corner. However, an exhibitor sought her out and inquired solicitously: "And what is *your* next production, Miss Baxter?" Anne played it straight. "Oh it's a *Hodiak* production," she dead-panned. "I'll look forward to seeing it," the

exhibitor said seriously. "And so will I," Anne managed to mutter!

Non-Alcoholics Anonymous: It's morning ritual in the Mark Stevens household. While daddy shaves and drinks his orange juice, his son has small glass too and watches. "Cheers says big Mark to little Mark, as the clink glasses. Now the scene changes the schoolroom. It's mid-morning and milk-drinking time for the kiddies. Suddenly Mark Richard Stevens leaps to his feet, faces the class and with glass upheld, yells—"Cheers!"

Stork Stuff: Jane Russell, celebrating her birthday at Sportsman's Lodge thought the phone call was another friendly congratulation. Instead, she returned to the table looking as if she had just taken a terrific swig of stardust. Word had just reached her that the balance she and Bob Waterfield (after eight

(Continued on page 19)



Between the acts: Ruth Roman, Steve Cochran and Director Felix Feist kibitz about how the next scene should be played on set of "Tomorrow is Another Day"

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COMPLEXION	
Fair ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Creamy ... <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Ruddy ... <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Freckled ... <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dp. Olive ... <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN	
Normal ... <input type="checkbox"/>	
Dry ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily ... <input type="checkbox"/>
EYES	
Blue ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel ... <input type="checkbox"/>
Gray ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown ... <input type="checkbox"/>
Green ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black ... <input type="checkbox"/>
LASHES [Color]	
<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Med.
<input type="checkbox"/> Dark	
HAIR	
BLONDE	
Light ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark ... <input type="checkbox"/>
BRUNETTE	
Light ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark ... <input type="checkbox"/>
BROWNETTE	
Light ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark ... <input type="checkbox"/>
REDHEAD	
Light ... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark ... <input type="checkbox"/>
GRAY HAIR	
Check here <input type="checkbox"/> also check former hair coloring above	

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP by MAX FACTOR Hollywood

*PAN-CAKE (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CAKE MAKE-UP

551-18P

LAUGHING

STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

DOROTHY LAMOUR'S son, five-year-old Ridge, wore a cowboy suit to a movie. On his way home in the family car he wrestled a boot off and lifted out his foot. "What's the matter?" asked Dottie. "I gotta empty the popcorn out," explained Ridge.

* * *
Sign on the rear of a ribbon-bedecked honeymoon auto:

"Till Draft Us Do Part."

* * *
Hypochondriac: A person who winters in California and then worries because he's pale underneath his tan.

* * *
Hollywood producer to a young starlet he had just met for the first time: "Tell me all about yourself—your struggles, your dreams, your telephone number."

* * *
Overheard: "Why don't they let you play Francis the mule?"

* * *
Susan Peters read her young son, Tim, a book about animals and then decided to test his new knowledge. She asked: "Tell me, Tim, about some things that are very dangerous to get near to and have horns." "Automobiles," Tim immediately answered.

* * *
Eve Arden on her wisecracking film portrayals:

"I was a flop till I was flip."

* * *
Marquee sign: "Pardon My Sarong."—"It Ain't Hay."

* * *
Maureen O'Hara masquerades as a boy in U-I's "Flame of Araby." When movie producers ask Maureen to impersonate a male, they're overlooking a thing or two.

* * *
RKO inserted a page ad in a magazine asking for applicants for roles in a new movie. One gagsteress sent in her picture and wrote:

"I'm not beautiful, but I could certainly be the first female Humphrey Bogart."

* * *
Walter O'Keefe's theory:

"A wife is someone who helps her husband through troubles, trials and aggravation that he never would have gotten into if he hadn't married her in the first place."

* * *
Frank Fontaine after the wedding of a Hollywood ham:

"They should be very happy together. They're both so in love with him."

* * *
Definition of anatomy: What everyone has but looks better on Jane Russell.

* * *
Young autograph hound, after getting Howard Duff's scrawl:

"Gosh, he's the most illegible bachelor in Hollywood."

* * *
Did you hear about the couple who co-starred in one of those interplanetary science-fiction thrillers. Asked if they were planning to be married, they chorused: "No comet."

Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes

Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!

Cashmere
Bouquet
TOILET SOAP

ere
let
BATH SIZE

Cashmere
Bouquet
BATH SIZE

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

years of marriage) plan to adopt had just come into the world. They'll name the lucky little lady Tracey . . . Even more welcome than last year's Oscar, is Mercedes McCambridge's announcement that she and director Fletcher Markle will celebrate the new year with a new baby. Mercy has a son by a former marriage, who's equally happy . . . *Valentino* really has a good reason for dancing a mad tango. Tony Dexter hopes it will be a boy.

It Happened in Hollywood: Ray Miland, lunching with his good friend, director Walter Lang, in the Twentieth Commissary, couldn't believe his eyes. Across from him at another table sat young Sue Weber, the daughter of his wife's brother.

"Oh, I wanted to surprise you," exclaimed the disappointed young lovely. "Bob Wagner is rehearsing with me and if my test is good, they're going to sign me to a contract. Right now I feel so foolish trying to act."

Poor Ray, who's watched Sue grow up from the cradle, could only groan—"Me, too!"

Around the Town: Up the Pacific Coast Highway to celebrate the opening of the new Surf Room at "Holiday House": Guy Madison and Gail Russell still acting like a bride and groom . . . Jane Powell and Geary Steffen definitely not crabbing about the cracked crab . . . Farley Granger and Shelley Winters eating as if the Reds were in Pasadena . . . Celebrating the new Beverly Gourmet Cocktail Lounge: Linda Darnell and Jeff Chandler . . . Jeanne Crain swigging down a Coke with Paul Brinkman . . . Esther Williams and Ben Gage trying out their rival's recipes . . . Gordon MacRae looking longingly at the piano, but refraining from giving a free concert . . . Luau Night in the Ambassador's famous Coconut Grove: Leis of baby orchids for the ladies—a five-foot one for Dorothy Lamour, the Queen of Hollywood Island

. . . Mangos, spiced watermelon, crystallized ginger and endless tropical tasties for June Haver, with an unknown escort; the John Dereks; Richard Egan with Ann Sothorn; Gene Nelson and his lovely wife Miriam—all hula-happy, all loving it.

Opening Night: The nurses at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica are grateful that Red Skelton only has one appendix! No, he wasn't a bad patient when they rushed him in for an emergency operation. To the contrary, he kept the nurses in such stitches, he almost popped his own. Just when they thought he was out cold, Red raised himself on the operating table. "After you get your opening," he wisecracked, "make sure that I get mine next month at the Palladium."

Talent Scout: It can happen here, but take it from an old-timer, it doesn't happen often. "I want you to meet a wonderful girl," enthused Ruth Roman. "She's going to be a big star and you might as well start writing wonderful things about her now." We were on the set of "Starlift," the picture that revolves itself around the Travis Air Base and Hospital. Ruth was right. Janice Rule (She first appeared with Joan Crawford in "Good-bye, My Fancy") is a beautiful lass of nineteen, mellowed and mature beyond her years. She's still a bit bewildered by Hollywood and her first experience before the camera, but she can't miss. "When the local wolves ask for my telephone number," laughed Janice, "I tell them I live with my agent. You should see the expression on their faces!" P.S. Her agent is Lillie Messenger, one of the best gal agents in the business.

Did You Know That: Scott Brady, who couldn't live under more modest circumstances, surprised Hollywood by filing a petition of bankruptcy to the tune of debts totaling \$34,220.11—with assets listed less than a thousand . . . John Barrymore Jr. isn't making his permanent



New finer
MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new *finer* Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts*! Get Mum!



New MUM cream deodorant
A Product of Bristol-Myers

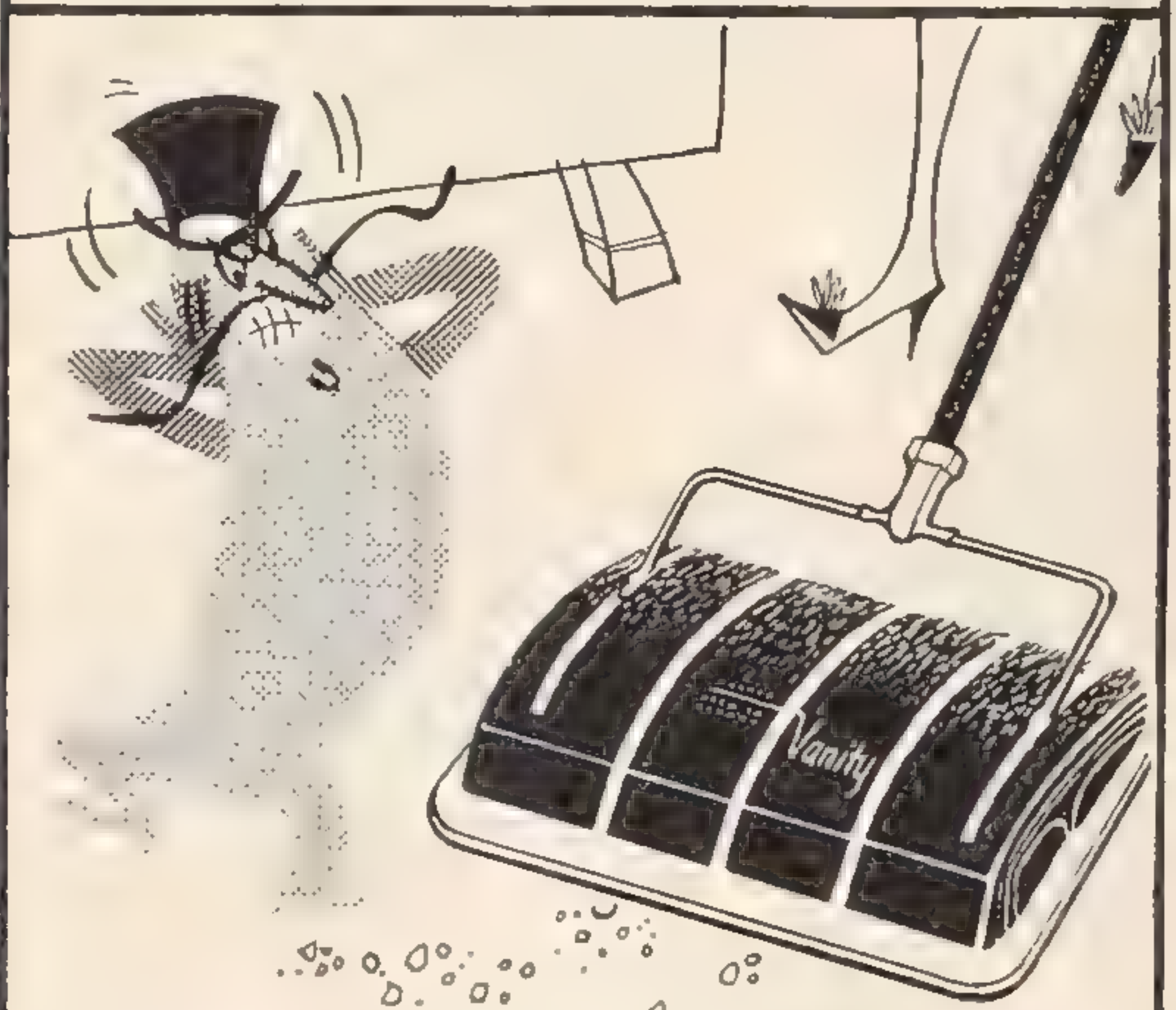


ays' Outing: Patrick and Dennis Jr. were all eyes when mother Peggy took them set of "Golden Girl" in which daddy Dennis co-stars with Mitzi Gaynor, left



BEWARE THE RUG-A-BOO!

HA! THE KIDS HAVE SPILLED CRACKER CRUMBS! I'LL GRIND 'EM INTO HER RUG BEFORE MOM VACUUMS!



FOILED AGAIN! HERE COMES HER BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER TO RESCUE HER RUG FROM THAT MESSY CRACKER DUST!



I DON'T NEED TO "BEAR DOWN" WITH A BISSELL.® THE "BISCO-MATIC"™ BRUSH ACTION ADJUSTS ITSELF TO ANY RUG TEXTURE—GETS THE DIRT QUICK, EVEN WITH THE HANDLE HELD LOW!

**DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL**



Only \$6.95 up
A little more in the West.

**BISSELL
SWEEPERS**

**Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.



Rings on her fingers, wedding bells in their hearts. Sally Forrest, Milo Frank, ring shopping, expect to be newlyweds when you read this

home with Aunt Ethel, as publicized. While shooting on his current production, the youngster registered at the Chateau Marmont where his director could keep an interested eye on him . . . Ann Blyth pressed good-luck shamrocks in Ireland and brought them back to her friends in Hollywood . . . Alan Ladd paying a personal call on every member of the Warner publicity department, introduced himself (?) and said: "If you need me, call me." Hollywood hams who want to get away from the pain of it all, please note! . . . Patricia Neal, who refused to take a salary cut at Warners, is back on the lot—back to visit Gary Cooper, who still works there . . . Since John Lund took the front office by the horns and secured his release from Paramount, he's had wonderful offers from three other studios.

Show Business: Hectically happy, Sally Forrest and Milo Frank dropped by for a cocktail. "Here, we wanted to give you yours in person," they exclaimed as they handed Cal an engraved invitation to their August wedding. Even disheartening change of plans failed to dampen their spirits.

"Milo had already booked passage and made reservations for us at the Royal Hawaiian," sighed Sally, "then the studio put me in 'Skirts Ahoy' and it's such a wonderful part we just had to postpone our honeymoon."

Grinned Milo, "We couldn't postpone the wedding, however. Sally has to make an honest man of me because I have already made the down payment on our house!"

Names and News: Thieves who broke into the Laguna Beach home of Bette Davis, won't have a second opportunity. Bette's back from making a picture in England and all she can say is—"God Bless America!" . . . The reported permission of Joan Fontaine's father, for his daughter to marry Aly Khan, even embarrassed Hollywood. Joan and sister Olivia were never exactly cozy with

papa, who is almost a stranger to them. The Fontaine-Khan reunion in Paris was important to headline-happy reporters only . . . Minor surgery on Betty Hutton's vocal chords silenced her for a week. "It was tougher than learning to hang by my knees from a trapeze," whispered the blonde bombshell . . . For a change, Errol Flynn is doing the suing. The suit is based on an alleged altercation between the star and a Nassau hotel owner . . . At the last minute Mrs. Dan Dailey changed her mind, dropped her California divorce action and got it in Las Vegas. Now that she's free, her friends expect her to marry oilman Bob Neal . . . Bing Crosby, the world's wealthiest "bum" (a Vancouver hotel clerk refused him admission upon his return from a fishing trip. No one would have recognized the bearded groaner) anxiously stood by when young Gary Crosby underwent shoulder surgery, the result of a football injury . . . Investigation proceeding for Betty Grable, a reported victim of an oil promotion swindle.

Beverly Hills Beach-Head: While they're waiting to welcome the stork, the Tyrone Powerses add welcome color to the local scene. A photograph of Linda in a French newspaper recently arrived in town. She was posed standing next to a nude-to-the-waist statue of herself which she presented to her famous husband. Currently Ty's on suspension at Twentieth Century-Fox—for the first time in fifteen years. He didn't want to play the lead in "Lydia Bailey" and he's so right. In this case, too many costume pictures are too many!

Lady in the Dark: Cal's decided some legends live forever. At one of Producer Charles K. Feldman's private showings of "A Streetcar Named Desire," just before the film rolled the projectionist had a request to lower the lights. "There's a lady outside who doesn't like to enter brightly-lit rooms," was the explanation. The lady was—Garbo!

(Continued on page 22)

"Easy to be
**LUX
LOVELY**"

says CLAUDETTE COLBERT

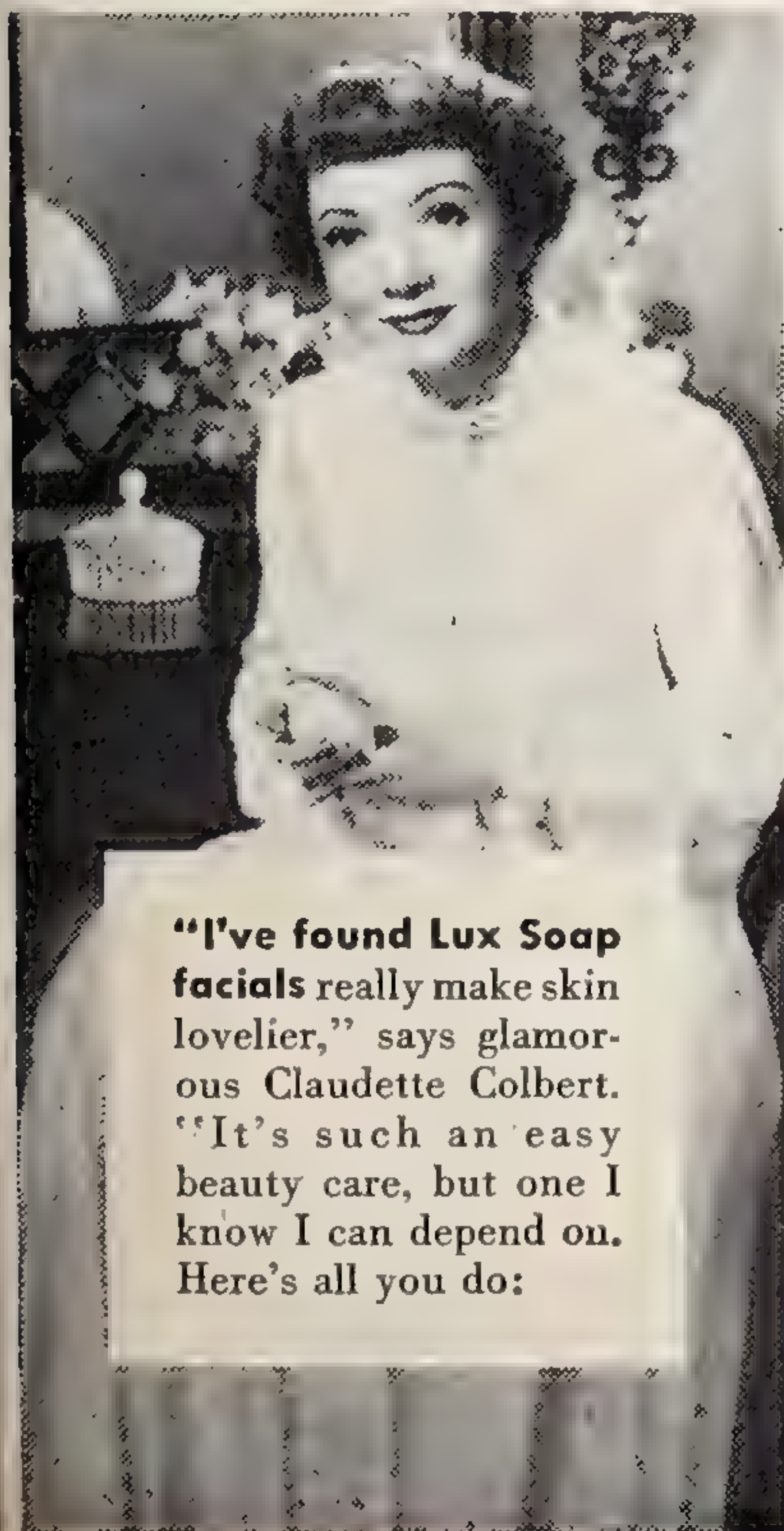
Starring in

"THUNDER ON THE HILL"

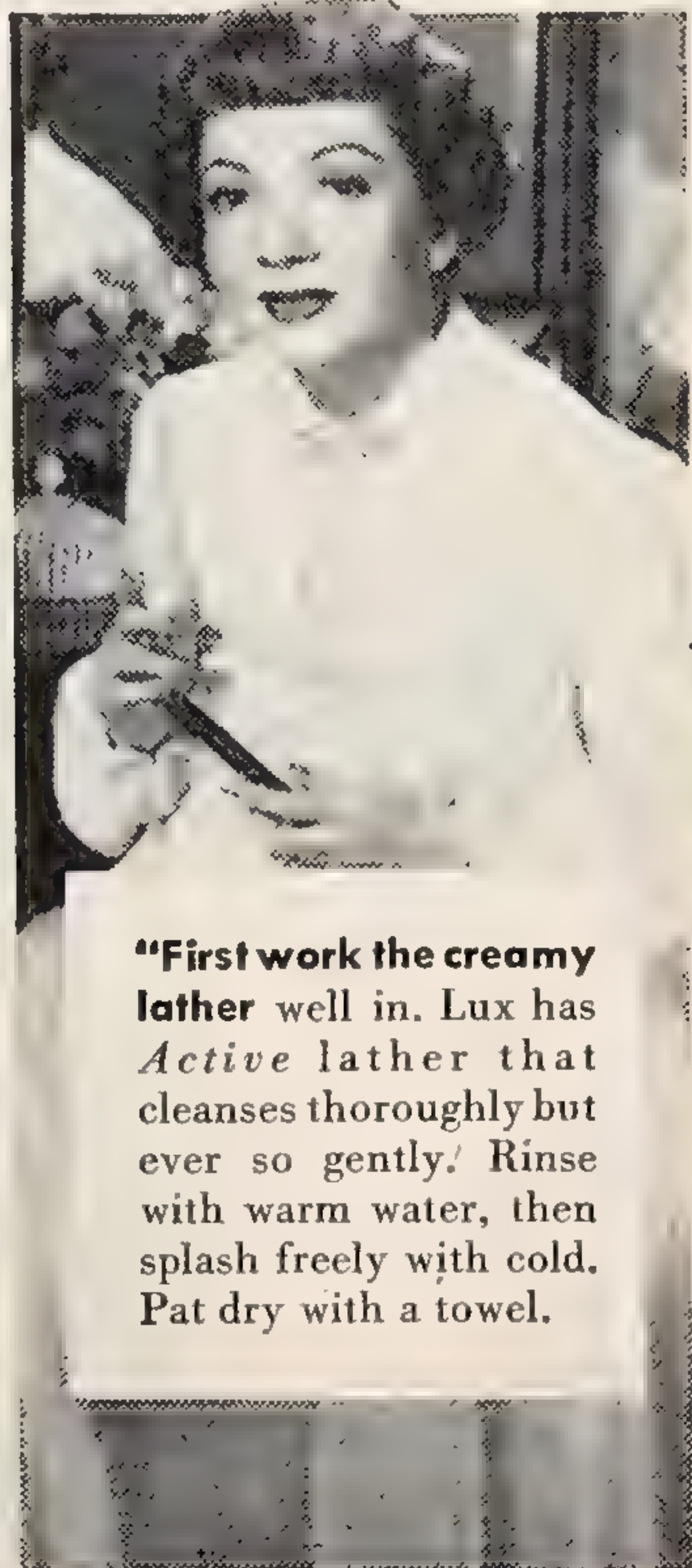
A Universal-International Picture



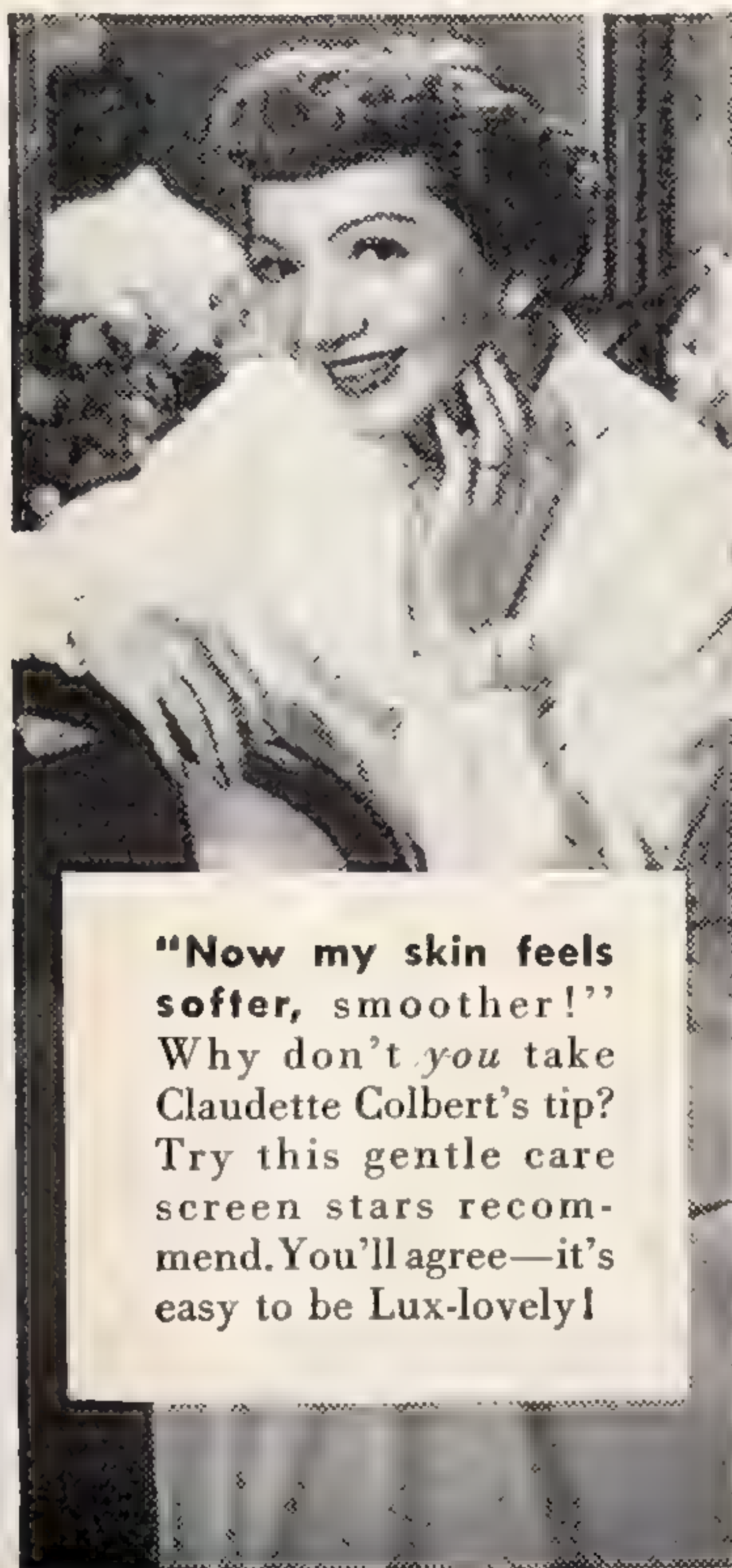
"My beauty facials really make skin softer, smoother"



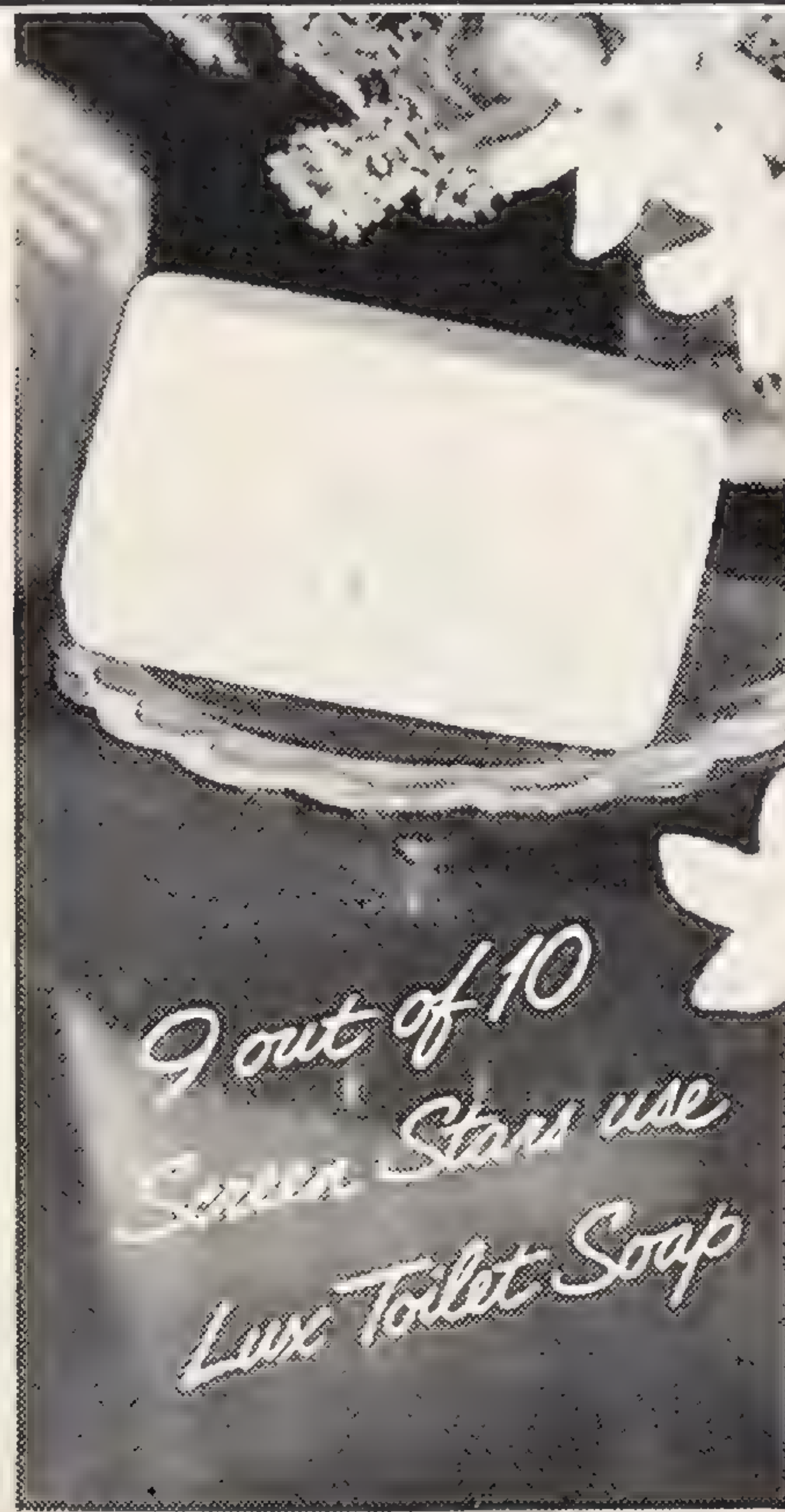
"I've found Lux Soap facials really make skin lovelier," says glamorous Claudette Colbert. "It's such an easy beauty care, but one I know I can depend on. Here's all you do:



"First work the creamy lather well in. Lux has Active lather that cleanses thoroughly but ever so gently! Rinse with warm water, then splash freely with cold. Pat dry with a towel.



"Now my skin feels softer, smoother!" Why don't you take Claudette Colbert's tip? Try this gentle care screen stars recommend. You'll agree—it's easy to be Lux-lovely!



(Continued from page 20)

Musical Moppet: Doris Day no longer wonders how her son Terry is going to make his living! "First he wanted to be a fireman," she laughs, "then he decided that he either wanted to run a shoe-shine stand—or be a millionaire. However, last week when my accompanist came over to try out some new songs, Terry came in from the next room and asked him to play softer. When I wanted to know why, my son explained that he was making a new musical arrangement of 'Swanee River' and he couldn't concentrate!" When Doris, who is a very happy Mrs. Marty Melcher these days, wanted to know what was wrong with the old "Swanee River," Terry replied: "I think I can make it better!"

Here to Stay: Although he has had more play offers than any other young actor in town, Arthur Kennedy has finally made up his mind to remain in Hollywood for good. Sold his Connecticut home and moved his family back to California. Arthur may be abandoning New York, but he isn't giving up live theatre. He has organized a theatrical group of his own to put on plays for friends and invited guests. If the idea clicks, Arthur intends to play to public audiences. And, knowing the boy as we do, we're willing to bet his project will be the answer to top-notch live theatre in Hollywood that everyone is clamoring for—but does so little about.

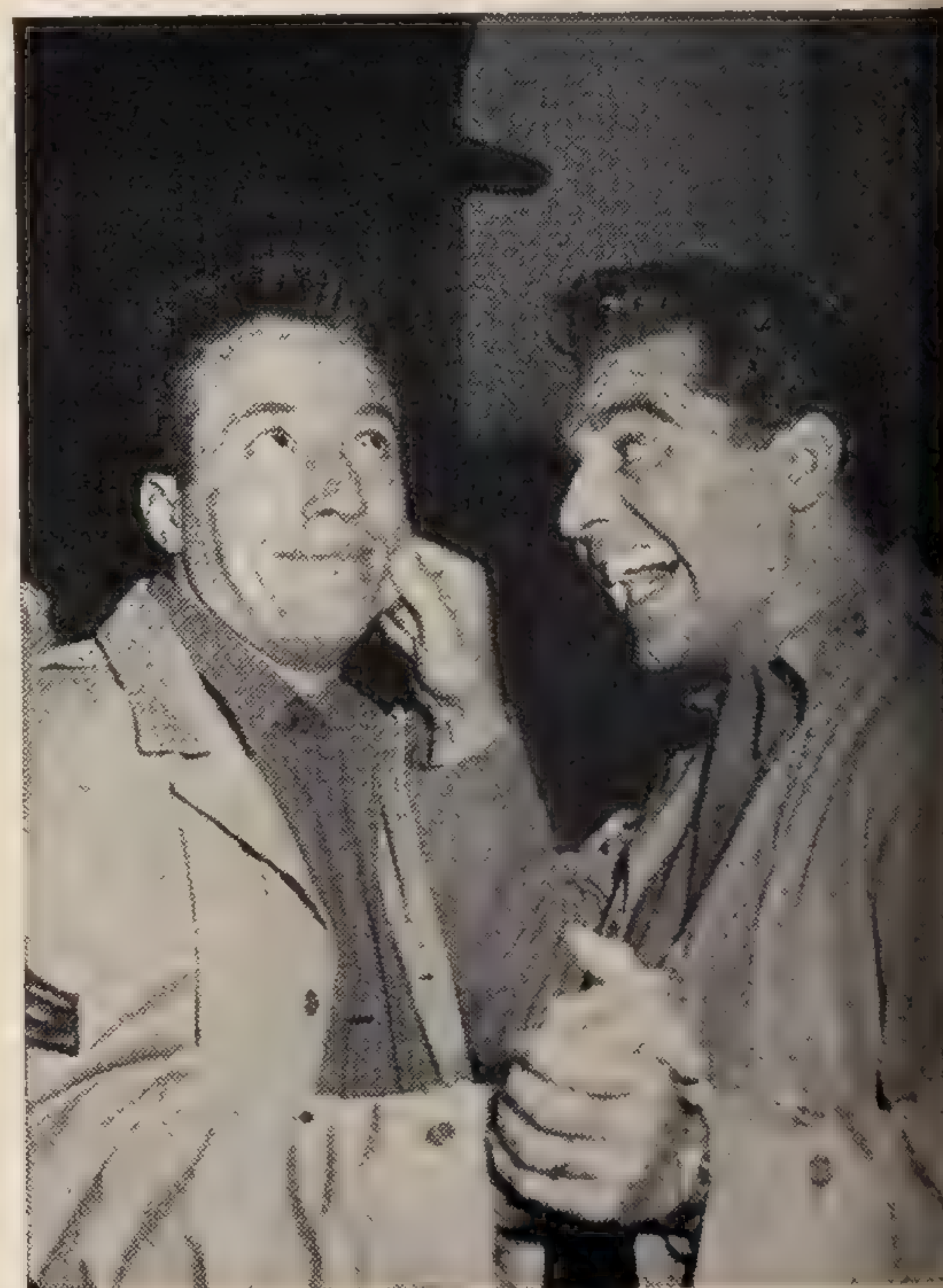
Bright Star: Faye Emerson, at her gay cocktail party, entered the race to vie with other glamour gals in dreaming up new ways to decorate chignons. Faye's "bun" was encircled with a silver bracelet-like thing, studded with tiny fake gems—tres chic. Like everyone else who succumbs to the personal warmth of the TV queen, Cal was thrilled over her great personal progress. "When you knew me at Warners," Faye confided, "I was lost. After those bad B pictures, I couldn't get a job. When I went into television, I didn't have a hundred dollars to my name." Today she has a chic apartment on Park Avenue and her weekly salary is 'way up in the thousands.



*I dreamed I was
an artist in my
maidenform® bra*

I'm dabbling in dreams... with the whole world at my doorstep! The critics come to look at my work, and then stay to look at me! They say I've a genius for line, an absolute mastery of form. Could it be they mean my Maidenform figure? Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture* in white satin; also available in nylon taffeta and broadcloth... from 1.75 There is a **maidenform** for every type of figure!

•Reg. U S. Pat. Off. Costume: Cacciola-Broillet



Fun on the side: Dick Wesson, Paul Picerni gag on set of "Force of Arms"



*Make it
a
good one!*

IF YOU ARE FOND of someone who is fond of you—keep it that way! Don't let halitosis (unpleasant breath) take the bloom off that kiss . . . or turn ardor into indifference.

Unfortunately, you can offend this way without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis. But why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful and *extra-careful* precaution against off-color breath?

Long-lasting Effect

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis because it sweetens

and freshens the breath . . . *not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.*

So, when you want to be at your best, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every night and morning . . . and between times before every date for that lasting protection.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

... Before any date ... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC ... *it's breath-taking!*

"I was shipwrecked 5 times in one day!"

says EVELYN KEYES, co-starring with Jeff Chandler in "SMUGGLER'S ISLAND" a U-I release, Color by Technicolor



"If sweeping floors is rough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for 'SMUGGLER'S ISLAND.' The heavy oars made my hands sting.



Learning the ropes on a sloop left my hands raw again...



But between scenes, I used soothing Jergens Lotion...



It kept my hands lovely for romantic closeups!



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10c TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)

Brief Reviews

- ✓✓ (F) *ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE*—Warners: Kirk Douglas plays a marshal who tries to save Walter Brennan's life in this blood-and-thunder epic. With Virginia Mayo, John Agar. (June)
- ✓✓ (F) *APACHE DRUMS*—U-I: A non-sympathetic Indian story for a change about the siege of a frontier town inhabited by Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray and Willard Parker. In Technicolor. (June)
- ✓✓ (F) *AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL*—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley, automatically retired at sixty-five, dyes his beard and cuts up with Constance Bennett—ex-boss Albert Dekker's wife—to prove that there's life in the old boy yet. A cute comedy with Jean Peters, Marilyn Monroe. (Aug.)
- ✓½ (F) *BEST OF THE BAD MEN*—RKO: The Younger Brothers and the James boys are riding and shooting again—this time along with Robert Ryan, out to avenge a false murder charge. With Bob Preston, Claire Trevor, Jack Buetel. (Aug.)
- ✓✓ (A) *BRAVE BULLS, THE*—Columbia: If you like bull-fighting you'll go for this story of a matador, Mel Ferrer, who loses his nerve in the bull ring and his heart to Miroslava. With Anthony Quinn. (June)
- ✓✓½ (F) *CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER*—Warners: Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo find romance and adventure during the Napoleonic War against England in this Technicolor classic. (July)
- ✓✓ (F) *COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN*—U-I: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello take to the hills to find some buried gold when night-club singer Dorothy Shay discovers that Lou's a long lost member of the feudin' McCoys. (Aug.)
- ✓✓ (F) *EXCUSE MY DUST*—M-G-M: Fairly entertaining Technicolor musical with Red Skelton, as an inventor who tries to perfect the horseless carriage, providing the laughs; Sally Forrest, the dances and romance; Monica Lewis, the songs and Macdonald Carey some plot complications. (Aug.)
- ✓½ (F) *FIGHTING COAST GUARD*—Republic: An oft-told plot involving Ella Raines, Brian Donlevy, Forrest Tucker, bogs down the worthy effort of showing the work and purpose of the Coast Guard. But the action shots are exciting. (Aug.)
- ✓✓ (F) *FIRST LEGION, THE*—Sedif-U.A.: A warm story about Jesuit Fathers and their reactions to what appears to be a modern miracle. With Charles Boyer, Barbara Rush, Lyle Bettger. (July)
- ✓✓ (F) *FOLLOW THE SUN*—20th Century-Fox: Glenn Ford stars in the life of golf champion Ben Hogan from his caddy days to his comeback after a near-fatal accident. With Anne Baxter. (June)
- ✓✓ *FORT WORTH*—Warners: Plenty of shooting and fighting in this epic of old Texas after Randolph Scott discovers that David Brian hired him to run his newspaper for strictly varminty purposes. With Phyllis Thaxter, Helena Carter. (Aug.)
- ✓✓ (A) *FOURTEEN HOURS*—20th Century-Fox: Many lives are influenced as Paul Douglas and Barbara Bel Geddes try to dissuade Richard Basehart from jumping off a hotel ledge in this suspenseful story. With Debra Paget, Agnes Moorehead. (June)
- ✓✓ (F) *FRANCIS GOES TO THE RACES*—U-I: Francis, the mule, and Donald O'Connor get back into civilian life and become involved with turf racketeers and pretty Piper Laurie in this not quite so funny sequel. (Aug.)
- ✓✓ (F) *GO FOR BROKE*—M-G-M: Van Johnson is a strict young lieutenant whose disappointment at being assigned to a Nisei platoon is changed to respect when he sees the boys in action. (June)
- ✓✓ (A) *GOODBYE, MY FANCY*—Warners: Congresswoman Joan Crawford returns to the university, from which she was once expelled, for an honorary degree, and gets involved in some romantic complications with dean Robert Young. With Frank Lovejoy, Eve Arden, Janice Rule. (June)
- ✓✓ (F) *GREAT CARUSO, THE*—M-G-M: Mario Lanza's thrilling voice is heard in excerpts from famed operas in this Technicolor version of life of the world's greatest tenor. With Ann Blyth. (June)
- ✓✓ (A) *GUY WHO CAME BACK, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Amusing screen fare in which Paul Douglas, an ex-football star, is persuaded by siren Linda Darnell that his days as a champ and a Great Lover are not over—much to the distress of wife Joan Bennett. (Aug.)
- ✓✓ (A) *HOLLYWOOD STORY, THE*—U-I: Richard Conte, as a movie producer, sets out to solve a twenty-year-old Hollywood murder. With Julia Adams, Richard Egan and many yesteryear screen favorites. (July)
- ✓½ *HOUSE ON TELEGRAPH HILL, THE*—20th Century-Fox: A suspenseful melodrama with Valentina Cortesa as a Polish D.P. who comes to America, marries Richard Basehart, and discovers she's marked for murder. With Bill Lundigan. (July)
- ✓✓ (A) *I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLE SALE*—20th Century-Fox: Interesting drama of the garment district with Susan Hayward as an aggressive dress designer who wants to get to the top even if it means stepping over partners Dan Dailey, Sam Jaffe. With George Sanders. (June)
- ✓✓ (F) *I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE F.B.I.*—Warners: Exciting true story of a man rejected by friends and family when he becomes an undercover agent to expose the Red menace in America. With Frank Lovejoy, Dorothy Hart. (July)
- ✓✓ (F) *JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN*—Warners: Story of the great Indian athlete which covers his early days in college, his rise and fall as a champion and his eventual rehabilitation. Bur Lancaster's in top form. With Steve Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter, Charles Bickford. (Aug.)
- ✓✓ (F) *KATIE DID IT*—U-I: Cute comedy in which illustrator Mark Stevens breaks down the reserve of ultra-conservative Ann Blyth and break up her engagement to Craig Stevens. (June)

✓ (F) **KON-TIKI**—Art-Film—Sol Lesser—RKO: Documentary films of actual 4,300-mile sea voyage taken by raft by Thor Heyerdahl and five companions. Not for the easily sea-sick. (July)

✓ (F) **LAST OUTPOST, THE**—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: Still another Civil War era Western with Yankees, rebels and Injuns shootin' it up. With Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming. (July)

✓ (F) **LEMON DROP KID, THE**—Paramount: Gay comedy with Bob Hope playing Santa Claus in order to raise \$10,000 owed to Fred Clark. Marilyn Maxwell's the doll in Bob's life. (June)

✓ ½ (A) **LONG DARK HALL, THE**—U.A.: A British import with plenty of suspense revolving around trial and conviction of Rex Harrison for the murder of Patricia Wayne. Lilli Palmer, Mrs. Harrison off-screen, plays his faithful wife. (Aug.)

✓ (F) **MAN WITH MY FACE, THE**—Gardner-J.A.: Barry Nelson is forced to prove his own identity after he returns home one night to find a double in possession of his wife, his home and his log. With Carole Matthews. (July)

✓ (F) **NEW MEXICO**—Allen-U.A.: A scenically beautiful Western with Lew Ayres as a Union captain, who, after attempting to defend maltreated Indians, is forced to track them down. With Marilyn Maxwell. (July)

✓ ½ (A) **PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN**—Romulus-M-G-M: A beautiful and magic love story with Ava Gardner as a restless 1930 daygirl; James Mason, the 17th Century Dutchman doomed to sail the seven seas until he finds a woman who'd die for him. (June)

✓ (F) **PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF, THE**—J-I: Tony Curtis comes into his own as a star in his Technicolor Arabian Nights tale about a royal infant reared by renegades, who finally claims his birthright. With Piper Laurie. (July)

✓ (F) **QUEEN FOR A DAY**—Stillman-U.A.: The popular radio show is the springboard for dramatization of short stories: "Gossamer World," "High Diver" and "Horsie" featuring Phyllis Avery, Adam Williams, Edith Meiser and cast of unknowns. (June)

✓ (F) **SEALED CARGO**—RKO: When Dana Andrews, owner of a small Canadian fishing boat during World War II sights a wrecked Danish schooner, he becomes involved in intrigue and murder. With Carla Balenda, Claude Rains. (July)

✓✓ (F) **SHOW BOAT**—M-G-M: The third and Technicolor screen version of immortal Jerome Kern's Edna Ferber operetta starring Kathryn Grayson as *Magnolia*, Howard Keel as *Gay*, Ava Gardner as *Julie*. With Joe E. Brown, Agnes Moorehead and that sensational dance team Marge and Gower Champion. (Aug.)

✓ (F) **SOLDIERS THREE**—M-G-M: A rather dull and much too British version of the Kipling story despite the presence of Stewart Granger, Robert Newton, Walter Pidgeon, David Niven. (June)

✓✓ (A) **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**—Warner: Neurotic Robert Walker meets tennis champ Farley Granger in a club car, discusses a diabolical scheme for a double murder and then, without Farley's knowledge, carries out his end of it. What happens next makes this a chilling, thrilling adventure. With Ruth Roman, Pat Hitchcock. (Aug.)

✓ ½ (F) **TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL**—10th Century-Fox: A controversial but straightforward exposé of cruelties of college sorority snobishness. With Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson, Mitzi Maynor, Jean Peters. (July)

✓ (A) **THING, THE**—RKO: A chilling science-fiction adventure about a "thing" from another planet that lands at North Pole in a flying saucer with the intention of destroying the earth. With Ken Tobey, Lewey Martin, Margaret Sheridan. (July)

✓ ½ (F) **WHEN I GROW UP**—U.A.: Bobby Driscoll plays a dual role in this tender family portrait concerning a boy, his dad, and grand-dad and the problem two of them faced in their youth. With Martha Scott, Bob Preston. (Aug.)

✓ (F) **WHIRLWIND**—Columbia: Gene Autry rides the old trail as a government agent out to get a thieving rancher. With Smiley Burnette. (July)



He's going thataway! Dean Stockell is in Joel McCrea's "Cattle Drive"



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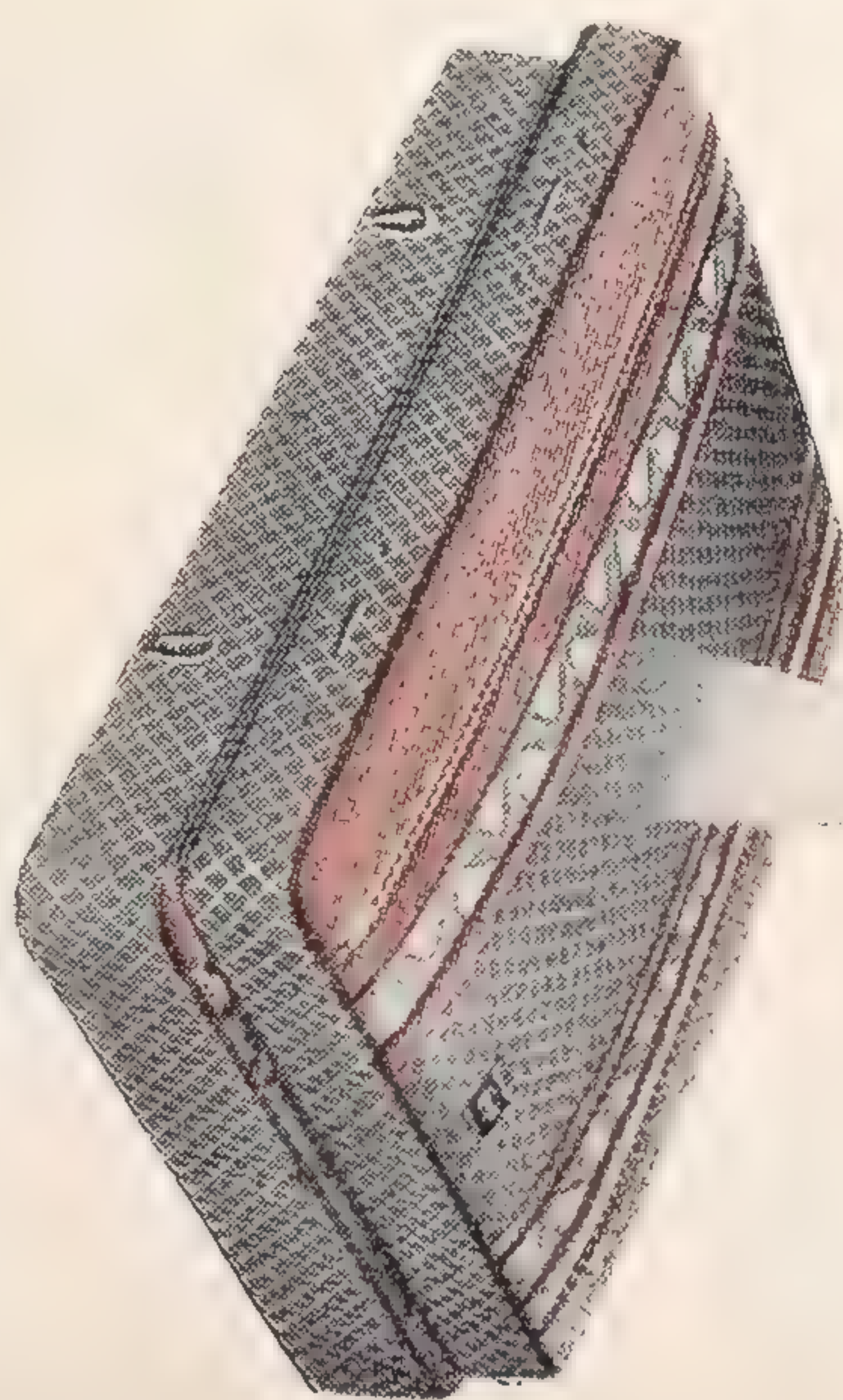
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You sleep on it... not in it!



Tragedy in the tenements of New Orleans: Kim Hunter, Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando in screen version of hit play

✓✓✓ (A) A Streetcar Named Desire (Warners)

ON occasion Hollywood rises to heights of artistic achievement, sometimes even pulling itself right out of the old box-office appeal. In "Streetcar," a long stretch of feverish morbidity, there are no concessions made to happy endings. The story deals with the moral and mental degradation of two Southern girls at the hands of a brutish Polish-American. And right here let me say Marlon Brando wins our personal Oscar for his playing of Stanley Kowalski. Kim Hunter, his wife, held captive by sheer physical attraction, gives a performance that for shading and fine line-drawing cannot be surpassed. Showier, of course, is the role of Kim's sister Blanche who arrives at her sister's home an emotionally shaken woman in need of love and understanding but who, instead, is literally trampled into insanity by the boorish Kowalski. Vivien Leigh gives to the role of Blanche that wonderful, fragile, pitiful appeal that chalks up another difficult-to-surpass characterization. Karl Malden is excellent as Blanche's suitor. Rudy Bond, Nick Dennis, and Peg Hillias complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Brutal but fascinating.

Program Notes: Vivien Leigh starred in the London stage production of "Streetcar" for nine months before coming to Hollywood for the movie version. Laurence Olivier, her husband, made a picture in movietown at the same time. Weary from long weeks of work before the camera, the pair boarded a freighter for a long, restful ride back to England . . . Brando announced he was through, professionally, for 1951. Dissatisfied with his speaking voice (perfect, however, for the role of Kowalski) Brando planned to study diction and voice at the Actors Studio, headed by Elia Kazan, who directed this film . . . Five years had elapsed since Kim Hunter had made a film in Hollywood. Kim played her same role in the stage version . . . Another member of the original stage cast is Karl Malden who has made several successful movies in the past year . . . Miss Leigh and a few members of the cast made a location jaunt to New Orleans to film scenes in and around that streetcar named Desire which has since been replaced by a bus of the same name.

SHADOW

✓✓✓ OUTSTANDING

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



TweedleDum and TweedleDee step out of "Looking Glass" sequel to appear with Alice in Disney's amazing Wonderland

✓✓✓ (F) Alice in Wonderland (Disney-RKO)

THE mythical magic of Disney is again displayed in the beautifully colored cartooned exploits of Alice in her wonderful Wonderland. All the characters so dearly loved by children and adults as well, are faithfully reproduced—the White Rabbit that causes Alice to plunge down the hole to Wonderland, the Walrus and the Carpenter who so ungraciously dine upon the baby oysters, TweedleDum and TweedleDee (borrowed from the "Looking Glass" sequel), the Cheshire Cat, the Caterpillar, the King and Queen of Hearts with their ridiculous croquet game and trial. Especially comical is the tea party with the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse. The scenic backgrounds are exquisitely detailed and embellished with several objects new to the original story. The music, soothing and lullaby-ish, is still not up to the "Snow White" score but Alice proves to be every little girl's dream of the heroine she loves to read about.

Your Reviewer Says: Fantastical fantasy of beauty and fun.

Program Notes: For well over a year the Disney artists labored over their drawing boards penciling and coloring the characters of Alice. The research and story plan had previously occupied another year and the voice dubbing required many, many months of work. The voice of Alice was supplied by Kathy Beaumont. The famous comic Ed Wynn talked for the Mad Hatter and Richard Haydn for the Caterpillar. Sterling Holloway gave voice to the Cheshire Cat, Jerry Colonna to the March Hare and Pat O'Malley to both the Walrus and the Tweedle Twins, Dee and Dum. Bill Thompson chatted for the White Rabbit, Heather Angel for Alice's grown-up sister, James MacDonald for the Dormouse and the fearsome off-with-their-heads threats were shouted by Verna Felton as the Queen of Hearts. The AEIOU song that accompanied the Caterpillar scene was the cleverest of all.

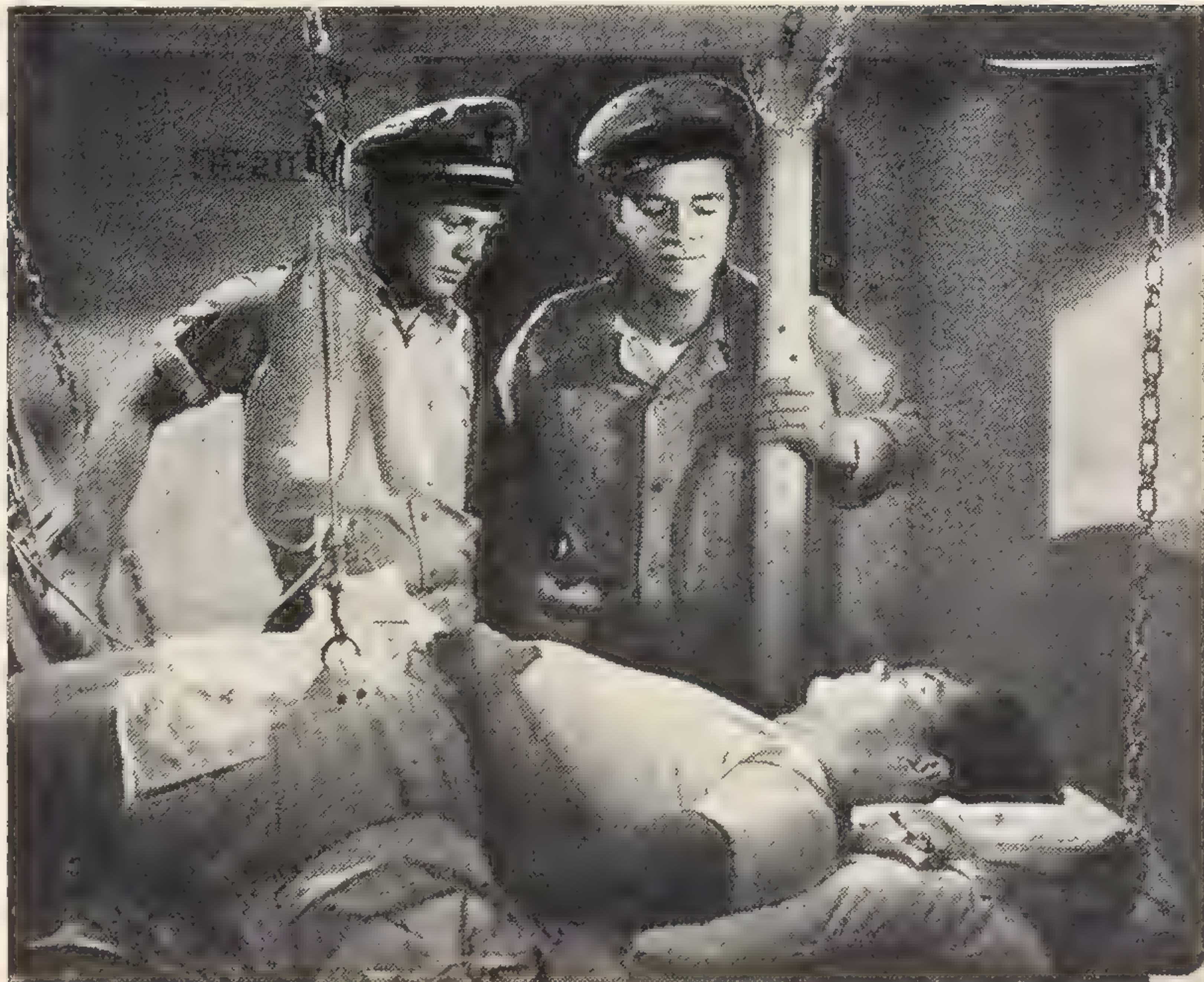
STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
A—FOR ADULTS



Love vs. ambition: Monty Clift, Shelley Winters in a new version of famous drama and novel, "An American Tragedy"



Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Jeffrey Hunter in spine-tingling tale of men who waged war in the ocean's depths

✓✓½ (A) *The Frogmen* (20th Century-Fox)

FROGMEN were members of the Navy's daring Underwater Demolition Teams during World War II and the history of their exploits, revealed here for the first time, is something we urge you not to miss. The hazardous, daring bravery of these men is wrapped up in the so familiar story of the unpopular officer who, through his own bravery, becomes a hero to his men, but for all that, none of the power or spine-tingling suspense is lost. In the all-male cast, Richard Widmark is every inch the unyielding Lt. Commander whose matter-of-fact manner irks chief petty officer Dana Andrews and the crew, including Jeffrey Hunter, Warren Stevens, Harvey Lembeck, Henry Slate and other stalwart lads. Gary Merrill plays the ship's officer who understands Widmark's personality problems. But surpassing the story by far are the scenes of these daring men in action.

Your Reviewer Says: Terrific!

Program Notes: A seasick, water-logged and travel-weary group of men ploughed the treacherous waters off Cape Hatteras and wondered why, in heaven's name, they ever wanted to be actors in the first place. From seven weeks' shooting in the waters off Norfolk, Virginia, and thence to Key West, Florida, and on to Bovini Bay off the Virgin Islands, this group of men spent over half their time submerged in the briny deep. More than eighty-five members of the movie company became victims of cold, influenza or near pneumonia from overexposure. In fact, so much sea-going prompted Dana Andrews to sell his own fifty-foot cutter upon his return home, keeping the less-expensive-to-run ketch . . . Gary Merrill recovered from his heavy cold in time to fly to London with his wife, Bette Davis, with whom he co-stars in the British film, "Another Man's Poison." The Richard Widmarks plan to meet Bette and Gary later on in Rome . . . Jeffrey Hunter was recruited from a college play at UCLA for the role that kept him flat on his back with a supposed spinal injury throughout most of the action, thereby escaping most of the dunkings.

✓✓✓ (A) *A Place in the Sun* (Paramount)

THE finest human interest story to come out of Hollywood in many a day! Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters illumine their roles with an intensity of emotion, constantly in character, that never lets down to the fateful end. Beautifully adapted and modernized, the story tells of the poor cousin of a wealthy and social family, condescendingly placed in the family factory and then forgotten. Too late they remember. His hunger for love and companionship has led him into an intimacy with a factory girl and the tragic consequences ruthlessly snatch him from his new world and his consuming love for Elizabeth Taylor. This role belongs to Montgomery Clift and none other. He's that good. Without make-up, without tricks or forceful efforts, Shelley Winters manages to make of Alice Tripp, the factory girl, a pathetic figure that cannot be overshadowed by the youth and beauty of Elizabeth Taylor.

Your Reviewer Says: It will bankrupt the emotions.

Program Notes: The Lake Tahoe country in the High Sierras was covered with unexpected snow the day they were scheduled to shoot outdoor summer scenes. So, before Elizabeth Taylor could cavort about the lake in a bathing suit, the crew carefully hosed away the snow from trees and landscape within camera range . . . The girls' wardrobes touched two extremes. Shelley's costliest outfit ran around four dollars. One of Elizabeth's party gowns cost one hundred times that amount. Clift, who boasts two suits in real life, felt overdressed with a wardrobe consisting of a gray tweed and blue serge, poorly cut, a tuxedo and a sports coat with slacks. He preferred his factory outfit of T-shirt and worn leather jacket which he wears most of the time off screen . . . Shelley had her blonde hair dyed a lusterless brown for her role.



Blemishes*. "I started using Noxzema for some annoying blemishes*," says Joan Murray of Rye, N. Y. "It helped my skin look so much smoother and softer, I've used it regularly, since! As a make-up base, Noxzema helps powder stay on."

Look Lovelier in 10 Days

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New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless, medicated Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base . . . the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal*, soften and smooth.

*externally-caused blemishes

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Save this! Follow Noxzema's Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



Morning—Apply Noxzema. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of greaseless Noxzema for a protective powder base.



Evening—"Creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up—without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin to help soften, smooth. Pat extra over blemishes* to help heal.

Money-Back Offer! If this Home Facial doesn't help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

At any drug
or cosmetic counter

40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax

✓½ (F) Mark of the Renegade (U-I)

HERE we go again, folks, to 1825, with Ricardo Montalban, a Mexican patriot banished from his country, and wearing on his forehead the branded letter "R" for renegade. Joining a band of pirates, Montalban comes to California, then a province of Mexico, is taken captive by rascally Gilbert Roland. Our renegade is ordered by Roland to kill off the fiance of the beautiful Cyd Charisse and marry her himself, a task not at all repellent to Montalban but without murder, please now. You see, Roland figures that with his vassal married to Cyd, her powerful father Antonio Moreno will come under his dominion. But before the villain's plans can be accomplished there are duels, fiestas, broken heads and a surprise ending.

Your Reviewer Says: "R" for romantic.

Program Notes: Ricardo Montalban is right at home in his role of the handsome Mexican mainly because he is one. And, after a Technicolor glimpse of the actor in his colorful outfits, the fans may insist he play nothing else . . . Cyd Charisse, who is Mrs. Tony Martin in private life, spent most of her time between scenes telephoning home about their new son, Tony Jr. This was Cyd's first role since the baby's arrival . . . Silent star Antonio Moreno kept the cast spellbound with his reminiscences. "There aren't any real lovers in the movies any more," he insisted. "Male stars just talk about it; they don't do anything about it." (Hi ya, Gable, hello Peck, good morning, Flynn.)

✓✓ (F) Happy Go Lovely (RKO)

MADE in England with David Niven, Cesar Romero and Vera-Ellen to give it that Hollywood flavor, this Technicolor movie is a happy little thing almost overcome at times with too much of the old mistaken identity theme but always rescued from complete involvement by the clever dancing of Vera-Ellen, the slapdash of Cesar Romero as an American theatrical producer of the shoe-string variety and David Niven as a Scottish greeting-card tycoon.

Your Reviewer Says: It tries so hard to please.

Program Notes: Vera-Ellen is newest candidate for Queen of Technicolor. With the exception of "Love Happy," her pictures have all been tinted. M-G-M signed her to a contract after "Words and Music" but let her go to London for the independent "Happy Go Lovely" since her next for them, "Belle of New York," wasn't ready for completion. Vera jumped at the opportunity to have a European vacation—and get paid for it to boot . . . This picture was a homecoming for British-born David Niven, who showed Cesar Romero—making his first London movie—all around Piccadilly.

✓✓½ (A) Kind Lady (M-G-M)

A SHOCKING tale, so plausible and likely to happen, the customer is torn between outrage, anxiety and admiration for the ingenuity of storyteller and story actors. Occasionally there are moments when one wishes everyone concerned would get on with the story, but on the whole it's unusual and clever. Maurice Evans is the charming but evil ringleader in a plot to take over the home of Ethel Barrymore, a "kind lady," living alone with one maid, Doris Lloyd. Evans uses his wife, Betsy Blair, as foil to obtain entrance and, once in, brings in Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury, a pair of schemers, who pose as cook and butler. They almost succeed in convincing everyone of Miss Bar-

Barrymore's insanity, keeping her out of sight while they sell her beautiful furnishings. Evans and Miss Barrymore are marvelous, Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: An aristocrat among movies.

Program Notes: Two of the greatest theatrical stars, Ethel Barrymore and Maurice Evans, talked away the many pauses between scenes. Mr. Evans was humbly deferential to the star who began her career many seasons before his debut. The conversation at times was so good both Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury did as much listening in as they could . . . Keenan was jubilant over his part, having waited a long time for a meaty, dramatic role . . . Angela Lansbury's husband, Peter Shaw, who gave up his acting career to join a decorating and furniture designing company, paid many visits to the set to take in the authentic beauty of the furniture . . . Mr. Evans, who made his first appearance before a camera in "Kind Lady," was so impressed with the dramatic ability of Betsy Blair, he signed her for a role in his New York production of "Richard II."

✓ (F) Whistle at Eaton Falls, The (Columbia)

IF YOU'RE interested in a lecture on labor problems, this picture is made to order. But if you're looking forward to an entertaining evening after a hard day at work—you might find this just a little heavy. Produced in semi-documentary style against authentic backgrounds, it tells of the townspeople of Eaton Falls, New Hampshire, who gauge their daily routine by the whistle perched on top of Doubleday Plastics Company—the town's sole support. When Mr. Doubleday is killed in an air crash, his widow (Dorothy Gish) appoints union leader Lloyd Bridges president of the company, hoping this move will bring about harmony between the union and management. Things reach a climax when Lloyd discovers he must make the very move against which he had once fought tooth and nail in order to save the company from disaster and the town from bankruptcy. Aside from Miss Gish, Bridges and Carpenter, Louis deRochemont uses a host of New York stage players and native New Hampshire-ites to add to the realism.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're serious-minded.

Program Notes: Eaton Falls is a fictional town—but its physical counterpart was the town of Dover, New Hampshire—and it was here that crew and cast worked. The townspeople who worked as extras in the mob scenes were paid \$7.50 a day plus \$1.25 for lunch—and they didn't even have to become members of the Screen Extras Guild. The Rev. Robert Dunn of St. John's Episcopal Church, however, did have to join Screen Actors Guild, since this was his second film. He also was a rector in "Lost Boundaries" . . . "Ev'ry Other Day" which Carleton Carpenter sings, is his own composition . . . Anne Francis, who had appeared in hundreds of radio and TV shows, was signed to a Twentieth contract when she returned to New York. She was whisked out to Hollywood, given the lead in "Lydia Bailey," and is set for the big build-up. Diana Douglas, who plays Lloyd Bridges's wife, is the ex-Mrs. Kirk Douglas.

½ (A) Two of a Kind (Columbia)

WHAT a scheme! And what an upset Applecart awaited the best laid plans of Alexander Knox, Lizabeth Scott and Edmond O'Brien when the aged millionaire,

Back to school or back to business, you'll look like a queen in a "Perma-lift"*, grand new Girdle. This tummy smoothing, hip rounding, little bit of daintiness is—oh—so blissfully easy to wear. Most important too it is styled in three lengths—Short, Average and Tall—so you can be sure, whatever your size, it will stay put always. See

your favorite corsetiere as soon as you can. The Girdle just \$5.95, matching Pantie \$6.95, in Snowy White.

You'll also love the dream designed "Perma-lift" Bra to match. Styled with the famous Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups, you're gently, firmly supported from below. Wear it, wash it—the uplift is guaranteed to last the life of the garment—\$2.

**"Perma-lift"—product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago • New York • Los Angeles (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)



The "tissue test" proved to Alexis...



that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Alexis Smith that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams*. Alexis is co-starring in the Paramount production, "Here Comes the Groom."

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

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Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

Griff Barnett, outsmarted them all. The shady deal, thought up by Knox and Lizabeth, called for O'Brien to pose as the long-lost son of Barnett and his wife, Virginia Brissac. When the deal called for O'Brien to lose part of a finger as an identity mark, O'Brien didn't hesitate to lose it—the hard way, too. Ouch, please! Pretty Terry Moore was used as the dupe to drag O'Brien into the Barnett household. But Lizabeth got him. Knox got the gate. We got the jitters.

Your Reviewer Says: Naughty but novel.

Program Notes: *It wasn't enough that the O'Briens moved into their new home—bag, baggage and children—while in production, but Eddie had to maintain a 1,000-calorie diet all through the picture to keep down his weight... The happiest member of the cast was Terry Moore when the cast moved to Balboa and Laguna Beach for seaside location scenes. Terry, who loves to swim, spent half her time in the Pacific... Lizabeth Scott reveled in the beautiful clothes whipped up for her by Jean Louis. Liz claims Crawford, Shearer and Dietrich became box office sensations by setting the styles, so why shouldn't she?*

✓½ (A) Sirocco (Columbia)

THE year—1925. The place—Damascus. The action—gun running, knavery, bravery, rascality and stolen love. And in the midst of these unsavory shenanigans we find Humphrey Bogart running guns and ammunition through the French occupation troops to Onslow Stevens, head of an army composed of Syrian citizenry.

Designed as a sort of poor relation "Casablanca," the story has some of the same atmosphere but little of its charm. But the cast is strong, sure and solid; Bogart a strong, sure and solid hero-heel. The action is rapid-paced and nasty, so on the whole the movie emerges pretty good fare. Marta Toren is beautiful as the girl who throws over Lee Cobb for Bogey, and gets no thanks for it. Cobb, of course, is wonderful. Zero Mostel as a rascally Armenian, Everett Sloane as a French General and Nick Dennis as Bogey's henchman, revolve in and around the political and amorous intrigue.

Your Reviewer Says: Double dealing all over the blooming place.

Program Notes: *"The honest way to play a heel," Humphrey Bogart tells us, "is to show all sides of his character. The good as well as the bad." With this in mind, Bogey began his fourth in a series of his Santana Productions. He carefully hand-picked his own cast. Lee J. Cobb left the cast of the Broadway hit "Death of a Salesman" to play Colonel Feroud. Marta Toren, a graduate of the Swedish Royal Academy, was chosen not only for her ability but for the Oriental lift to her dark expressive eyes... The city of Damascus rose almost overnight on the Columbia Ranch in the San Fernando Valley with the streets reproduced in smallest detail for close-up shooting. And, oh yes, set designer Robert Peterson knows very well the catacombs under Damascus were not discovered prior to the time of this story, so please don't write and scold him about it. Poetic license, you know.*

✓½ (F) Warpath (Paramount)

A ROUGH and vigorous Western which takes place in the years following the Civil War. Edmond O'Brien is searching for the three bandits responsible for his fiancée's death. At last he recognizes one and a gun duel ensues. But before the bandit dies he confides that one of his outlaw partners is now a member of the

(Continued on page 98)

Announcing

THE WINNERS

*The results are in—the prizes
are ready for the lucky leaders in
our Hollywood Travel Contest*

PHOTOPLAY congratulates the three winners of the "Win A Hollywood Holiday" Contest. Each finalist and her favorite traveling companion soon will be Hollywood bound as Photoplay's guests.

Mrs. Mary Priestley of Chicago, Illinois, wins the trip of her dreams on the Happiness Three Nations Tour which includes, besides exciting Los Angeles excursions, trips to the Grand Canyon; Catalina Island; San Diego; Tia Juana in Mexico; San Francisco; Seattle; Portland; and Victoria, Lake Louise and Banff in Canada.

Mrs. Martha Wade of Fort Worth, Texas, wins Photoplay's exciting Hollywood trip on the Sante Fe Railroad's streamliner, The Super Chief, returning via the Grand Canyon.

Mrs. Margaret Allen of Nashville, Tennessee, will take the open highway route through Indian country, returning via her choice of scenic routes on a luxurious SuperCoach Greyhound Bus.

Reservations will be made for all winners and their companions at a famous Hollywood hotel. While they are in Hollywood, they will meet the stars, appear on a radio or TV show, tour a motion picture studio and take sightseeing trips arranged by the famous Tanner Company.

All three winners also will receive a complete vacation wardrobe selected by Photoplay's fashion editor; sportswear by Korday; dresses by Doris Dodson and Minx Modes; swim suits by Sea Nymph, Brilliant and Sea Goddess; jewelry by Deltah; blouses by Nancy Tucker; Holeproof hosiery; Lady Berkleigh pajamas; Accent shoes; Honeybug slippers; Honeydeb playshoes; Miller Girl lingerie; slips by Barbizon, Martha Maid, United Mills and Powers Model; brassieres by Maidenform and Exquisite Form; girdles by Playtex; foundations by Formfit.

The entries containing the last line to the jingle poured into the Photoplay offices by the thousands. A special staff handling this mail alone spent weeks reading the lines, making the selections.

To the winners go our wishes for the happiest of Hollywood holidays.

If you knew what she knows

You, too, could be more
charming, attractive, popular

Know This Secret of Summer Charm:

- Odo-Ro-No is the only deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
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*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

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GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection

SEND FOR.

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written under the direction of
Laraine Day

Get this wonderful book now — prepared for you under the direction of lovely Laraine Day, star of screen, radio, and TV. Regular \$1.00 edition, it's yours for only 15¢ (to cover postage and handling) . . . see the coupon. It gives dozens of valuable tips that will help fill up your date book, make you happier, more popular — all in one book for the first time! Clip the coupon now!

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In This Amazing Book:

12 questions to ask yourself
about your charm

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Some tricks for forgetting
self-consciousness



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I enclose 15¢ in coin (to cover postage and handling) and the word "Odo-Ro-No" from the cardboard container of an Odo-Ro-No Spray or Cream package, for which send me the new book—"7 Secrets of Popularity."
(Offer good while supply lasts)

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At 72, Ethel
Barrymore looks back
on fifty years
of stardom



Queen
Ethel

● She was only fifteen, but as she stood there behind the footlights a voice inside her repeated again and again: "This is the greatest moment of my life." Today, at seventy-two, Ethel Barrymore looks back on the greatest moments the theatre has ever known. She was an actress for seven years when Fate cast her to play in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." On opening night, by final curtain time Broadway had proclaimed her a star. The Barrymores—she and her illustrious brothers, Lionel and John—created a constellation that emblazoned theatrical skies.

"The Secret of Convict Lake" marks Ethel Barrymore's fiftieth anniversary as a star. Since "retiring" from M-G-M, playing the grand old matriarch of a mountain community is her first role under her new free-lance regime. "The beginning of picking-the-plum-parts of my career," she refers to it with amusement.

Ethel Barrymore today is a handsome woman with clear blue eyes and a voice that fills the room with velvet. During the baseball season she defies you to pry her away from the radio. She knows the names of every congressman in the country; no matter where she goes or who is with her, when it's time to listen to the newscasts—she listens!

"Work hard and use your head" is advice she could give, but she believes that everyone must learn through his own experience. In every stage of her career Ethel Barrymore has considered herself a perfectionist. There was that time when a reporter asked her to name her all-time favorite scene.

"There are no favorites," she snapped humorously. "All of them could have been better!"



Ethel Barrymore begins new career as free-lancer in "The Secret of Convict Lake" with Gene Tierney, Glenn Ford

TALENT—on

the march

In sixty-four of the largest cities throughout the nation, audition boards are listening to eager contestants. Photoplay's Pasadena Playhouse Contest is reaching its exciting climax



Where Photoplay's prize winner will be looking for letters from home, school notices, etc. All students have mailboxes in the Playhouse

THE auditions of the Photoplay Scholarship Contest are now under way. As you read this hundreds of young actresses in sixty-four cities throughout the nation are appearing before local boards of theatrical experts for the semi-finals of the most exhaustive talent search ever conducted by a magazine.

Those who have come so far in the competition for the two-year study prize to the Pasadena Playhouse already have proven their talent to be of considerable worth. Through letters and applications, voice recordings and pictures, those standing at the three-quarter mark may well be proud of themselves. Come September, the three finalists chosen from these auditions will visit the Pasadena Playhouse as the guests of Photoplay. (Continued on page 86)



Playhouse entrance: Up these steps, come September, will walk the three finalists for the audition that will give one the grand prize

Are you in the know?



Which helps slim down "jumbo" stems?

- ☐ Exer-circling
- ☐ Hoofing
- ☐ Flat footwear

Whether you're fairway-trotter or hiking fan—don't expect mere mileage to unfatten ankles. Better do this exercise: Lying on floor, hold leg up straight (and *still*) as you circle foot outward 20 times; then inward. Repeat with other leg. Foot circling's fine for slender ankles, as well. Helps keep their shape. Just as on *calendar*-circling days—the softness of Kotex keeps its shape; keeps you oh-so-comfortable. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?



Three guesses what's in this refrigerator?

- ☐ Apple pan dowdy
- ☐ An angora sweater
- ☐ A sweet treat

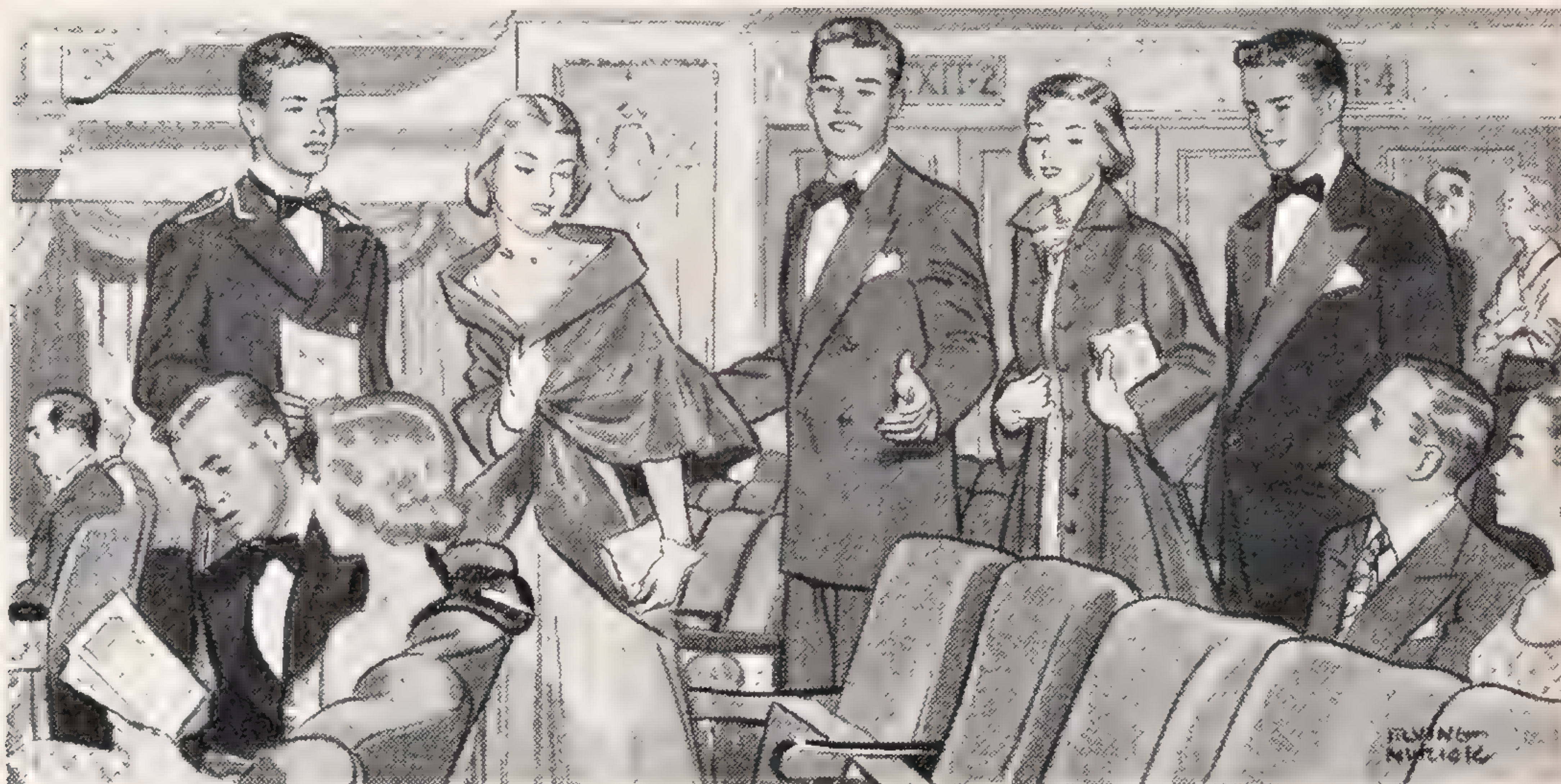
Think she's searching for a snack? Guess again! She's retrieving her best angora sweater. If *your* sweater's a fuzz shedder, wrap in a hand towel and pop it into the "cooler," overnight. Makes angora fuzz stay put. And here's another tip: At certain times, you needn't be befuzzled as to which Kotex absorbency to choose. Just try *all 3* (different sizes, for different days)—instead of just *guessing* whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one strictly perfect for you!



To revive that vacation-time romance, try —

- ☐ A long distance call
- ☐ A torchy letter
- ☐ A short note

Has distance made your summer-resort Romeo forgetful? Don't phone! To recall those happy days, try a short note—about a book, movie or platter he'd be interested in. A light approach is the safest "reminder." So too, when your calendar reminds you it's *that* day, there's no chance of embarrassment—with Kotex. For that special safety center and soft, moisture-resistant edges give you *extra* protection. What's more, Kotex can be worn on either side, *safely*!



At this theatre party, should one of the gals be seated —

- ☐ Beside the other
- ☐ On the aisle
- ☐ Farthest from the aisle

Getting into a hassel over who's to sit where—won't get you an early dating encore. Learn your eti-cues. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals—then your squire.

See? You can travel the play-going circuit smoothly, even at trying times. Just mention "Kotex" at your favorite store. You'll find that magic word props your poise—because you know those *flat pressed ends* mean "curtains" for telltale outlines!

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



KOTEX, KLEENEX AND DELSEY ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY

Linda Darnell knows what she's talking about.

RECENTLY I've given serious thought to this question. When you start out on an entirely new life, you can't help thinking about the past—the mistakes that colored it, the lessons that made it full. And while you're thinking—in your own particular kind of loneliness—all the things that once confused you seem to fall into focus.

The happiest time in my life, I know now, was when I was eighteen. I had left home, was on my own. Earlier, I'd been confused and full of fear. I guess the freedom I felt was the big thing; the right, at last, to make my own decisions.

I was sure I loved Peverell Marley. I was dating other men but somehow I knew Pev would be the man I eventually would marry. . .

I'd been advised not to marry him. Most of my friends were convinced it was wrong because Pev was considerably older than I. Even he thought the difference in our years was too great. However, advice and sound ideas somehow fall by the wayside when love is involved.

I had had a life of disappointments and hurts; been forced to assume all kinds of responsibilities, yet never had sufficient experience (Cont'd on page 79)

When she was nineteen she married

a man twenty years her senior



Pev and Linda at third birthday party for adopted daughter Lola, lower right. Linda, currently in "The Guy Who Came Back," retained custody of Lola

"Girls marry older men for a feeling of protection—then find it is difficult for older men to share the interests of their wives." Below, Linda with ex-husband Pev Marley



***should young girls
marry older men?***

By **LINDA DARNELL**

"Sing for the people," they told Caruso, when the Met's Diamond Horseshoe sat on its upper-crust hands, but the galleries went wild. He took their counsel to heart. Though the toughest diamond was soon reduced to pulp, he continued to lift the glory of his voice to the people.

Now another voice sings for them and, times being what they are, sings for more millions than the great Enrico ever dreamed of. As Caruso, the name of Mario Lanza works magic, packs the half-empty theatres of an ailing industry, sends box-office records toppling to bite the dust. Here and abroad he's taken the public by storm in such a triumph as leaves Hollywood stripped of adjectives, pop-eyed and gasping.

At this writing his Caruso album heads the best-sellers. Along with "Be My Love" and "The Loveliest Night of the Year," his "Vesti la Giubba" ranks among the top ten. Opera was a word to scare short-hairs with, till this laughing-eyed young man produced a miracle. Singing the incomparable melodies as they were meant to be sung, he's brought mass audiences shouting to their feet and landed opera on the hit parade.

He's broken all patterns and shattered all precedents. But we're going to leave statistics to others and tell the story as we heard it from the four people who know it best. One is a quiet gracious lady with Mario's liquid eyes, who looks as though she might be his older sister. One is a man who came out of the Argonne totally disabled, but kept his humor and his love of life. One is a girl, her spirit as sunny as her face, whose brother was Mario's best friend in the service. The fourth is Lanza himself.

It's the kind of thing that can't happen but does—a wonder tale both simple and fabulous, and steeped in the warmth of those who lived it. So, without more preamble, here is the story of Mario—

As His Parents Began It

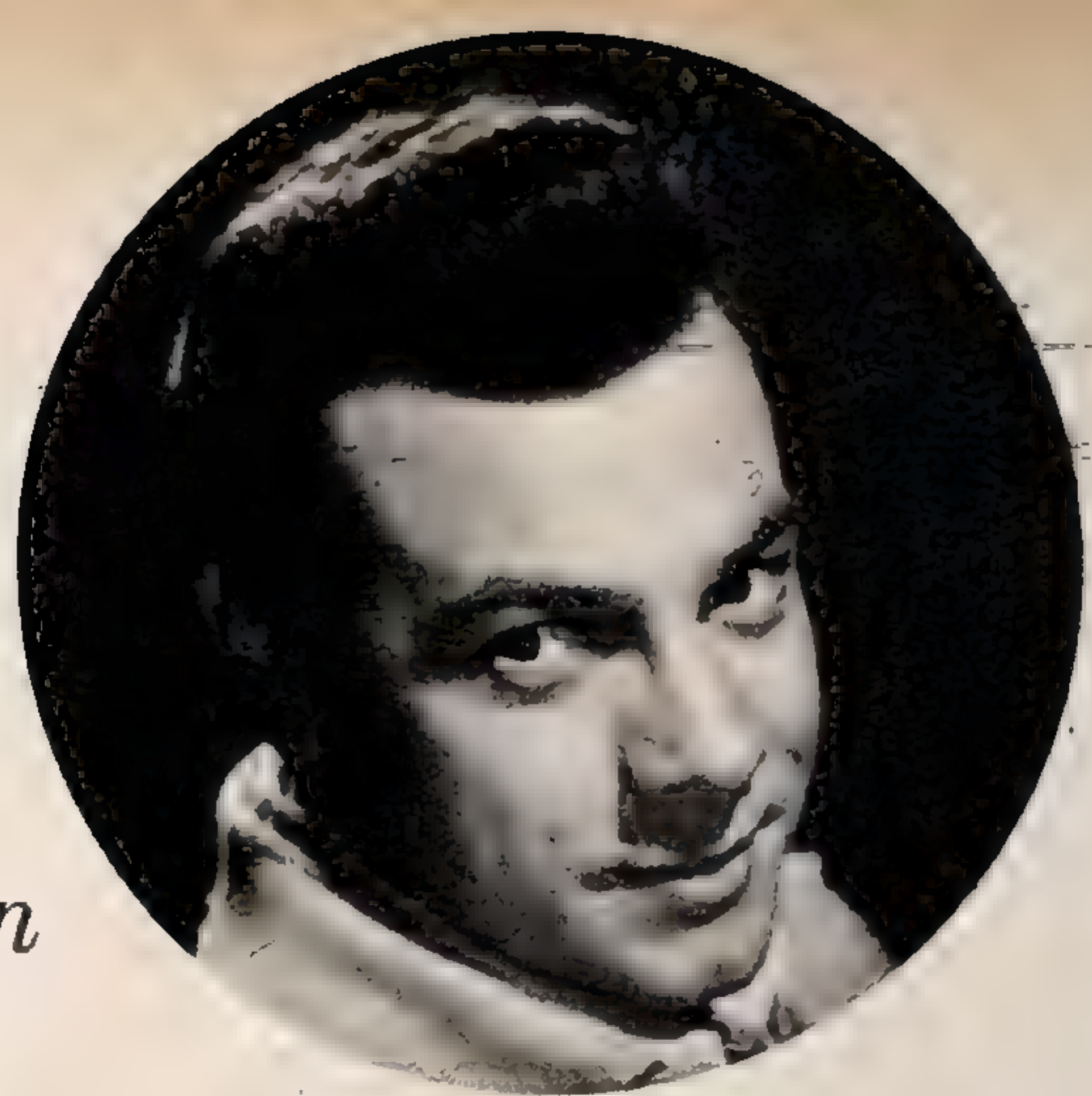
Sixteen-year-old Maria Lanza married Antonio Coccozza, recently home from the wars. They named their only

*This is the kind of
thing that can't happen*

*but does—a wonder tale steeped in the
warmth of the four people who
lived it—and tell it*

THE MARIO

By IDA ZEITLIN



Photoplay Feature Attraction



LANZA STORY



*Color photographs by Bull,
Fink, Shugrue and Smith*

When he was a little boy, here with Uncle Robert Lanza, the family lived with Grandpop, who ran a grocery business

..... THE
MARIO LANZA
STORY



Mario at six months and when he was two. "Not spoiled," says Pop, "but to us he was everything"

child Alfredo Arnaldo, and Maria thanked heaven that he wasn't a girl. Antonio had been gassed at Verdun, his spine bayoneted, his right arm mangled by dumdums. "If it's a girl, call her Verdun," his mother pleaded, and the young people promised. She died a month before the baby was born, which made the promise sacred. Maria drew a breath of relief when they said, "It's a boy—"

Alfredo, of course, didn't stick in South Philadelphia. "Is Al in?" his (Continued on page 89)

Mario, at fifteen, shone in sports, practiced weightlifting in his room





Four years ago Mario, above with wife Betty, was little known as a concert and recording artist



Today, he is hailed as Hollywood's greatest singing sensation. Above, at triumphant "Caruso" premiere



His parents also shared premiere triumph. Says Mario, "I watched Mom and Pop. For me, it was their evening"



Copyright Look Magazine

Mario, baby Elissa and Betty, at home. They have another daughter, Colleen. Naturally gay and good humored, "sourpusses" depress Mario, so when Betty hires help, she looks for cheerfulness first, efficiency second



Engstead

T

ony Curtis

J

anet Leigh

Elopement to Greenwich . . . honeymoon at the
Waldorf . . . lips, speeding silent kisses across a
room . . . blintzes and angel
cake . . . dreams come true

Tony is in "The Prince Who Was a Thief"
Janet's in "Angels in the Outfield"

S F

Shelley Winters
Farley Granger

*Love on a Ferris wheel . . . popcorn and Puccini
. . . engagement for laughter . . . steel and
quicksilver . . . romance, with an option*

Shelley and Farley co-star in "Behave Yourself"

Peskin



IF they hadn't said no

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

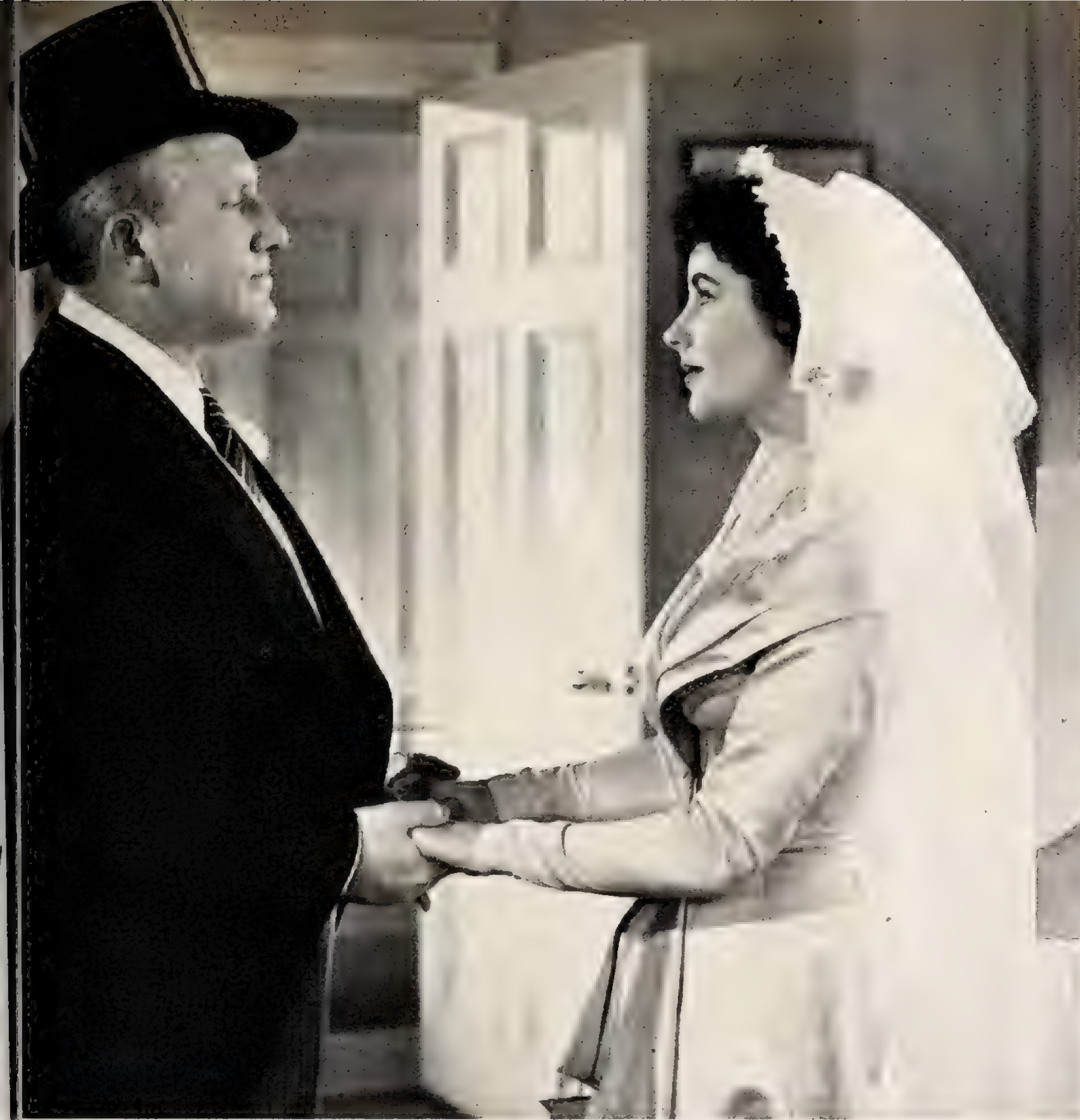
*It's the parts they
didn't play that are giving
some stars a headache!*

*Maybe Monty Clift thinks twice since he turned down
"Sunset Boulevard." Bill Holden, in making it, was
nominated for an Oscar. Below, with Gloria Swanson*



*Judy Garland backed out
with a breakdown and
Betty Hutton grabbed the
Photoplay Gold Medal as
the most popular actress
of the year in the musical
"Annie Get Your Gun"*





Liz Taylor would have had a different "Father of the Bride" and Spencer Tracy might not have won that Gold Medal Citation if Paul Douglas hadn't decided against being a parent

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was chosen first for the part in "All About Eve" that brought Bette Davis back to high favor. . . .

"I'm the guy," says Paul Douglas, "who turned down 'Father of the Bride.'" . . .

Judy Garland—and June Allyson before her—were set for "Royal Wedding" which finally proved a royal flush for little Jane Powell. . . .

So it goes! Sometimes illness, an accident or a baby is responsible for such changes in casting. But just as often a star decides a role isn't all it should be, or a picture never will be box office, and this gives another star a chance, even an Oscar.

Claudette wanted to play Margo in "All About Eve." But she slipped into her sunken living-room and cracked a vertebra in her spine. Whereupon Bette not only got the best role of her career but also her best husband to date—Gary Merrill, who worked with her in this picture and who loves to take his work home with him.

On the other hand Paul Douglas said "No! No! No!" violently and voluntarily—to "Father of the Bride," which brought Spencer Tracy an Academy Award nomination . . . to the role of (Continued on page 74)



Claudette Colbert slipped—and Bette Davis fell right into her place, to make "All About Eve" screen history!



twenty minutes past five

BY DIANE SCOTT

● June Haver, who had been drowsing against the seat of the luxurious fifty-passenger plane, was suddenly awake. Very awake. She knew, too well, that uneven sound.

Once, enroute from Rome to London for the Command Performance, for one hour and a half her plane had flown on one motor, then limped on into Nice. Another time, as she flew over the Alps toward Rome, one of the motors of the ship conked out—then started up again.

Was this the ominous third time?

She looked at her watch. It was twenty minutes past five in the evening. Within a few hours the plane, with its star cargo—June herself, Ricardo and Georgiana Montalban, Patricia Neal, John Derek, Wendell Corey, Lizabeth Scott, Joan Fontaine and Evelyn Keyes—was due to land at Montevideo, Uruguay, where the stars were to represent the United States at the Film Festival.

Twenty minutes earlier the plane (Continued on page 77)

Now they were flying over Rio de Janeiro and everyone's eyes were on the tall white figure on the mount — with outstretched arms, waiting

Color portrait by Six

Only the ticking of her watch broke the silence. June Haver and the others braced themselves...but prayers travel faster than a plane

photoplay magazine
Pin up #8
color photograph by Carpenter

Liz Taylor

Many things are being said about her. But only the woman who watched her grow up can understand what is happening to Hollywood's most bewildering young star

PEOPLE think there has been a breach between Elizabeth and me. There has never been a breach and there never will be.

My husband and I have been away from home since last March. I had a persistent virus and needed the Florida sun, and then as our children—Elizabeth in her own apartment, Howard in the Army—had no immediate need of us, we came on to New York.

Wherever Elizabeth and I are—in Florida, in New York—she telephones to me and I to her. In New York I did miss Elizabeth. We've always had so much fun together shopping there; in London, too, and Paris. Liz loves shopping, is so eager about it, so enthusiastic. We had so many laughs together—and never any strain of the mother-daughter relationship.

Which reminds me of a letter Elizabeth sent me, from Paris, while she was on her honeymoon!

"Now, I realize how much I miss you, Mother," she wrote. "When you are with someone all the time, I guess you just don't know. Mother, I miss you all day long. Paris doesn't seem the same without you. I miss shopping with you. Miss our hot chocolate "klatsches" at Rumpelmayers. Miss the laughs we always had. Miss home, too. Miss sitting on the red couch at home watching TV. Miss Howard and his friends, coming and going. And the gaiety of our house." And at the end of the letter she wrote: "Mother, remember (Continued on page 73)

A Mother's View Of LIZ

BY SARA TAYLOR

Turn to the next pages for a preview of the love scenes all Hollywood is talking about—Liz Taylor and Monty Clift in "A Place in the Sun"





The lake shimmers in the moonlight. "How long will you be gone?" asks Liz, desolately. Monty's



Her eyes search his face. "Do you feel the same way?" Suddenly they are in each other's arms, lost in their first kiss

NOT for a long time has the screen shown love scenes like these. When "A Place in the Sun" was shown to the press—as pictures are before release—the scenes between Monty Clift and Liz Taylor became the talk of Hollywood. Mood music, played off-stage, inspired these two stars

to give what many rate their greatest performances. To bring readers a preview of these much discussed love scenes, Photoplay's editors had the picture run off in the Paramount projection room and chose these "frames" which were cut from the film itself.

See page 27 for review of "A Place in the Sun"

from the reels of "A Place in the Sun"



arms tighten around her. "I don't know, darling . . . I don't know"

Love—and Kisses



"Every time you leave me for a minute," says Liz, "it's like goodbye"

I Love Janie

by Geary Steffen



Cover Girl

• Janie's a woman, that's a sure thing. You can tell that from your seat in the theatre, or if she's walking along the street in Beverly Hills, or just standing knee-deep in our backyard swimming pool. From any angle she's definitely female. And definitely gorgeous.

That's obvious. And it's one of the important reasons why I fell in love with her and married her. When I first saw her I said to myself, *Geary*, I said, *she's cute*. Then I got a dictionary to look up some words that were more descriptive. When I came to "beautiful" I knew I didn't have to look any further. I settled for that one.

Janie's womanliness goes far beyond the shadowy two dimensions you see on the screen. Or the more substantial, and infinitely more delightful, three dimensions that dunk themselves in our pool. Janie thinks and reasons and reacts like a woman. She is as understandable and as baffling as a woman. She makes up her mind like a woman. And she (Continued on page 75)

Marriage, he's discovered, isn't a fifty-fifty proposition. With Janie,



it's ten per cent wonder and ninety per cent wonderful

I was there



A kiss for the bride: "When you find the right girl," says Dale, "why wait?"

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

*He met her on Saturday
and proposed on Thursday.
But their romance wasn't
as sudden as it sounds*

"**I** DALE, take thee, Jacqueline—" Dale Robertson bent his dark head to look into the shining hazel eyes of the girl beside him.

* * *

Romantic proof, these two, that love can come at first sight. Five days after they met they were engaged. As the groom drawled, "When you find the right girl—the girl who has everything you've ever hoped for—why wait? She's a dandy. A real winner!" They were introduced at a dinner party at the home of Producer Andre Hakin the month before. Jacqueline, the daughter of Faire Binney, a star of the silent screen, and just embarking on an acting career, had appeared in "Friendly Island" at Dale's studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. He once had visited the set where she was working, but he didn't remember her, since she had been made up as a native girl at the time. But at the dinner party it was different. "The others talked French," Dale says. "We talked horses."

(Continued on page 87)



Dale and Jacqueline Robertson met at a dinner party. "The others talked French," said Dale. "We talked horses."

esther williams—R.F.D.

By LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios



Esther used fine old indoor shutters for lower half of living-room windows, offset vibrant furniture colors with white walls

The sign says "Gage," and you look to the left, down what appears to be a winding country road. Past towering, gnarled oaks, through ferns and a splash of flowers, you catch a glimpse of yellow. Down the road a few yards you can see the big, yellow farmhouse, the new home of Esther Williams and Ben Gage.

What a place for the children. What a wonderful spot for Esther and Ben. It seems as remote as though they were miles from neighbors, because of the hills in back and the large oaks framing their property. Esther had the driveway changed, to enter at one corner, then saunter at an angle, across the front to a clearing, among another group of oaks. Hence the country road feeling, the quiet and seclusion.

Their house, of yellow siding with white trim, has no fripperies, no gewgaws. It's quietly dignified, beautifully proportioned in a timeless design.

Good design is never dated. If you can withstand the fads of the moment and concentrate on fundamentals, your home will give you lasting pleasure. This is true, whether you're (Continued on page 101)



Kidney-shaped swimming pool, framed by tall oaks, is on a higher level than the house

She fell in love with the kitchen—but every room in the big yellow farmhouse is worth a trip to the Gages' country home



Cosy corner for dining, in huge kitchen. Raised fireplace is used as a barbecue. Esther is in "Texas Carnival"

Photographs by de Gennaro

Attic became master bedroom. Closet, right, holds dog's bed, is called "Angie's apartment"





Tony met second wife Marjorie on Broadway, fell in love with her in Denmark and married her in Nebraska!

During the three years Tony worked at home, secretly studying to be Valentino, neighbors suspected him of being a gangster!

double life

By RUTH WATERBURY

*Walter Reinhold Alfred Frederick
Fleishmann, alias Walter
Craig, alias Tony Dexter, will —————
appear next in "The Brigand"*

Ornitz

THERE was nothing about the exterior of the average little house in the average little San Fernando Valley street to indicate that within it lived one of the most phenomenal discoveries of all Hollywood history—a young actor now called Anthony Dexter, who prefers to be known as Walter Craig, though his real name is Walter Reinhold Alfred Frederick Fleishmann.

For three years Tony's neighbors here in the Valley couldn't understand him. He didn't seem to work. He played tango records all day long. A different kind of chap would have explained that he was going to be in a very special picture. But not Tony. He minded his business and left it up to the neighbors to do the same. Even when his wife came to him and said she'd heard around the neighborhood that he was suspected of being a gangster, he merely grinned and didn't explain. He kept his word to Edward Small who had asked him to discuss his preparation for the Valentino role with no one.

Let me digress for one second. After meeting Tony, I went to a small movie house on Hollywood Boulevard to see him on screen as Valentino. The reason I hadn't seen this picture before was that I'd been so sentimental over my personal (Continued on page 84)

*He stepped into another man's shoes—and a legend lived again.
But not until you know the real Tony Dexter can you appreciate his amazing masquerade*





Left, studio suite which Jeff calls home. Howard bunks in his suite next door, moved in when he started work on "The Lady from Texas" because driving bothered leg he . . .

bachelors' quarters

When Jeff Chandler and Howard Duff wind up an evening of fun—

they go straight to work! For to

these stars, their studio dressing-rooms are home, sweet home



A couple of bachelors on the prowl—for some new reading material. Drugstore near studio had plenty to offer. Below, right, studio cop checks them in for the night!





... fractured in an accident. Jeff, unable to find apartment when he separated from wife, came to live at studio for duration of "Flame of Araby." The boys visit back and forth, breakfast at commissary, work out together in studio gym



Solid comfort! A handy phone, his little red book and Howard's set—to make plans for weekend



Who's bored? Not Howard and Jeff. They spend many an evening over the chessboard, have a late dinner at the Villa Nova and often take in a neighborhood movie. Both boys have to be up early for work, so make few "girl" dates during the week



LIVING at a studio is no new idea! Bette Davis lived at Warners for weeks at a time when she was working, rather than take the long drive to Laguna where she then lived—had a little house on the lot, in fact, charmingly furnished. Also when Jeff and Howard moved on the Universal-International lot, Dan Dailey, who had no house to go to when he came back from Menninger Clinic, was already in residence at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

Photographs by Don Ornitz



Two views of Cyd Charisse to prove what a difference a chignon makes! For a feminine effect and to soften the jawline, Cyd tucks flowers, jewels or bows behind the ear. She's bringing back the "spit curls" of yesteryear, calls them "beau-catchers"

Apger

Fink

Pat Wymore, with her casual, fluffy bob, takes on sophistication with a braided chignon. To broaden the line, Pat wears it in two pieces, gives it young appeal with colorful flowers and bows



be a

Changed woman

by Vicky Riley

*Use your head, if you want to
be different. Try these Hollywood
twists with a chignon*



Powolny

THE beauties of Hollywood all use hair pieces to give themselves different personalities. They all love to be casual, wind-blown beauties by day and jeweled, or flowered, or bow-trimmed beauties by cocktail or dinner time. And, definitely, the girls on these pages disprove the notion that you have to have one certain type of face to wear a chignon.

This much is true: You have to have (Continued on page 72)

Jane Greer uses a chignon to dramatize her classic profile, adds intrigue with eye-catching earrings. Last Christmas, she greeted the season with tiny Christmas balls tucked into her chignon

Jones



Peggy Dow pulls back her long hair, adds a matching chignon—and presto, she's a new person! Only girls with firm young jawlines can wear a chignon pulled back tightly like Peggy's. She cares for her chignon as she does her own hair, anchors it to the back of a chair after each shampoo, then dries it with a hair dryer

Lacy

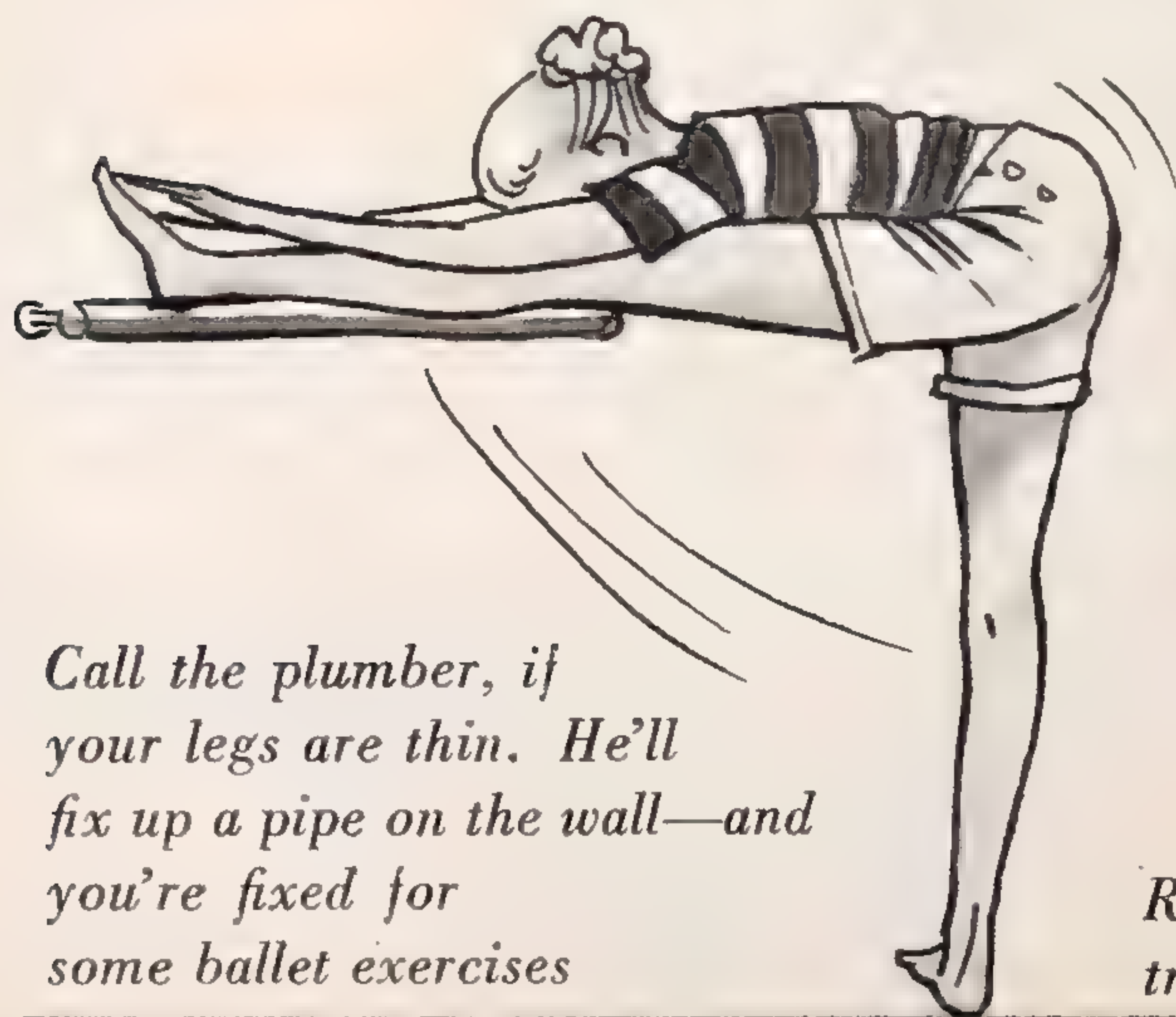




by Joan Crawford
Star of "Goodbye, My Fancy"

*Watch the way you
enter college—you'll be there
a long time, you hope!*

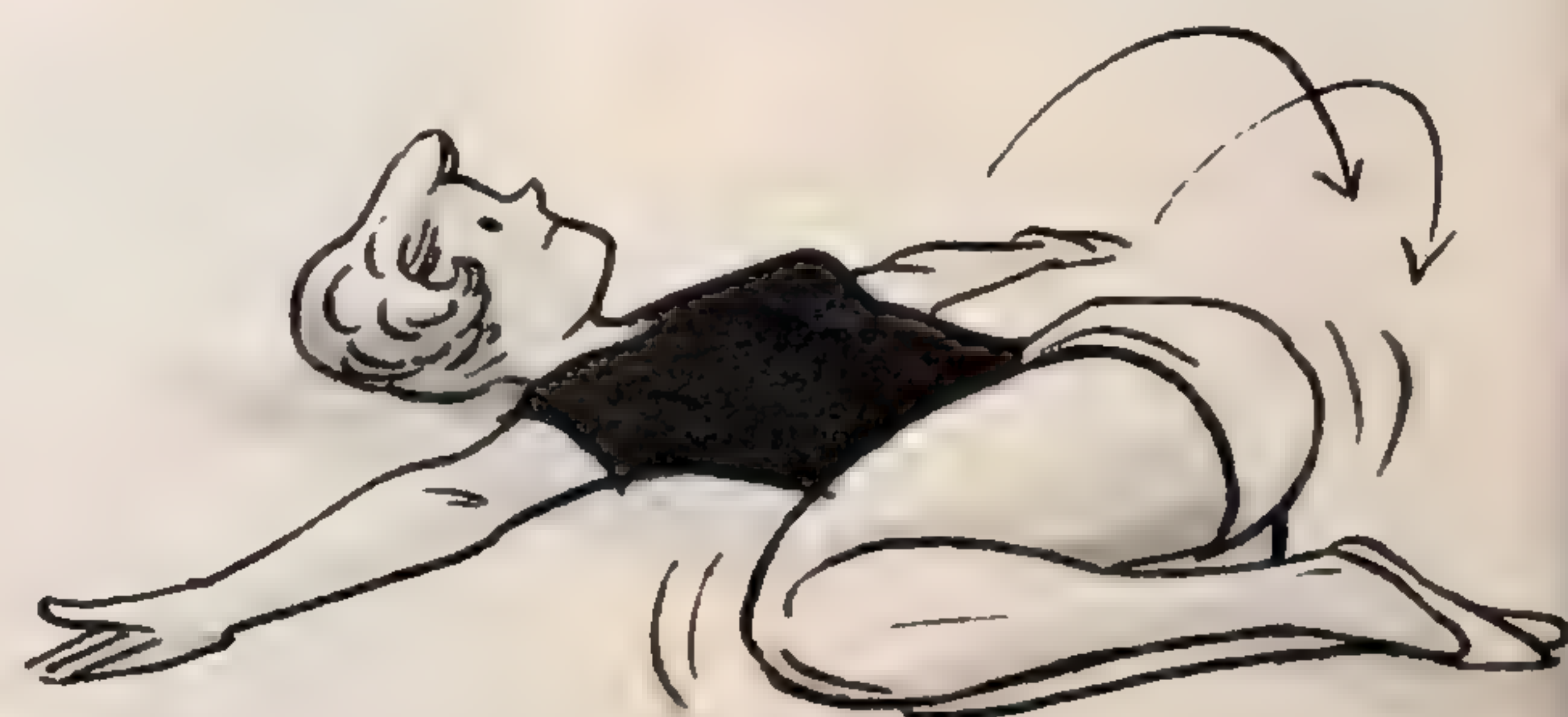
*You may lose your lease—but you'll
also lose pounds with this hip reducer*



*Call the plumber, if
your legs are thin. He'll
fix up a pipe on the wall—and
you're fixed for
some ballet exercises*



*Roll your own! Thick thighs
tremble with this treatment*



be charming

You're Telling Me!

There comes a day, I think, when all charm and beauty editors should go on a diet--and eat their own words.

I'm just as guilty as all the other "experts" of preaching that there is no excuse, none whatever, of ever, ever, ever, sticking your head outside your boudoir when you look less than your loveliest.

Good grooming becomes as automatic as breathing if you budget your time properly, chorus the how-to-do-it girls. I've said it myself.

But you readers have been talking back to me in your candid letters and telling me that this is utter nonsense, that there are emergencies in every woman's life when she is caught with her worst foot forward and if she wants to be charming she had better learn to make the best of it and have fun even when she looks far less than her best.

A career girl puts it this way: "I often go on dates directly from my office. I know all the tricks. I buy uncrushable, un-sit-out-able basic dresses, and I have a collection of gay accessories to doll them up when I have a big evening ahead. I keep a drawer full of clean-up preparations in my desk and usually have time to make use of them. But now and then my boss gives me a slew of work at the very last minute, and I find (Continued on page 82)



Boss keep you late? Carbon on your make-up? You can still impress your date

Drawings by Leonard Shortall

*Carrying a weighty problem on your lower hips?
Do this often and you'll lighten your load!*



Stay this way for fifteen minutes a day and you'll whittle away the waste below the waistline

PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS

PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS

PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS

PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS

PHOTOPLAY BACK TO SCHOOL FASHIONS



Photographed by Dirone on Princeton campus

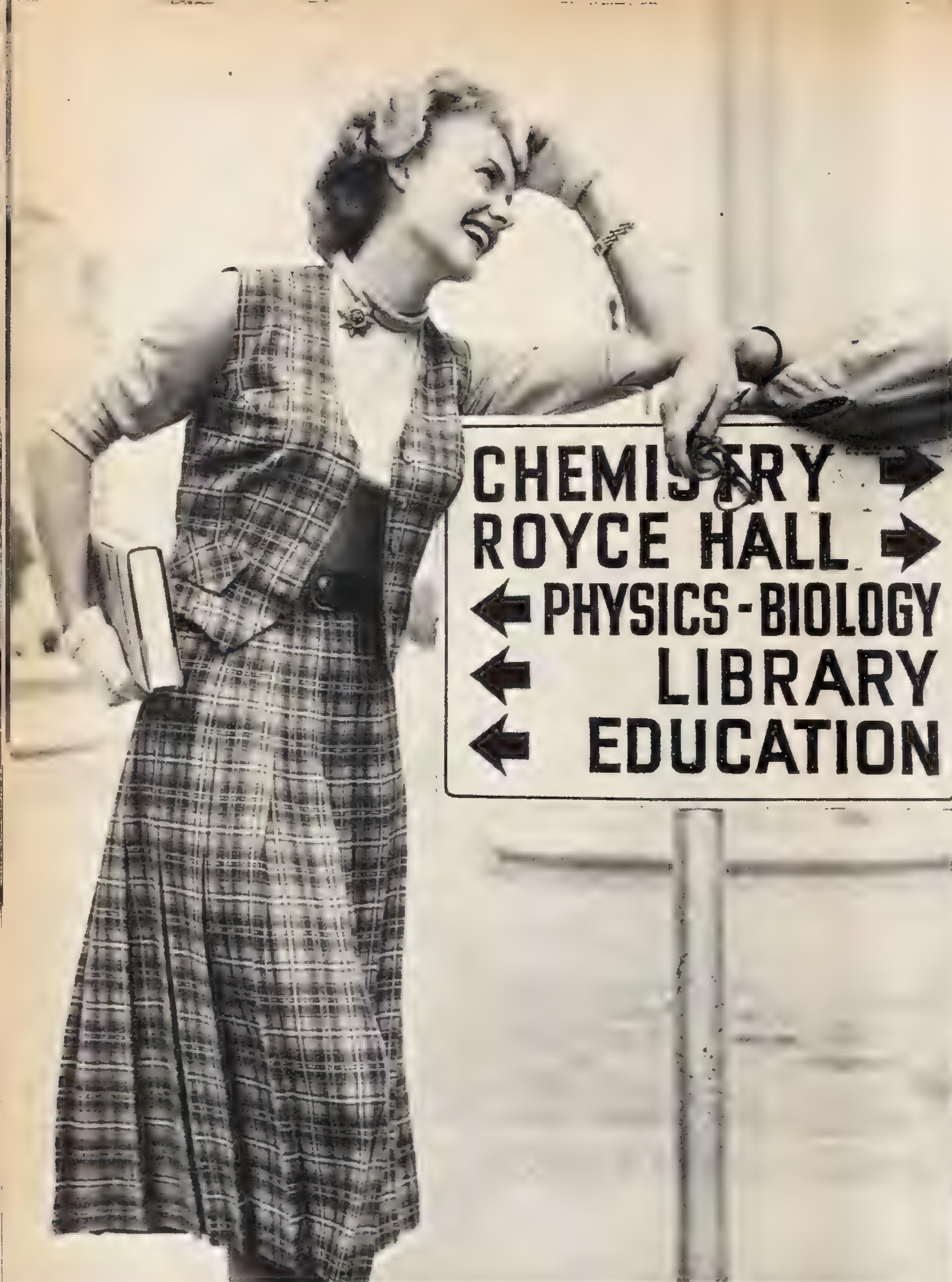
Exciting news for girls in school or out are these clothes inspired by Hal Wallis's "That's My Boy," starring Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and modeled by Polly Bergen and Marion Marshall, leading co-eds in the picture. Up-to-the-minute in style, fabric and color, this wardrobe has feminine appeal and is designed especially for girls who know the value of accessory changes

- Separates make the suit worn by Polly, above left. Boxy jacket is straight and short. Three-quarter raglan sleeves feature the popular, deep cuffs. Slim skirt follows the straight line, with low slit pleat in back. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Korday in pin-check worsted, red or green with navy, sizes 10-18. Jacket, \$14.95. Skirt, \$8.95. Velvet jockey cap by Dani, bag by Roger Van S.
- Marion, above right, heads for the road—and reveals the back interest of her diagonal tweed coat, with its new controlled fullness. Equally smart is the front, with jet buttons parading almost to the hem. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Irvana, 8-18, in rust with black, gold with gray, red with navy, green with brown. Around \$65.00. Debway hat, Crescendoe gloves

For stores carrying fashions on these pages see page 81

◀ For campus, city or country: Youthful all-wool tweed suit worn by Marion, left. In earth brown with russet, the skirt has new modified flare. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Donnybrook, \$45.00, 10-18. Also in green with red, gray with gold, gray with purple. Matching hat by Dani, scarf by Sally Gee, pin by Bill Agnew

Photographs of Miss Marshall taken by Engstead at UCLA



Go to the head of the class in this one. Modeled by Marion Marshall, these mix-matching separates are just as smart off the campus. In purple or red ground plaid of crease-resistant rayon, the trim, four-button vest is teamed with an all-around pleated skirt. Vest around \$6.00. Skirt, around \$9.00. The neck blouse, with three-quarter sleeves, in black, gold, gray, purple and other colors around \$8.00. All 10-18. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Rockland. Garay belt, Wear Right gloves

Photographed by Engstead on the campus at UCLA

All set for school or informal dates is the charming shirtmaker dress, right, with three-quarter dolman sleeves, unpresed pleated front and concealed hip pockets. Tiny detachable white pique collar adds piquancy to Black Watch plaid of dress. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Dan Keller, in a Lankenau rayon fabric, 10-18. And you can balance your school or business budget at the price—a mere \$17.95. Just right pin by Bill Agnew



PHOTOPLAY
BACK TO SCHOOL
FASHIONS



Photographed by Dirone at the Charter Club, Princeton University

● A perfect week-ender is the gray rayon flannel suit dress worn by Polly Bergen. Swing-back jacket has detachable velvet collar, cuffs. For dating, wear the sheath dress alone, above left, with rhinestone jewelry. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Suzy Perette, in charcoal gray rayon flannel with black velvet or brown with brown. Around \$23.00, 10-18. For casual occasions, add the sheer white cotton blouse, lower left, with detachable bow. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Dorothy Korby, around \$6.00, 30-36. Trim Tred shoes, Garay bag

For stores carrying the fashions on these pages, see page 81.

● Photoplay Patterns
Box 229, Madison Square Station
New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me the Polly Bergen-Edith Head pattern #2 inspired by "That's My Boy," in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

Name..... Size.....

Street.....

City..... State..... Age

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra for special handling.

● Teamwork in design and fabric: A Hollywood inspiration for girls on a budget is this suspender suit, which is just as smart without the straight bolero-type jacket. Skirt, with detachable suspenders, has its own blouse, can be teamed with others. We made the suit in a leading fall fabric—Botany gray flannel—which blends with any occasion, the blouse in challis

Photographed by Dirone at Princeton University

photoplay's pattern of the month

**Polly Bergen of Paramount's
"That's My Boy" models sep-
arates designed by Edith Head
for exclusive Photoplay pattern**



Lilt

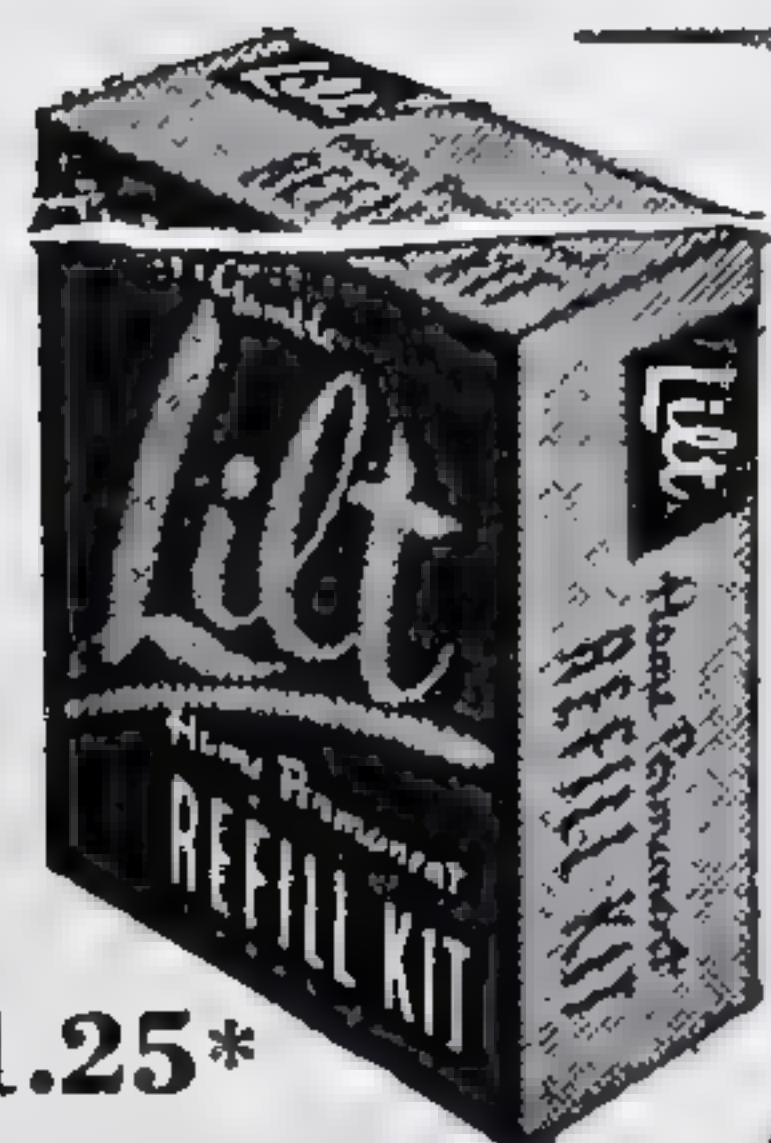
Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only \$1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

Party Dress, Jane Derby



Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest **Naturally Curly Hair!**



Refill \$1.25*

Complete Kit \$2.25*

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Lilt

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!

Never before a wave so easy to manage!

Never before such a natural-looking wave
that would last and last!

Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

Home Permanent
Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Bing Crosby will
next be seen in
"Here Comes the Groom."

here comes the graduate

*Crew cut, football
stride, his cap
set at a jaunty angle—Bing
and Dixie's boy, Gary*



Bing Crosby watched the ceremonies from the auditorium but he waited outside to congratulate his boy. Gary's graduation gift was a cream-colored Mercury



Gary, third from left, isn't sure what he wants to be—yet. "You've got to be good for show business." He'll study next four years at Stanford

LOOK for a feathered panama," Gary had said to me. "That'll be Dad."

In the crowd of 1,200 dads, mothers and grandparents jamming into the auditorium for Bellarmine's graduation exercises, a guy like Bing who never would pull rank might well be hard to find. I caught him sitting quietly in the twelfth row, third from the aisle. He was sporting a terrific tan and his dress-up dark blues. His pheasant-feathered chapeau was idling on his knee. Beside him sat Dixie, attractive and chic in a velvet-collared checked suit, white broadtail jacket and perky white hat. The whole Crosby clan was there, in fact. On Bing's right sat his youngest, Lin. The two blond heads across the auditorium belonged to the twins, Philip and Dennis, who'd ridden down in the new cream-colored Mercury sedanette, Gary's graduation gift



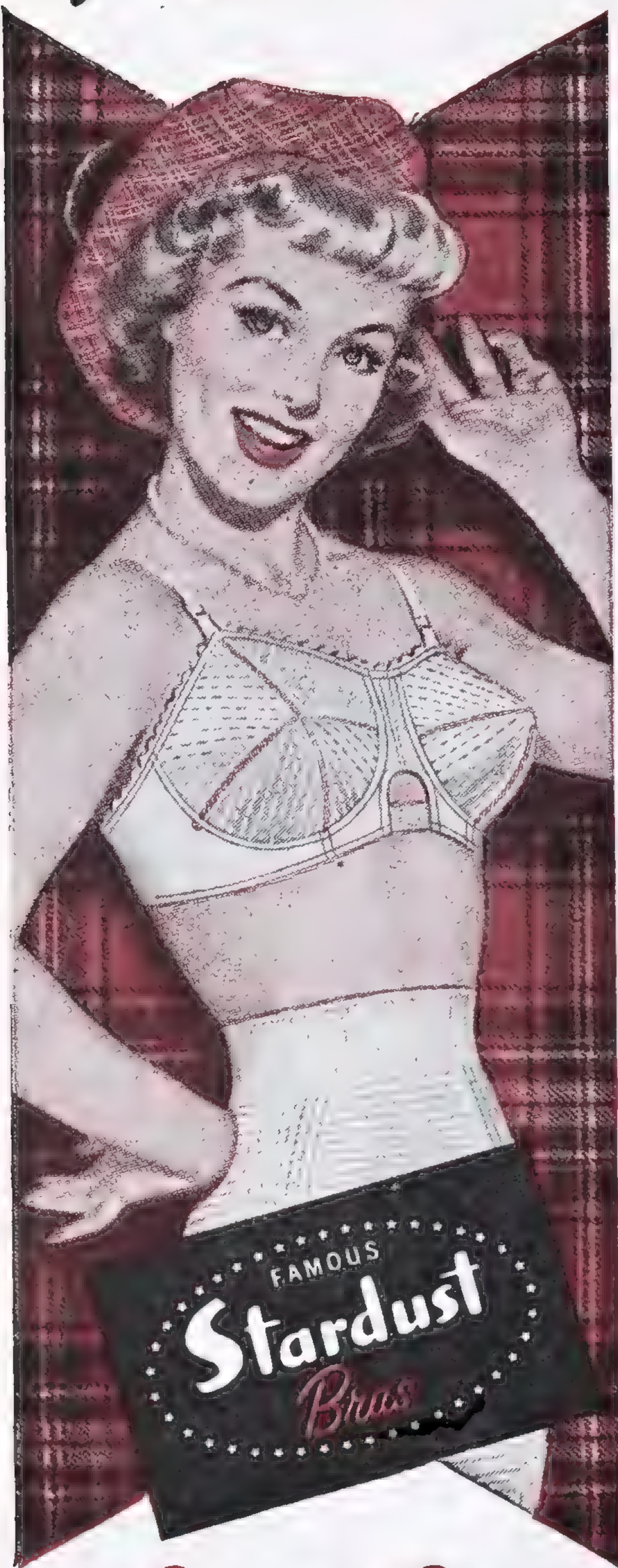
steps up to receive diploma, handshake from Rev. Thomas P. Cosgrave

om his mother and dad.
 Today belonged to the 134 grads
 moving in a procession. Today was
 ary's, the husky blond with the foot-
 all stride, giving a swift side glance
 see if his folks had checked in.
 Yet, in a way, it was Bing's day, too.
 e'd won his sheepskin in show busi-
 ss, but this was the first chorus of
 another Crosby dream, father and citi-
 n. One that hailed back to another
 aduation day. Exactly thirty-one
 ars ago this day the parental audience
 Gonzaga had been favored with a
 eech, "The Purpose of Education,"
 delivered by one Harry Lillis Crosby.
 ng had fired away about education
 epping a guy for the goal ahead—
 ving him tolerance, understanding,
 knowledge—and equipping him better
 play the game. He was on his
 ay to being a (Continued on page 97)



Wherever soap is used or sold,
 Wives and merchants, young or old,
 Know for sure that nothing else
 Washes clothes like good old FELS.

be glamorous—
go *Stardust!*



Guess the Price

Not \$5 . . . not \$3.50 . . .
just an amazing \$1.50 for
this new Stardust dream
bra! Note the expensive 4
section stitched cup for
balanced uplift. Elastic in-
sert for fit-ease. Luscious
rayon satin, guaranteed 1
year. A, B or C cups.

Never SO much
for \$1.50

Stardust Bras

STARDUST, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1

Be a Changed Woman

(Continued from page 61) clean, flawless features and a firm jawline to wear a chignon tucked back as severely as Peggy Dow wears hers. But equally, you can soften the line, as Pat Wymore or Cyd Charisse here illustrate, by adding flowers or jewels or bows.

Also, a chignon doesn't have to be either a big, round bun at the nape of the neck—which is the shape Joan Crawford most often uses—or a figure eight, such as Dietrich affects. Pat Wymore, as you can see on these pages, wears her chignon parted into two pieces, which in her case broadens the line of it. Her chignon is braided, but Gene Tierney wears hers with even greater distinction. She fastens it on so that it looks like upswept hair. That is, a row of soft, flattering curls, very fluffy ones, hit about the center back of her head, though not quite to the crown. Below these, and actually below the chignon line, Gene frequently fastens flowers.

One night at a party, I saw chic Gene wearing artificial flowers, the leaves of which were tipped with glittering rhinestones. The effect was simply wonderful.

SO, IF you want to indulge yourself in this charming bit of beauty caprice, you've got to make several decisions. The first is: Which chignon to buy—an inexpensive one, to test out how much you like it, or an expensive one because you expect to use it frequently, and will care for it so that you will keep it indefinitely. If you decide on the latter, you don't need to worry in case you should change the color of your hair. You can dye a chignon or false bangs exactly as you do your hair.

Next, decide upon the type of chignon you want. They do come already made up, in round shapes, or buns or twists. But actually it is smartest to buy a long switch. Then you can braid it or twist it or fluff-curl it in the manner you choose.

On this matter of money for a chignon: Very moderately priced hair pieces are on the market—but usually they either aren't made of hair or they are the cheapest grade of hair. You must realize, if you buy them, they just won't last.

The real hairpieces, contrariwise, are very expensive—thirty to forty dollars and up. However, a girl like Gene Tierney feels she would rather give up one extra dress a year than give up her extra curls. Joan Crawford argues that hair pieces not only save her hours at the hairdressers' but also many a hairdresser's fee. With her back-yard pool, Joan swims almost daily. Since the flawless bathing cap is yet to be developed, it means her own hair isn't always perfect but you may be sure Miss Crawford is never seen with a lock out of place, even if she has been in a swan dive five seconds previously. This quick change is achieved by her having the bangs for the front of her hairdress and her chignon for the back, always ready.

You see, you take care of bangs or a chignon as you do your own hair. That is, you shampoo it, and set it in pin curls to dry. Peggy Dow dries hers under her regular hair dryer, by putting it on the back of a chair, anchored down with hair pins, and a net over it.

For a girl with very thin hair, a la Sonja Henie, small, individual curls that can be fastened at the temples or just over the ears, or wherever some extra hair is needed, are the greatest blessing.

Of course, you do have to know how to fasten all hair pieces on so that they can't move the slightest bit, let alone come off. The trick is easy. Say you are fastening a chignon to your own short hair at the

back of your neck. You start by making three tiny braids of your own back hair, one which will be in the center of the chignon's finished width on your head, the others at what will be the two outer ends of the finished chignon. These very small braids are fastened with little rubber bands so that they won't unbraids. To secure the chignon, you actually put the hairpins through it, and then into these braids. The hairpins should be set in a criss-cross. Some girls, Maureen O'Hara, for instance, put a criss-cross of invisible hairpins across the braid under the chignon, then pin the chignon pins into these underneath pins.

Experiment and see which method is best for you, but the same rule follows for bangs, anchored to the top of the head and sides, or for individual pin curls, like Sonja's. You moor flowers or bows or other ornaments to your chignon by the same method. Last Christmas Jane Greer was the cutest sight ever, with small Christmas-tree balls, in reds and blues, pinned into her chignon, and then matched with earrings she'd made up the same way.

The real fun of hairpieces is that, since they are off your head, you can sit around and work out designs with them to your heart's delight, then put them on, see how they look, and make yourself into any type you wish. Cyd Charisse, as you can see on these pages, is bringing back what used to be called "spit curls" and which now have the name of beau-catchers.

Note of warning: Chignons do not go with sloppy clothes, for simple occasions—or for work. Also, for the very mature, they are not always advisable—though Grandma Marlene Deitrich does all right with them.

Further warning: The cheapest of these hair pieces are not really cheap and they don't mean you can get by with no hair work. You must keep them as neat and tidy as you would always keep your own hair, but they have the great, great advantage that you can tidy them up old time—and let them dry or get the curls set when you are some place else.

You will, of course, in attaching bangs, hide the hairpins with flowers or jewels or ribbon. Showing hairpins on chignons doesn't matter—even the dumbest man knows that hair doesn't grow upwards. Another advantage of the chignon comes in right there—they are neater than any real hair-on-the-head upsweep.

And they are fun. That's their great point. It's absolutely true that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, so why not make yourself beautiful to people at all times? It's up to you whether or not you confess how you achieve this beauty—but this is for positive: Flawlessly groomed hair can win a girl more popularity than any other similar investment, so why not have some store-bought locks as well as the home-grown variety to cover all quick-date emergencies?

Peggy Dow is in "Bright Victory"; Jane Greer next in "Friendly Island"; Cyd Charisse is in "The North Country"; Pat Wymore has featured role in "Starlift."

THE END

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A Mother's View of Liz

(Continued from page 47) the quotation from 'Father of the Bride,' which goes: 'A son's a son till he gets him a wife; a daughter's a daughter all her life.' Now I know that line is true."

She has never discussed her unhappiness with us—never let us know anything about it, not even a word in the letters she wrote us while she was on her honeymoon. Nor when she returned. She wanted to "protect" us, she said, she didn't want anyone to think we had "interfered." Currently Elizabeth is undergoing, I think—at least as far as her home and parents are concerned—a kind of weaning process. In taking her apartment, she is moving to herself that she is an adult. It is all a part of growing up, another phase of Elizabeth's wanting to express herself. Whether she ever will come home I don't know. We wish she would, of course. We think that anyone as young and lovely as she should have the protection of a home. If she doesn't, we won't worry about it. We know, none better, what a fine wonderful character she has. We know that wherever she is, she'll be all right. We trust Elizabeth.

Her house, of course, is filled with memories of her. More than memories, actually.

She's never taken away her collection of miniature horses, and most of her clothes are still here, old sweaters and blue jeans and cotton shirts and riding breeches and jodhpurs, also tennis and badminton rackets, swimming suits, perfume bottles, and the litter, the whole untidy litter was "Liz"! Her room, by the way, is just as it was when she made "National Velvet," I always wanted her to do it over, she never had time. So there is it—white chintzes and little flowers!

It's always been very untidy! Ever since she was a little girl I've tried to get her to be neat, to hang her clothes on a rack, put her hats on the shelf, not on the floor; her shoes on the floor, not on the stairs—with the net result that her room looked to the day she left it, as if it had been stirred, vigorously, with a big spoon!

Now, remembering this, I know that if I had it to do over again, I would never say to her: "Please, dear, don't leave everything on the floor!" It didn't do any good. It, perhaps, made her want to get away. Another thing, she never was on time.

I suspect, must have made Nicky and us, precipitated quarrels, for although she is as untidy as she is—all of their generations seem to be, it's uncanny—never ready, always being late drove him crazy, I'm sure!

When Elizabeth was at home, before she married, she used to have the radio going all day, morning, noon and night. Bing, mostly, symphonies. Then she would be on the telephone—most of her spare time was on the telephone—with girls and boys.

For all the sense they made they must have been talking in a foreign language, but going on for hours.

As much as anything, I think, I miss the times Elizabeth and I sat sewing together. She is very clever at sewing, at fitting a neckline, fitting a dress in and the waist. Oh, how she loves sewing, and has from the time she was a little thing. . . .

Part from sewing, what Elizabeth can't do around the house includes almost anything you could mention. Outdoors is her natural element, always has been. Ever since she was very small she was up early, before the doors. The dustpan and brush, the sink and the stove are mysteries with her. She never coped. Or almost never. Used to love to pop corn. And make

fudge. And one time she made some ice-box cookies which didn't, unfortunately, "ice." And she had one favorite dish which she loved to make at home—sliced tomatoes and capers fried in fresh bacon grease. This was her one and only "dish."

Elizabeth as a teenager is a happy memory. Even after she was in pictures, we had no teen-age problems, no arguments about anything. She always had her dates around the house; and so when they took her out and we told them what time to bring her home, they didn't resent it at all. They felt part of the family, sharing the "family" responsibility for Elizabeth. She lived a country kind of life, early to bed, early to rise. She had never known nightclub life. She didn't like it. I think, perhaps, even on her honeymoon she didn't like it, was baffled by it, and very tired.

"If I could wave a wand and make them young again." . . . These are well-worn words which come to the lips of every mother. . . . They come to mine. If I had it to do over again, Elizabeth would not be in pictures. I would not allow it. I think she has had so many heartaches she might not have had if she'd been just a girl at home. But as is the way, I think, with parents of our generation, we always listened to both of our children and when Elizabeth wanted to be in pictures and begged so hard, although we did not want it, we gave in, mistakenly.

BEAUTY, I believe, can be a great drawback. A handicap. If you are beautiful it brings a lot of wrong thinking down on you. People think you are spoiled, lack brains, are vain, are superficial. You are also constantly on exhibition.

Elizabeth never has liked this exhibition. Once, in Paris, when she was about thirteen, we were shopping and a crowd of people gathered round, came close up to Elizabeth, poked at her with their fingers as at a china doll. And all the while Elizabeth stood there, at bay, cornered, miserable. After we got away she said: "I wonder if people who come close to you like that have the same feelings that you have? I don't believe they have or they would know how they embarrass you."

Elizabeth has always been beautiful. When she was a very tiny little baby, she was, I thought, divinely beautiful. Other people, however, thought her "plain," with her long, straight black hair, big blue eyes. I think they didn't quite know how to take a baby that looked like that because then, as now, there was a spiritual, a Madonna quality about Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, too, knows beauty can be a handicap. I've heard her say more than once: "Oh, I'll be so glad when people stop writing about how 'beautiful' I am and start writing, instead—I hope—of how well I can act."

Perhaps now, after "A Place in the Sun," people will say just that, for there can be no doubt that in this picture Elizabeth does the best, the most mature acting of her young career—although of all her pictures "National Velvet" remains, I must admit, my favorite. Our favorite, her father's and mine. (Ed. NOTE: Liz will further prove her versatility by going from the light comedy, "Love Is Better Than Ever," to the dramatic spectacle, "Ivanhoe.") That was the real Elizabeth, sensitive and sweet—our Elizabeth.

Now she is nineteen, maturing in her work as well as in her personal life. Perhaps when she attains this maturity, all the unhappiness she has had, all the heartaches, will have been worth while, will enrich her.

THE END

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At last! A remarkable new deodorant that sticks on in a second, safeguards you hours longer! It's neither messy nor sticky, can't harm clothes . . . and it dries instantly! Pleasant to use . . . delicately fragrant. Both men and women find it the perfect answer. Try it today! 75¢, plus tax.

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Here's your all-time choice for cooling, soothing refreshment. Made of finest imported talcum powder, and scented with enchanting April Showers perfume. 39¢, plus tax.

CHERAMY

If They Hadn't Said No

(Continued from page 43) Willie Stark in "All the King's Men" which brought Brod Crawford an Oscar . . . and thirdly, to the role of *Harry Brock* in "Born Yesterday" which also did well for Brod, having been one of the box-office smashes of the year.

I wonder, too, if Claire Trevor doesn't rue the day she turned down the mother role to Elizabeth Taylor in "Father of the Bride." Joan Bennett certainly has reason to be glad she grabbed it.

YOU should hear the story of "Mrs. Miniver" the way L. B. Mayer tells it. As you may know, L. B. originally wanted the then queen of the Metro lot, Norma Shearer, to play Jan Struther's best-selling heroine.

"What! Me play the mother of grown-up children!" Miss Shearer is supposed to have shouted at the startled executive.

So he called in the red-headed threat to the throne, Greer Garson.

"But d'ye think *she* wanted to do it?" laughs L. B. when he tells the story, which is always at intimate parties. "She shouted! I shouted! She said 'No.' I said 'Yes.' She said she'd be darned if she'd do it. I said she'd be darned if she didn't." The world shook at Metro that day but, as you know, Greer did it. And zoomed to undreamed-of box-office heights (even married one of those grown-up children, Richard Ney). While Norma elected to commit screen hara-kiri with "Her Card-board Lover."

"That's nothing," says George Raft, wryly reminiscing. "I could have made 'The Maltese Falcon.' But I just didn't think it had a chance. So they roped in a guy who at that time wept regularly on my shoulder about how no one in Hollywood would give him anything better than second or third tough guys." Humphrey Bogart is his name. He came to Hollywood to be the heavy to Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest." But they couldn't see him at all until Mr. Raft's refusal opened the way for him.

Ingrid Bergman fought like ten Marines to star in the huge failure "Arch of Triumph" but said "No" in Swedish and English to "The Farmer's Daughter" which won Loretta Young a well-deserved Oscar.

Speaking again of "Royal Wedding," June Allyson went into the song and dance numbers with Fred Astaire. Came the flapping of those beautiful stork wings and June, the mother-to-be, made way for Judy Garland who had to drop out because of illness. Then it went to Jane Powell, who was able to duck the stork's calling card until the picture was almost finished.

Judy's breakdowns have proven bonanzas for two other stars, also . . . Betty Hutton, who considers "Annie Get Your

Gun," for which she won Photoplay's Gold Medal, her best movie. And Ginger Rogers, who wasn't doing much with her career when she was rushed in to substitute for the ailing Judy with Fred Astaire in "The Barkleys of Broadway."

And Mr. Astaire. He actually *had* retired from the screen when Gene Kelly fell off the roof for a number in "Living in a Big Way." But then producer Arthur Freed, with Gene using his eloquence too, persuaded Fred to come back in Gene's stead in "Easter Parade." And when the critics threw their hats and bonnets into the air even Fred realized that his retirement was ridiculous.

Ann Blyth now is so well established on the screen it's hard to believe that another young girl's demand for more money put Ann where she is today. When "Mildred Pierce" was about to do what you would not do, as the ads later said, Cara Williams was up for the role of Joan Crawford's daughter. If only Cara had been content with less *she* might be the star today.

Joan Crawford, incidentally, almost hemmed and hawed too long over "Mildred." At one time Annie Sheridan was due to take over the role that won Joan her Academy Award and a new career at \$100,000 a picture.

Montgomery Clift, who should have said "No" to "The Heiress," said it instead to "Sunset Boulevard," which did great things for Bill Holden.

A month or two ago Sam Goldwyn sent his top press agent to talk Farley Granger—his star on loan-out to RKO—out of marrying Shelley Winters. Maybe the press agent succeeded. Maybe he didn't. But it is all reminiscent of the Goldwyn fury years ago when his then prize pet star, Cathy O'Donnell, married Robert Wyler, the brother of William Wyler. Cathy turned furious, too, at Sam's trusion into her private life. So called it a day. That's how young Evans got her break, stepping into "Anna McCoy" and all the other p Goldwyn had planned for Cathy.

It isn't only the stars who roles and pictures, the producers Kirk Douglas had a terrible time vining Stanley Kramer he was right "Champion"—the success which Kramer up as a producer. And Jack Warner was most unhappy when Jane Wymar was cast in "Johnny Belinda," tops at the box office, which won Janie an Oscar and Photoplay's Gold Medal.

All of which goes to prove you never can tell. And as long as this holds true there will be a magic door that will open for lucky newcomers. Which is fine with me. How about you?

THE END

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Another exciting feature by the author who

gave you Mario Lanza's life in this issue.

Don't miss October Photoplay—on sale September 12

I Love Janie

(Continued from page 50) changes it regularly, like a woman. But, despite the fact that I don't always know what's going on in back of those blue eyes of hers, I wouldn't want it any other way.

One of the nice things about Janie as a woman is that she seems perfectly willing to accept me as a member of the opposite sex. She doesn't try to fit me into her own female mold. If I leave the top off the toothpaste tube and it sloshes down into her manicure set she doesn't rail and rant. Or if she finds my pajama bottoms draped over the shower door she usually takes it in stride. Not that she doesn't try to reform me. "Honey," she'll say, "you know that wicker gadget in the bathroom? You know what it is?"

"No, what?"

"It's a hamper. We use it for soiled clothes. When you take off your socks at night that's where they go."

"Oh? I'll try to remember."

Usually that's as far as it goes. She has issued her feminine mandate. But never to the point where both of us would feel uncomfortable.

There are times when Janie is fairly predictable. And life flows along without too many rough spots. Then again things get all jammed up. Like the incident

★ "It's really not difficult to meet expenses these days. You meet them every time you turn around."

... ESTHER WILLIAMS

we now refer to as The Calendula Affair.

When we first moved into our new house the garden was in a sadly rundown condition. And Janie turned the whole thing over to me with a wave of her little pink hand. "That's your department," she said, giving me one of those you're-so-big-and-strong-you-can-do-anything looks. "I'll bet you'll make this yard a riot of color before we know it."

So I went to work. I turned over a lot of earth. Then, as I'd never done much gardening, I talked things over with Waldo down at the nursery.

"Waldo," I said, "what's good to plant right about now? With lots of color."

Waldo thought sweet peas would be nice, and maybe some calendulas.

Well, the way the California sun works I figured I'd just have to put the seed in the ground and then step back quick to get out of the way. And it happened almost as fast as that. One day the garden was just a lot of rich black earth, and the next day—or so it seemed—there was the riot of color that Janie had ordered. Nice going, Geary, I told myself happily. You and your old green thumb.

But my beautiful wife took a dimmer view of what Mother Nature and I had wrought. "The sweet peas are pretty," she did admit. "But those others over there . . . I don't like them at all."

"What do you mean you don't like them?" I asked quietly after I climbed down off the roof. "I thought the calendulas turned out fine."

"Calendulas? Is that what they are? In Oregon we used to call them marigolds. They grow wild right in the fields."

"That's fine," I said. "That's just fine. But you might have told me before I worked up all these big calluses."

"I would have," Janie said sweetly, "but you didn't ask me."

And that bit of feminine logic brought our discussion to an end. But, as I say,

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Which type is your baby?



BOOKWORM . . . goes in for good books and good looks—the Mennen Baby Oil kind! Give your angel the silken comfort of this blissfully smooth, fragrant oil. You get more ounces for your money.



HALE-FELLOW-WELL-FED . . . why dress for dinner when you can wear Mennen Baby Oil? Feels like satin to tender skin . . . contains heavenly Lanolin. Guard against diaper rash, skin irritations this safe way.



MAD HATTER . . . well, *somebody's* got to amuse mother! She gives him such extra-good treatment: Mennen Baby Oil after baths, at diaper time, always. So pure, so good. More economical, too.



GLAMORPUSS . . . wouldn't *you* be smitten with *your* charms if you got luxurious Mennen Baby Powder? Soft as a caress, delicately scented—the finest, smoothest made! And baby gets a jolly Built-in Rattle . . . entertaining Mother Goose pictures on container. Cute toy, when empty.



Best of all for baby's skin



Every baby is the right type for

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there are always lots of good days, too. Coming home to Janie is something I like to do. I sell insurance and I always meet interesting people. Nevertheless I look forward to the evenings when I can be with my wife in our own home.

We have a Siamese cat named Demitasse and a year-old German Shepherd pup we call Paperboy. And last April first I gave Janie a duck for her birthday. She promptly named him Mister Webb.

Demi regards Mister Webb with a rather blue-blooded aloofness, but Paper always gets into the spirit of things and immediately sets out to reduce him to pillow stuffing. But Mister Webb is well able to take care of himself. With loud duck cries and a furious beating of wings he repels every attack. Then he settles himself smugly and waits for more. Before long Paper is completely subdued and Mister Webb is free to go searching for small insects in comparative peace.

When I arrived home one evening Janie said: "Ursula had a good day today. When I let her out of her pen she waddled around in a very ladylike manner."

"Ursula? Who's Ursula?"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you. Mister Webb is a she."

"He is?"

"Yes. The man who delivers the dog food's brother was here today and he..."

"Who? Say that again."

"Now, Honey, don't go on saying 'who' like that. The man couldn't deliver the dog food today and so his brother came instead. And he told me Mister Webb is a girl. He knows all about ducks and he was very interested."

"Really? Seems to me that sort of information would only be interesting to another duck."

"Mmmm. I thought so, too. But anyway that's what the man said. So of course we can't call her Mister Webb any more. And I decided on Ursula. Do you like it?"

"Yes. I've always wanted to know someone named Ursula. I think it suits her."

"So do I," said Janie happily.

ONE of the many things I love about Janie is her temperament. Or I should say her lack of it. For she is not given to piques and tantrums. She is emotional, yes, and occasionally she becomes aroused to an outburst of fury. But it is honest anger, and it dies as quickly as it flares up. She does not sulk nor hold a grudge.

A sure sign of anger in our house is the use of our given names. If she uses "Geary" when she speaks to me I can be sure that all is not well and act accordingly. And if I call her "Janie" she knows she had better prepare herself for a minor crisis. But if happy harmony exists, and it 'most always does, our usual form of address is "Honey."

If you had seen Janie this spring you would have known that she was a woman. She had that special glow that is usually reserved for expectant mothers. And she wore a sort of smock that is supposed to hide the fact that she has put on a little weight—but doesn't.

Actually she only gained about fifteen pounds, and that is exactly what the doctor ordered. But she wasn't very big to start with and so you could notice that Mrs. Steffen and her husband are going to have a family. And if there was ever a more truly wonderful reason for being married to a woman I can't think of it.

For the first few months after we learned Janie was to have a baby she was quite ill. She was making the picture "Rich, Young and Pretty" and they had to send her home from the studio many times so that she could get some extra rest in bed. Then about the end of her fourth month she began to feel much better. And after

that she felt and looked wonderful.

Just as soon as Janie felt better and could eat normally she began to put on weight. That was perfectly natural, but Doctor Bill Caldwell wanted to keep her comparatively slim. He said that was better for both her and the baby. So he put her on a diet and told her to cut out starches and very rich foods. That took all of Janie's self control for she has an excellent appetite for sweets and pastries.

Janie really didn't mind at all that she was getting fatter around the middle. She was proud of having the baby and she wanted to look like an expectant mother. She could hardly wait to order her first maternity blouse. And she put it on just as soon as she had added a few inches.

The one thing she worried about was that her face was getting too fat. She used to look in the mirror and moodily observe: "I seem to be getting all jowly. Do I look just horrible, Honey?" Actually she was getting more beautiful by the hour, but at times she needed to be reassured.

It was a red letter day when Janie felt her first signs of life. Moments after it happened my office phone was ringing insistently, and then she was sputtering into my ear: "Sweet Pea just kicked me! Oh, Honey! Isn't it all too wonderful?"

Then and there our baby had become a person who needed to be called something more than "It." With her woman's wisdom Janie had selected Sweet Pea as being a suitable temporary name for a small and very young individual of either sex. (By the time you read this, of course, we will know whether the Steffens have a boy or girl.) The next step was for me to experience one of those kicks. But this was not so easily managed. Even at such an early age, Sweet Pea was exhibiting a fine independence of will and would not kick on command.

If I hovered in the immediate vicinity nothing ever happened. But just let me get settled at my desk with some papers and Janie would exclaim: "There! That was a big one! Just feel that one!" Then I would spring up and hurtle across the room and arrive just as things became quiet again.

I only hope I'll be around with Janie when he (or she) makes his appearance. As a lieutenant in the U. S. Army Reserve, I'm due at Camp Cook for two weeks' duty this summer. But if dates synchronize, as they should, I'll have welcomed little Sweet Pea before then.

As the days go by I find myself becoming more and more excited. And, oddly, Janie seems to grow more serene and calm. It is only at rare intervals that she indulges in feminine misgivings. Such as the recent occasion when we were visited by our friends the Marshall Thompsons and Janie was audibly brooding that the baby might be something less than beautiful.

"But how could that be?" chided Marshall. "How could a baby have such a handsome mother and father and not be beautiful?"

"Oh, it's quite possible," said Janie. "He could have all of our worst features."

"Which ones, for example?"

"Well, he might have a sort of long flat head like Geary. And maybe a funny ski nose like me. It could happen, you know."

It was later that night, just before we went to bed. I kissed Janie and I said: "I hope she's a girl. And I hope she has a beautiful nose . . . just like yours."

Janie cried a little. Then she said huskily: "And if he's a boy I want him to look just like you."

"Even with my old flat head?"

"Yes," she said and she smiled. "Even so. Good-night, Flat Head."

It's moments like this that make me glad I married a woman. And especially glad that her name is Janie Powell.

THE END

(Continued from page 45) had been checked and refueled at Rio de Janeiro. Aloft again, over the picturesque harbor, June's eyes had gone eagerly to the highest peak of the Corcovado Mountain. There the 100-foot statue of the Redeemer stood with arms outstretched, embracing the heavens, blessing all below.

"If only we could spend some time here," she and the other stars aboard had lamented. "Even one night. . . ."

As their plane had circled the Corcovado, June had taken movies of the statue. Usually it is not permitted to photograph the coastline of Rio. But June had explained that the movies were not for commercial use; just to be shown to schools and to youth groups like the C.Y.O. So the captain had agreed. "You'll get a better view from the cockpit," he'd said. "I'll dip the wings so you can get a good shot. I'll tell you when."

"Now!" he'd directed. As the plane had circled behind the inspiring figure of the Redeemer, June had shot over His shoulder to film the scene He looks down upon. They had come around, too, so she could get a front view of the beautiful mosaic statue with long flowing hair and robes of purest white. Somehow, as they had headed over the sea and mountains, June had felt strangely comforted and reassured by this inspiring symbol of His love and strength, all embracing from the sky. . . .

The stewardess came down the aisle. "We have to turn around, have to go back," she was saying. Up front the red light went on: "Please Fasten Your Safety Belts."

Someone said—was it Wendell Corey's typical American humor in the face of tragedy—"It looks as if we'd have 'One Night in Rio.'" Then everyone was quiet

with his own thoughts—and prayers.

June Haver reached in her purse for her rosary, prayed silently, "Not my will, but Thine be done. . . ." Over and over.

Evelyn Keyes tightened her seat belt. Patricia Neal's knuckles turned white around her St. Christopher's medal. Elizabeth Scott sat silent as though in deep study. Members of many different faiths, all sought help from the same source as they prayed—and waited.

For below were mountain peaks and unexplored wastes. Through her window June saw what looked like a mass of light coming out of the motors.

The stewardess bent over her, whispered, "We're dumping fuel to lessen the possibility of explosion when we land."

It seemed impossible now that just a little while ago they all had been worrying about the unglamorous appearance they would make when they landed in Montevideo, their melted make-up, their wilted California gabardines, too heavy for this intense heat.

It was like being in church, June thought. . . . the way you could feel all the prayers around you. They knew, every last soul among them, that they were powerless, that the script now was in Another's hands, the timing, all His.

Twenty minutes out of Rio, they all had been comparative strangers to one another. June, for instance, had known Wendell Corey only as a fine actor. Ricardo Montalban she'd met the year before with his Georgianna at the Fathers' Claretian Benefit. While she was working on "Look for the Silver Lining," she'd talked briefly to Patricia Neal on the Warner Brothers lot when Pat had been making "The Foun-

tainhead." John Derek, she never had met before. Joan Fontaine and she, introduced at a holiday party, had talked about cooking. Evelyn Keyes, she had met once years before at an Hawaiian *luau* given by Don, the Beachcomber. Elizabeth Scott, she'd met just once six years before.

For years they had all lived, worked and played in Hollywood—but never known each other very well. Now, with every second of the clock, the bond between them strengthened.

There was only water below now—vast stretches of blue sea.

They hit a rough stretch of sky with a sickening sound. Momentarily the liner went out of control, dropped. The other motor sputtered and the plane, like a giant wounded bird, began to wobble.

They braced themselves, as best they could, against the wild pitching.

Then, almost as if an unseen hand, steady and strong, was piloting them, the ship levelled. Outside the window once again could be seen the tall white figure on the mount. Every eye was fixed on it until it could be seen no more.

On the flying field at Rio fire apparatus and ambulances were waiting. The captain had radioed in for the field to be ready—in case they crashed. But they landed, smooth as silk. Old friends, now, all of them, they made their way down the aisle, chattering, laughing with relief.

The captain stood at the foot of the steps, "All fifty present and accounted for?" he asked.

Fifty? June Haver wondered, her eyes traveling to the distant statue of the Redeemer, or *fifty-one*?

(June will be seen next in "The Love Nest.") THE END

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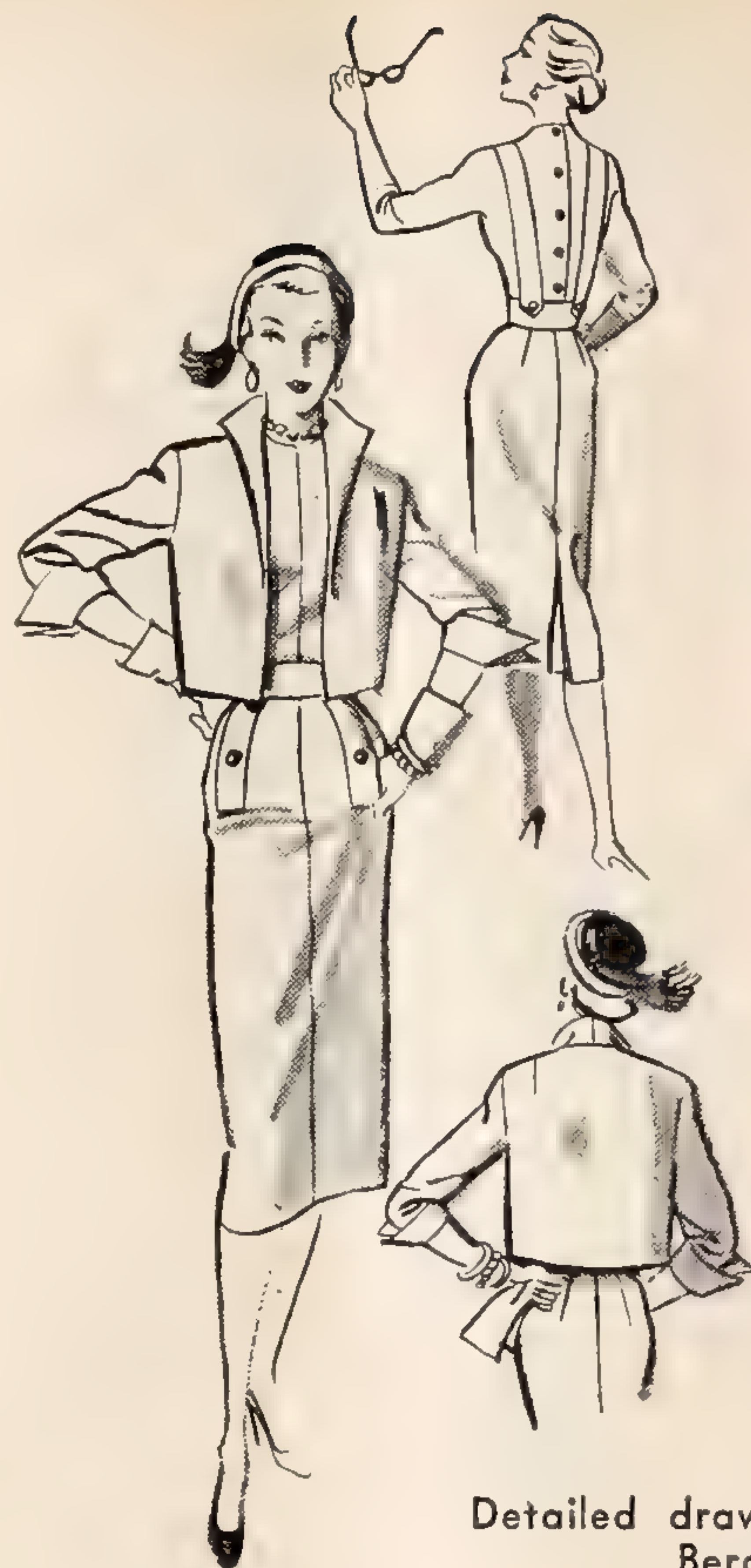
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START NOW to repair, ease, soften your summer-dry skin. Get your jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today!



Detailed drawings of the Polly Bergen-Edith Head suit on page 68



Edith Head

for variety's sake

BY RENA FIRTH

EDITH HEAD, Paramount's designer, has a magic touch, whether she's designing clothes for young stars like Mona Freeman, Diana Lynn and Nancy Olson or more sophisticated creations for Betty Hutton, Elizabeth Scott and Corinne Calvet.

Edith's watchword is flexibility—well illustrated in the gray flannel suit she designed this month for Photoplay's pattern, shown on Polly Bergen on page 68. It is equally ideal for college campus, the office or a date.

Edith calls standard blouses and skirts "just plain vanilla," insists they look unfinished. But this suit, with its slim skirt and detachable suspenders, offers untold possibilities for looking different. It could be worn with a plaid vest or cummerbund, without the jacket and suspenders. Or it could be worn with sweaters with the skirt and suspenders, or with the skirt and jacket.

"And remember," says Miss Head, "gray flannel can go anywhere, looks equally as well with a cocktail blouse and gay little hat as with tailored accessories."

This pattern is very simple and easy to make. The jacket has a minimum of inner construction, padding, tailor's canvas, etc.

"It's going to be a gay fall for fash-

ions," predicts Edith. "Greens will be brighter, browns will be in copper tones and there'll be lots of intriguing plaids.

"Clothes," continues Edith, "will be simpler in design but with good lines. Hand knits will be very popular, so if you're handy with a knitting needle, now's the time to start making a knitted vest or a jacket of the Eisenhower type to spice up your wardrobe. Or make yourself a plaid stole and hat to wear with a wool dress."

About that ever-present skirt-length problem. Although some fashion authorities are predicting that skirts will rise to fifteen inches from the floor, Edith says firmly, "Fourteen inches from the floor is tops. I have never approved of the very short skirt—the one exception being sports clothes. The tight skirt is particularly bad when worn very short although I do think you can wear a full or pleated skirt shorter than a tight one."

On the subject of tight skirts, Edith feels definitely these should be out from kindergarten age through college—at least on the campus. School calls for freedom of movement, low heels and lots of walking.

"So feel comfortable and look smart in a full or pleated skirt," advises Edith Head.

Should Young Girls Marry Older Men?

(Continued from page 35) to enable me to handle such responsibilities wisely; never had had the time to grow gradually into an emotional stability. As a result, I skimmed over the surface of things that mattered, took short cuts wherever possible.

Hollywood was a frightening place to me. The demands of my career seemed overpowering. I became accustomed to turning to Pev for help. To me he was a tower of strength. Like other young girls who feel insecure, I was looking for a man who would have the strength a father should have. And don't for a moment think that the father influence hasn't a lot to do with the reasons young girls marry older men.

Pev was my refuge. Other Hollywood men scared me. With Pev I felt safe and secure.

OLDER men are likely to give girls a feeling of protection and security. And most girls want someone to lean on, someone who will protect them. This is the ideal marriage relationship—if nothing happens to upset the balance.

If a girl is sufficiently matured when she marries an older man she is all right. But should she grow in her ideas and her feeling of independence, the balance is thrown off-key.

Unfortunately, the balance in Pev's and my relationship was upset. I didn't stay immature. And as I developed I no longer wanted to be told what to do.

This may sound as though I suddenly became a strong-willed person with a bit of stubbornness tagging along. That is not so. I simply began to realize at

last the kind of person I was—that I couldn't be happy as a carbon copy of anybody else.

Older men are prone to give a good deal of advice and to be hurt if young wives don't take this advice in its entirety. It doesn't do much good for a young wife to say, "But, look, it's my mind and I don't agree with you."

No question about it—older men find it much harder to adjust and to broaden their interests. They are more difficult to

★ "Ever since Eve chased Adam with an apple, women have pursued men—in a way to make men pursue them."

... SUSAN HAYWARD

change and often more difficult to reason with.

If they have a particularly bad fault, they will simply say, "I've been doing that for years. You can't expect me to change." The changing, as far as they can see, is up to the woman.

Young wives faced with such a situation usually try everything to please their husbands. They overdo when it comes to making concessions, and, usually they will find that the more they try to be good wives, the more control their husbands will take.

Another thing—once a girl has been

married to a man considerably older than she is it isn't likely that men her age will attract her—because, you see, she will have been conditioned to those qualities which older men offer. And this isn't good.

Recently I've been out with younger men and they seem so immature. They are not as sensitive as older men who have been through the flaming youth stage and have gained poise in handling delicate situations.

Older men, also, are usually suave and wise. Most men are selfish but older men at least have the sense to disguise their selfishness.

I also would like to argue the theory that older men want to settle down and that this brings unhappiness to a young wife.

There is of course, no general rule. Some older men enjoy social activities even more than their young wives. Others do prefer the fireside and slippers. But I do not believe that older men are any more prone to settle into stay-at-homes than younger men—if they naturally have a zest for living.

To enjoy life doesn't seem to me a matter of age. I've known young wives certainly who have no interest in anything but staying home—and who have made their young husbands feel about ninety years old.

Because of my marriage experience I'm also afraid I never will be excited by what younger men offer intellectually.

Right now, I want no marriage at all. But if and when I do marry again it is likely I'll marry an older man.

THE END



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KIND LADY—M-G-M: Mary Herries, Ethel Barrymore; Henry Springer Elcott, Maurice Evans; Mrs. Edwards, Angela Lansbury; Edwards, Keenan Wynn; Ada Elcott, Betsy Blair; Mr. Foster, John Williams; Rose, Doris Lloyd; Antique Dealer, John O'Malley; Monsieur Malaquaise, Henri Letondal.

MARK OF THE RENEGADE—U-I: Marcos, Ricardo Montalban; Manuella, Cyd Charisse; Luis, J. Carrol Naish; Don Pedro Garcia, Gilbert Roland; Anita Gonzales, Andrea King; Bardosa, George Tobias; Jose De Vasquez, Antonio Moreno; Duenna Concepcion, Georgia Backus; Colonel Vega, Robert Warwick; Miguel De Gandara, Armando Silvestre; Rosa, Bridget Carr; Cervera, Alberto Morin; Father Juan, Renzo Cesana; Innkeeper, Robert Cornthwaite; Paco, Edward C. Rios; Landlord, Dave Wolfe.

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Eastman, Anne Revere; Earl Eastman, Keefe Brasselle; Bellows, Fred Clark; Marlowe, Raymond Burr; Charles Eastman, Herbert Heyes; Anthony Vickers, Shepperd Strudwick; Mrs. Vickers, Frieda Inescort; Mrs. Louise Eastman, Kathryn Givney; Jansen, Walter Sande; Judge, Ted de Corsia; Coroner, John Ridgely; Marsha, Lois Chartrand; Mr. Whiting, William R. Murphy; Boatkeeper, Douglas Spencer; Kelly, Charles Dayton; Morrison, Paul Frees.

SIROCCO—Columbia: Harry Smith, Humphrey Bogart; Violette, Marta Toren; Colonel Feroud, Lee J. Cobb; General LaSalle, Everett Sloane; Major Leon, Gerald Mohr; Balukjian, Zero Mostel; Nasir Aboul, Nick Dennis; Emir Hassan, Onslow Stevens; Flophouse Proprietor, Ludwig Donath; Achmet, David Bond; Arthur, Vincent Renno; Omar, Martin Wilkins; Major Robbinet, Peter Ortiz; Colonel Corville, Edward Colmans; Sergeant, Al Eben; Barber, Peter Brocco; Hamal, Jay Novello; Rifas, Leonard Penn.

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Which is probably why she can
put her finger on
that old macrae magic

in October Photoplay

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AT GROCERS

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(Continued from page 63) myself rushing out to meet my man wearing my perma-pleated white nylon over-skirt daintily trimmed with carbon paper smudges.

"What am I supposed to do? Call off the date? I think it's smarter to explain it, and then forget it—and have a good time."

I give up. Here is one career girl who knows more about charm than the experts.

You young housewives have been prompting me to do some re-thinking on this problem too.

Apparently this twenty-second switch from kitchen-nursery-slave to glamorous young matron is not always possible.

"My husband and I don't go out too often since the baby came," one reader tells me. "So when we do, it is an occasion and I really try to look my best."

"But the other evening I picked up the baby for one last bubbling before turning him over to the baby sitter—and the inevitable happened. What would you have done? I went right on to the party, sponged but not pressed"

Right, again. More "charming," I have to admit, than keeping your hostess waiting while you change from the skin out.

I, too, have been caught with my grooming down. A producer came to my house just this afternoon for a story conference. It was an appointment made well in advance, and I had no excuse for greeting him in my oldest slacks—with the shirt-tail popping out, if you please—with no make-up on and my hair every which way.

No excuse at all, except that it was the cook's day off and I had to get up at seven to make breakfast for the children and see them off to school, and as soon as they had gone a crew of telephone repair men arrived with orders to re-wire every phone in the house.

I had planned to devote the morning to answering mail, but instead had to follow the phone crew around with mop, pail and brush.

The hungry twins were home from nursery school before that job was finished, so I had to move back to the kitchen. The hour and a half after my four-year-olds were tucked into bed for their naps I had "budgeted" for getting myself ready for my appointment.

Cathy and Cindy cooperated by going to sleep promptly but the plumber didn't cooperate. He came to repair the shower before I had a chance to get into it; and at a quarter to three my secretary put through a long distance call.

"I must hang up now," I apologized after twenty minutes. "My doorbell is ringing."

It was indeed.

My producer had arrived. My first in-

stinct—and his too, probably—was to run, screaming.

But instead, I took a charm tip from my readers. I explained my appearance and then forgot it. And we got down to business.

Yes, the boom fell on me too. And I made the best of it. But for the record, let me add that I don't plan to make it a habit.

The Long Road to Beauty

Figure reconstruction is a job which takes determination, and perseverance, and, most of all, time. The body beautiful is hard come by, if you start out as so many readers have been telling me they do—with skinny legs, or too thick thighs, or hips that curve too enthusiastically in the wrong places.

Those whose legs are too thin have the most stubborn problem. For them I suggest the ballet—to develop muscles that have not developed because of lack of exercise. Simple calisthenics won't do it. Those muscles really have to be stretched. I'm not suggesting that you're to start competing with Danilova, that you learn to leap six feet through a window in the "Spectre De La Rose." You don't even have to take lessons, but if you live in a city where ballet instruction is available and you can afford this instruction I recommend it. Work out in class until you know what you're doing, then follow these instructions I'm giving for those who cannot go to ballet school. Have the plumber hook up a length of pipe in your back yard or in your basement for an exercise bar and work out at home, every day for at least fifteen minutes, two fifteen-minute periods a day if you can squeeze them in.

Those who are unable to take lessons should borrow a book on ballet techniques from the library and work out their own routine. It won't be as easy, but it can be done.

You can skip even the ballet bar if you have to. Substitute the kitchen sink. Here is one of the basic stretches:

Stand at right angles to the bar (or sink), about three feet from the edge. Swing the inside leg up and to the side until it rests on the bar, keeping the standing leg straight and firm, the upper leg straight, toes pointed. Feel that stretch! Now, from the waistline, turn the upper part of your body to face the bar (keep that standing leg steady!) arms over the upraised leg, and touch your head to your knee, your toes to your fingers. Reverse position, and repeat. You're on your way to beautiful legs.

Developing muscle is a long, slow proc-



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ess. It's something you should have done on the jungle gym when you were six.

Reducing thick thighs or heavy hips is easier, but, I'm sorry to say, duller.

If your extra weight is on the thighs, sit on the floor, with your knees pulled up and out, feet together. Clasp your ankles. Now roll. Thump those thighs on the floor, back and forth, back and forth.

To reduce the lower hip, lie back on the floor, the weight of your upper body supported by your elbows. Roll, swinging the lower body over and back repeatedly, from the waistline to the toes.

To get rid of fat piled on the upper hips, lie flat on the floor, arms outstretched. Pull your knees up to your chest, and roll from the waist. On each roll make the top knee touch the floor by the opposite outstretched arm.

There is another good trick for all of you with disproportionate weight anywhere below the waistline. Lie on the floor with your feet up against the wall, as high up as you can get them. Stay there, for fifteen minutes.

I know this sounds dull. And I know you're busy, and you can't cook dinner while you're lying on the floor with your feet in the air. You can't even read a book.

But this is one form of boredom that will pay dividends. Turn on the radio and listen to your favorite news program while you have a good reason to have the blood rushing to your head. Take your measurements at the start, and after you've spent fifteen minutes a day upside down for a whole month, take them again. Hoppy didn't invent this form of reaching for the ceiling, but you'll probably give up the upright position permanently once you've found out what up-ending yourself can do.

It's the Last Day That Counts

One of our readers, starting to college next month, writes me that she's scared stiff. A new school, new town, new studies, new friends—it's too much to face, she thinks, all at once. And besides, she says, "I make friends slowly, find it hard to talk to strangers."

The prospect is not as grim, I would say, as she thinks. All good friends are made slowly, something I would advise all freshmen to remember.

Don't try to be the belle of the school on the first day. There is such a thing as being too eager, too gay—try too hard and you'll just sound loud-mouthed. Don't mind if you're not a first-day sensation.

It's the last day-sensations that count.

THE END



Joan Crawford keeps busy on the side as Chief Fashion Advisory Consultant to Henry M. Plehn's Peter Pan Foundations

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Personal To Women With Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

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How To Reduce

This Common Sense Way

Sylvia of Hollywood has no patience with those who say they can't reduce. She says, "A lot of women think the beauties of the screen and stage are the natural born favorites of the gods. Let me tell you they all have to be improved upon before they are presented to the public. Yes, I know, you are going to come back at me and say, 'But look at the money they have to spend on themselves. It's easy to do it with money.'

"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneyed women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."



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Watch those scales. They
will talk in pounds. And
watch that tape measure.
It will talk in inches.**

Here Sylvia explains what you can do for yourself to improve your figure. There is no magic about *The Common Sense Way* to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in this book you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

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Partial Contents New Edition

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(Continued from page 56) memory of Valentino that I hadn't been able to accept the thought of anyone's impersonating him. But after meeting Tony Dexter, I reversed on this attitude. I was eager to see what he had done.

The theatre was crowded almost entirely with females and what fascinated me was that Tony was capturing both the very young girls and the women my age with equal ease. And seeing him on screen, I realized he is what he most wants to be—a fine actor.

You see, I found out that's what "Valentino" is to him—an acting job. In appearance Tony is Rudy's twin. But whereas to dance was Rudy's life, it took three years of daily study for Tony to master the Valentino steps. No matter what you may read elsewhere, it is literally true that he did dance every foot of those dancing scenes in "Valentino." Today, he loves to seek out dancing spots and he'd like it if he could find a dance floor big enough and a band smooth enough to let him do tangoes.

TONY (Walter Craig then) was playing in Katharine Cornell's road company of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" at the time he made his screen test for "Valentino." Up until that time, Small had received over one hundred thousand letters and photographs from people who felt themselves right for the part. He had interviewed thousands. But when Miss Cornell recommended Walter Craig, and when Small got one glimpse of him, he knew his search was over.

He is going next into a film called "Brigand." Until they get the picture out, Tony will be haunted—and quite on the defensive—over people thinking he's just "resemblance" and not really an actor.

Tony grew up in Talmage, Nebraska where his father was pastor of the Lutheran Church. But even before he was out of Talmage High, the athletic scouts from various colleges were after him, and I wonder, since he had won four football letters. On those athletic scholarships, I went first to Hebron Lutheran College then to St. Olaf's College in Minnesota from which he graduated.

It was in college that he first started acting. His first play was "Everyman" and that's who he was—old man "Everyman" himself—"and in tights yet" Tony says. He went in for dramatics after that—but don't get the idea that it was the ham him boiling. It was the wolf coming out. "I'd been brought up quite rigidly," says, "and this gave me a chance to meet some very desirable chicks who were taking the drama course."

After getting his diploma from St. Olaf he went to the University of Iowa on Rockefeller scholarship. "The scholarship was fine," he tells you now, "but I didn't know what I wanted to do. I met Ellsworth P. Conkel, who had actually had a play produced on Broadway, came to the faculty of Iowa. He offered me a hundred dollars if I'd go to New York and for the stage. I honestly didn't care much about it one way or the other then. But since it was either that or teaching, I hitchhiked to New York, which took \$6.35 of that capital, got my first job through Margaret Webster, who was staging a revival of Eugene O'Neill's 'Ah, Wilderness' with Eva Le Gallienne for the Theatre Guild and paid back Dr. Conkel a hundred dollars."

That Theatre Guild engagement started his professional acting for Tony. It also began something besides a career for him. He married. But the war ended his career and his marriage, too.

"I was just one of the thousands of G.I.s in Europe who got that 'Dear John' letter," he told me. "Please understand if I don't talk about the girl. She's remarried now, just as I am, and I hope she's as happy as I am. What happened to us probably wasn't her fault. We had known each other ever since our college days but we were just separated too much of the time."

The Army, noting his appearance, noting those shoulders, hearing his diction, sent him on a lecture tour of England, speaking at universities and before civic groups in behalf of better Anglo-American relationships. I'll bet a million lonely English girls started right then and there to dream of little gay homes in sections of America to be shared with a man who looked like that.

Tony, personally, was very happy when he ran across Marjorie Jeanne Todd. He had known her slightly on Broadway, a young actress struggling for recognition. Now she was a member of something called CATS—meaning she was a civilian actress touring under Army supervision. A production of "Claudia" was being staged. Marjorie was *Claudia*. And the Army gave Tony the chance to play *David* opposite her. That was not too long a time after he had received the "Dear John" letter—and his unexpected and undesired marital freedom.

HE AND Marjorie were sent to give two command performances for the Royal Family of Denmark in the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. Their Majesties were impressed sufficiently to give them a meritorious citation.

Tony and Marjorie were equally impressed with each other.

But not until Tony was out of service, and sure of a theatrical engagement did he marry Marjorie. His father, who had retired, came back to his church to perform the ceremony. The year was 1946 and little did they dream that by 1948 they would be living in Hollywood, and changing the entire fabric of their lives because of a movie idol who died practically before they were born.

"The first thing I did when I was finally signed up," Tony told me, walking around his living-room with the same cat-like grace that Valentino had had, "was to see Rudy's pictures. After the first one, I would have backed out of the deal if I could have, for they depressed me terribly. I couldn't see how I could live up to that man. He was a great actor and 'way ahead of his time."

He walked around a couple of times more. "It would be suicide for me to stay Valentino," he said. "There is a lot of pressure on us now to make 'The Sheik' and if I can make it after 'Brigand' I won't mind too much. Maybe by that time, I'll even have courage enough to see myself. So far, I've seen only one day's rushes of me. They depressed me so much I couldn't look at any others. But perhaps, with another picture—that is, if I'm wanted for another picture—" He let the sentence hang in the air.

I laughed at him. I know he's smart enough to read box-office statements, and his fan mail and all those popularity polls that he is now heading. As he walked with me to my car and handed me into it like a princess, I could see people, women-people, peering at him from the windows of the neighboring house.

For Tony is a man quite capable of giving dreams to young girls—and of restoring dreams for women who are older—and very wonderful it is, too, to have romance thus set again in motion in a world that is much too troubled and which needs romance so deeply.

THE END



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Elizabeth Taylor



Farley Granger



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(Continued from page 33) Here they will be auditioned by the top echelon of the theatrical world, Ethel Barrymore, Gregory Peck, Stanley Kramer, Joseph Mankiewicz, Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor of Photoplay, and Dean Thomas Browne Henry.

The two runners-up will be taken on a tour of Hollywood, appear on radio or television shows and will be interviewed and advised by casting directors William Meiklejohn of Paramount, Sol Baiano of Warner Brothers and William Gordon of Twentieth Century-Fox. There is the possibility, too, of still another prize, for with luck on their side, either or both of the runners-up may rate a studio screen test. The finalist, of course, will embark upon her two-year course at the Playhouse.

THE interest in this contest has been international. And though this scholarship is available only to residents of the continental United States, applications have come in from as far away as Copenhagen, Denmark. Every state within the country produced its share of applicants. Southern belles—not less talented individually, judging by the records of those who entered—were, as a group, less challenged by this opportunity. Texas, however, came through in true Texan fashion, changing the total response of the South from small to great.

The Northeast, Midwest and the state of California raced for the distinction of having the largest number of contestants. However, whether a board auditions five or fifty contestants, each girl has an equal chance. For talent is being scored on the basis of talent alone, with performance the test. The judging is being conducted purely on the renditions given of a prepared reading which will be the choice of the candidate; an impromptu reading—timed for candidates to only scan the part before hand—and a pantomime. The rating received, added to the rating achieved prior to the auditions, percentage-wise, will run out all but the top hundred and finally, a but the top three.

Because the Pasadena Playhouse is college of recognized standing, the winner as well as being talented, must also be college material. All semi-finalists, therefore, must submit, no later than August 25th, a copy of their school records and two letters of character reference from members of their community familiar with both their work and their background. Only after the letters have been read and reviewed, voice recordings and picture recommendations and ratings checked, will the top hundred be selected.

Their names, backgrounds and the reasons they were chosen will be sent to the in the dramatic professions who are interested in new talent, new faces. Produce directors, radio and television network little theatre groups and modeling agencies will have the complete story of how and why these girls came so far so fast.

Some of you were not yet eligible to enter this contest. Some of you heard about it too late. But there is next year. For soon, the second annual Photoplay Scholarship Contest will be announced with those who will be graduated from high school and those who have already been graduated, eligible to compete.

This first contest already is recognized by the theatrical world as the most complete talent hunt ever made. Inevitably, it must gain in prestige because of the high quality of talent now before the board.

Day by day the excitement mounts—the contestants, the boards of judges and the editors of Photoplay waiting, a group anxious for the finalist to be chosen. Could she be you? THE 10

I Was There

(Continued from page 52) As the evening advanced, Dale became more and more impressed with Jacqueline's naturalness, with the fact that she was "admirably quiet. She doesn't talk unless she really has something to say." Her beauty? "Well—" he admits, "I don't exactly hold that against her either."

That was Saturday. The following day Dale says he "just wasted." "I didn't telephone; figured I'd give a polite wait."

But Monday he called and asked for a date Tuesday. They drove around and talked. Wednesday, the same. Thursday they went horseback riding. "I wanted to see if she would live up to the way she'd been talking," he said. "Sometimes, I've found, girls don't."

Jacqueline did. She's belonged to various hunt clubs, won assorted ribbons, even broken thoroughbred colts for racing turf man, Neil McCarthy.

So Thursday night Dale proposed.

BUT Dale and Jacqueline would tell you theirs was no "sudden romance." Not as sudden as it seemed. . . .

In addition to acting, it is Dale's ambition to write. He's written a war love story about an American G.I. and a French girl, a horse racing story, a baseball story. And the heroine of every one of these stories adds up to Jackie. They look like her. Talk like her. Believe like her.

So Dale, meeting Jackie, came face to face with such a girl as he had thought and dreamed about for a long, long time.

As for Jacqueline, she will tell you that the hero in each of Dale's stories—whether a baseball player, a G.I., or a prizefighter—is—Dale! "I don't know whether Dale realized it or not," she told me. "But actually he never had to tell me about himself. Through his stories I learned more about him than I otherwise might have learned in months—even years—about his strength, his respect for marriage, his love of children."

And so they were married, in a ceremony more romantic and touching than any that her mother ever remembers playing in the past with either Thomas Meighan or John Barrymore.

With voices steady and sure, Dale and Jacqueline spoke their wedding vows, there in the flower-banked bay window of her mother's home high above Hollywood. With Jacqueline's sister Connie as matron of honor, Dale's best friend, actor and stunt man Tom McDonough as best man. With Jacqueline a story-book bride in a diaphanous ankle-length frock of white satin and nylon tulle, wearing a crown bonnet of starched tulle-and-lace embroidered in seed pearls, with a cascade spray of orange blossoms on one side of her shoulder-length veil.

There was a reception in a candle-lit patio. Dale's family from Oklahoma were there, his attractive misty-eyed mother, brothers Chet and Roxy, his four-year-old nephew, Mike, who insisted on being held up to kiss "Aunt Jackie—she's suh-well!"

It was, all of it, festive and folksy, with moonlight, at last, shining through the eucalyptus trees and the soft strains of the strolling accordionist, Danny Borzage, intermingling "On Top of Old Smoky," and "Claire de Lune."

"Where's my girl?" the father of the bride kept inquiring—until he made off in the direction of the bedroom suite where Jacqueline was changing into a smart egg-shell shantung suit lined with cyclamen.

"Ten more minutes—" somebody reported, as we stood in the doorway, awaiting the traditional take-off. . . .

"Here they come!"

And then it was over—with Jackie and Dale heading down the hill on their great adventure.

THE END

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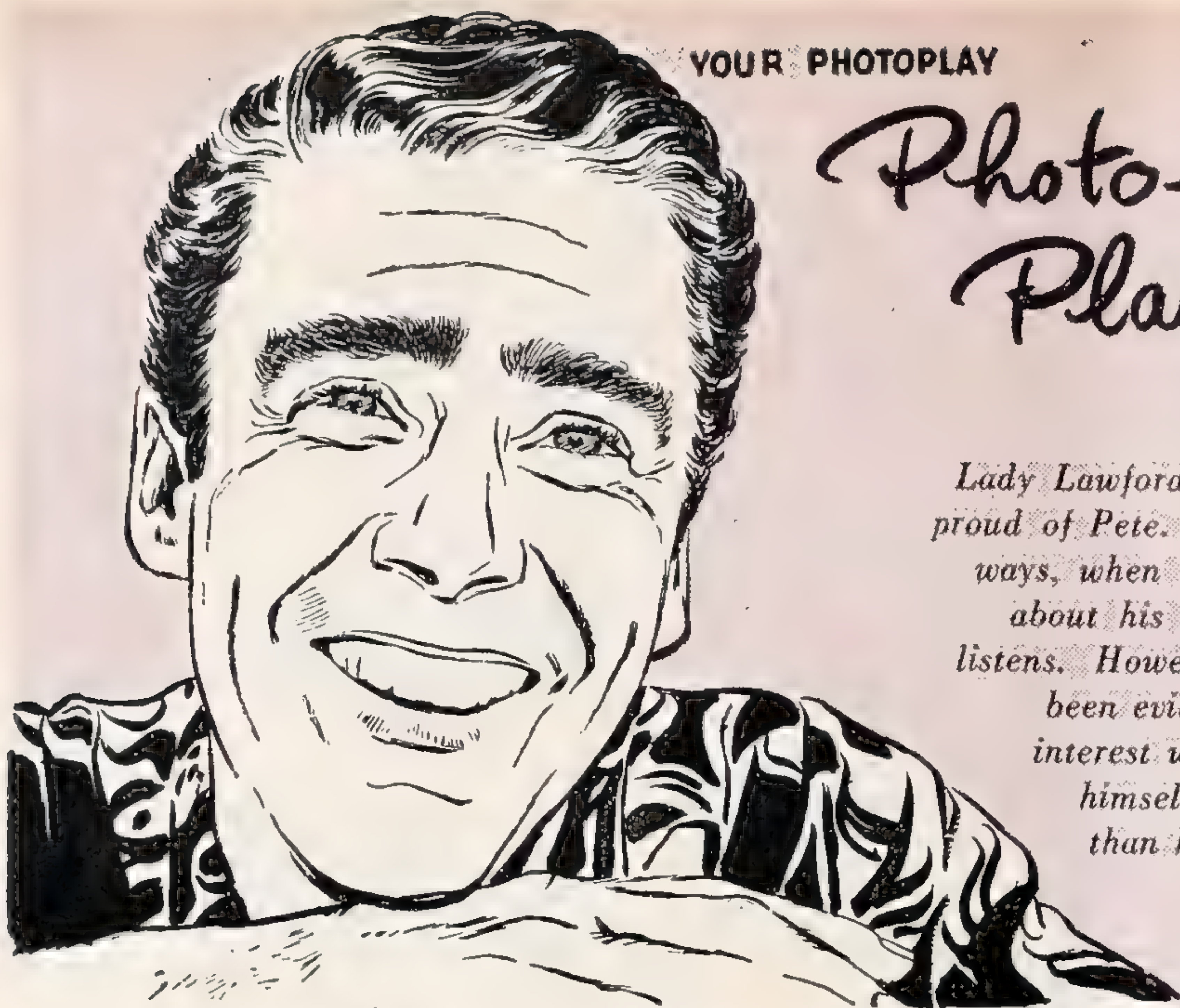
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Lady Lawford is very proud of Pete. And always, when he talks about his job, she listens. However, it's been evident her interest was Pete himself rather than his work



So when Pete returned from Australia where he made "Kangaroo," he almost fell over his suitcase when his mother asked to see his movie . . .



. . . script! That wasn't all. She questioned him about camera angles, even offered to read his lines with him! "She missed me when I was gone," Pete finally decided. "She wants . . .



. . . to take a more active interest in my work." A few days later, Ronnie Reagan invited Pete to have lunch with him at the Paramount commissary. "Come on back to the . . .



. . . set with me," invited Ronnie, "and meet a new girl who's in my latest picture." Pete, who has an eye for the ladies, followed Ronnie to the sound stages of "Hong Kong." Ronnie ducked . . .



. . . around the cameras. "Pete!" he called. But Pete was already on the scene—staring, open-mouthed, eyes popping, at the "new girl." She smiled. "Hello, son," said Lady Lawford.

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Botany fabric for Polly Bergen pattern

16 East 46th St., New York, N. Y.

The Mario Lanza Story

(Continued from page 38) friends would inquire, to Mom's bewilderment. "Who do you mean, Al? There is no Al here—" To his family, he became Fred or Freddy. "It doesn't sing like Alfredo," Pop agrees. "Still, it's a nice American name. Al? Al is nothing."

Because of his war injuries, Pop couldn't do much work and his pension wasn't enough. Therefore Mom took over—first as seamstress, then as a corsetiere. What they lacked in money, they made up in love, and Freddy was the sun of their existence.

"But not spoiled," says Mom. "If I told him no, he might be a little hurt but he new I meant it."

"Not spoiled," echoes Pop, "but to us he was everything. My wife worked for him. He liked weightlifting, so she made a little gym in his room. This room is over the kitchen. Downstairs she cooks and the ceiling shakes and she runs for her life. He? I look at this boy and I melt like butter. On Saturday I fix for his breakfast two pounds of steak with six eggs on top. 'Don't tell your mother,' I say. He laughs and eats."

A natural athlete, he shone in sports. Lessons were something else again. "Fred, how will you get your marks? You don't do much homework."

"I'll get them, Mom. You'll see." He got them by intensive cramming before exams. They weren't "A's," but they served.

Till he was nine, they lived with Mom's folks. Grandpop, in the wholesale grocery and trucking business, was something of an old-world autocrat. When he spoke, his

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children jumped. Freddy didn't jump. Freddy handed Grandpop arguments—respectful, reasonable, but still arguments. This was a new experience to Grandpop. "Maria, this boy—"

"Papa," said his daughter firmly, "you brought me up as you wished. I bring this boy up as I wish—to be my friend and not to be afraid."

Autocrat or no, the gaiety and gusto of his forebears ran through Grandpop's veins, and his home was the heart of the family. Every Sunday and holiday they'd gather at Grandpop's to make merry. Freddy spent his vacation at Grandpop's place in Wildwood. Mom and Pop and the other grownups would come out for weekends. Eighteen or twenty, it made no difference. "Grandmom smiled so happy," says Pop, "because she had so many to cook for."

Save in one respect, Freddy's was an average childhood. Before he turned six, it grew clear that his father's consuming passion for opera was reborn in the son. Pop ate, drank and breathed opera. He'd heard Caruso four times. Returning from war, he invested in a Victrola and bought Victor Red Seal records as he could afford them. These were necessities like air and water. Since all the great ones of opera sang for Victor, Pop revered the name. Passing a record shop, he'd stop and smile at the little white dog, ear cocked to His Master's Voice. Pop loved the dog. He stood for all that was best in singing.

MUSIC was in Mom's blood, too. She played the piano and sang around the house. Many of their friends were professional musicians. They'd have spaghetti parties, which invariably wound up with singing and records. Wide-eyed, the child would listen till bedtime. It was good that he listened. But he was a baby yet, too young for understanding.

One day the five-year-old said: "I want to play records—"

A wonderful chill struck through Pop's bones. "You want to play records? Instead to go outside and play?"

"Show me how, Pop."

Murmuring an Italian blessing, Pop showed him how. "You must wind this handle. It is hard."

"I can do it, Pop."

That was the beginning. Then came the night when they returned from the opera. "He played it twenty-seven times," Grandmom announced.

"Played what?"

"Caruso's 'Vesti la Giubba.' I said, I will count to see how many times he can do it without getting tired. I counted twenty-seven—"

They went up to kiss him goodnight. "Maria," whispered Pop, jubilant. "I should kiss him twenty-seven times—"

She smiled softly. "Come. Let him sleep."

As The Boy Lived It

All he knew was that the music excited him. It gave him *pelladocca*—the Italian word for goosebumps. He wanted no one around when he played the records. Alone, he could drink in every tone and inflection, and lose himself in the radiant maze of sound.

Pop showed him the little white dog and explained what he meant. Caruso and Titta Ruffo sang for the dog. If you were in opera and couldn't sing for the dog—well, that was too bad. Pop shook his head and Freddy followed suit.

Growing older, he pelted people with questions. They began calling him the pint-sized authority on grand opera. Rapt, he listened to Pop describing Caruso. "How does it feel to see an opera, Pop?"

"It feels beautiful, Freddy. You get all dressed up and you take your place and the orchestra leader comes out and everybody keeps quiet and the music begins and the curtain goes up and—you think you're in an opera-house, Freddy?—No, you're in heaven—" Freddy entered heaven at twelve, when they took him to hear "Aida."

His voice? Nobody, including Freddy, knew he had one. Mom hoped he might be a doctor, but the sight of blood sickened him. Well, a lawyer, then. See how he could get the best of an argument, even with Grandpop. They'd send him to college and let him be a lawyer.

At sixteen he said no to Blackstone. "I hate school, Mom, and all the regimentation. I'll finish high school, but forget about college. Give me a little time to feel my way. I know what I want. Show business. I'll find a place."

Now and then at school he'd knock off a couple of high notes that made the guys whistle. Now and then at home he'd sing along with a record—but just for the fun of it and only if Pop was out. To sing in front of Pop, who'd heard Caruso and Ruffo, would have embarrassed him. But Pop came back one day for something he'd forgotten, and the flood of sound from upstairs lifted the hair off his head. For a week he left the house at his usual hour, sneaked round the alley and in through the back door. A week was all he could take without apoplexy. Head whirling, he mounted to his son's room.

Fred saw him standing there, misty-eyed, transfigured. "My boy, you have a truly magnificent voice. God has been good to you."

"Oh, Pop, that's just bellowing—"

"It's the nicest bellowing I ever heard in my life. You want to be in show business? Be in show business. Sing—"

"One loud note doesn't make a singer Pop. You have to be good enough for the

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little white dog. I'm not good enough."

"Let us find out."

"Let's skip it, Pop. Remember what your friend said? 'Never let a boy of sixteen sing. A girl, yes. But the male voice isn't mature enough to work on.' Let's skip the whole thing."

Between tears and laughter, Pop's voice came out shaky. "I am too old for skipping, Freddy. But if you say we wait, we wait."

They waited, and he finished high school. He played records. He gave vent to occasional bursts of song that he couldn't suppress. Mom and Pop exchanged beatific glances but said nothing to Freddy. A voice mustn't be pushed.

Nearing nineteen, he came to them, still dubious. "I don't know. Maybe I have a voice. Maybe Pop should take me somewhere for an opinion."

They went to a coach who in her day had sung with the best. For an hour and twenty minutes, Pop sat in the waiting-room, kneading his hat, never budging his eyes from the door. Inside, Freddy sang and thought he was singing lousy. Why did she keep him so long? At length she stood up. "You have a phenomenal voice. Let's go talk to your father."

His father rose from the sofa. "Mr. Cocozza, there's something great here. I've never heard anyone so young with such material. But the voice isn't placed yet. Wait a few years."

Pop's mouth opened, but no sound came out. He tried again. The third time he made it. "Excuse me," he apologized through trembling lips. "I touch the ceiling."

That night they held a family conclave. "Mom, you know what it means. You've both made such sacrifices for me. You work so hard. I'll have to study and study." He sprang up, restless. "Maybe I could work on the side—"

"No, Fred. You can't do a good thing by doing two things at once. Listen, my son. Only through the hand of God do such things happen. He gives you the hand. Take it. Sing, and fulfill His gift. If I work for you and your voice, I work for Him." Freddy's arms went around her. "Some day I'll make it up to you."

"There is nothing to make up. Come, I will cook spaghetti. This is a happy night, and everyone cries. It is time to laugh."

TO give him *solfeggio*—roughly, scale practice—they found an old Italian. "So old," chuckles Pop, "he can't walk upstairs. I pour him a drink of whiskey, a cup of coffee, and push him up." Voice teachers were thumbed down by the boy himself, who knew that the wrong one could do him more harm than good. But he vocalized with a coach. Most important, he learned pure Italian from his friend, Mario Pellizzon. At home they spoke the dialects of Abruzzi, his mother's birthplace, and Folignano, which his father had left at eleven. Fred needed the McCoy. Pellizzon taught him Roman Italian to such purpose that those to whom it's native swear you're a liar when you say he was born in America.

Also Pop brought home a record, removing it with tenderness from its sheath. "You make me one promise, Freddy. Some time, some place you will sing this for me."

Freddy looked and grinned. It was Caruso's "O Tu Che Inseno Al Gli Angli—O, You Who Teach the Angels"—from "La Forza del Destino" "That's quite a promise, Pop. Let's put it this way. If I can, I will—"

"Let me live and wait," prayed Pop.

Spring of '42. The musical grapevine brought the name of Alfredo Cocozza to the ears of William K. Huff, director of Philadelphia Forum Concerts. Huff appeared at the coach's studio to hear him sing. Because the man was not only an

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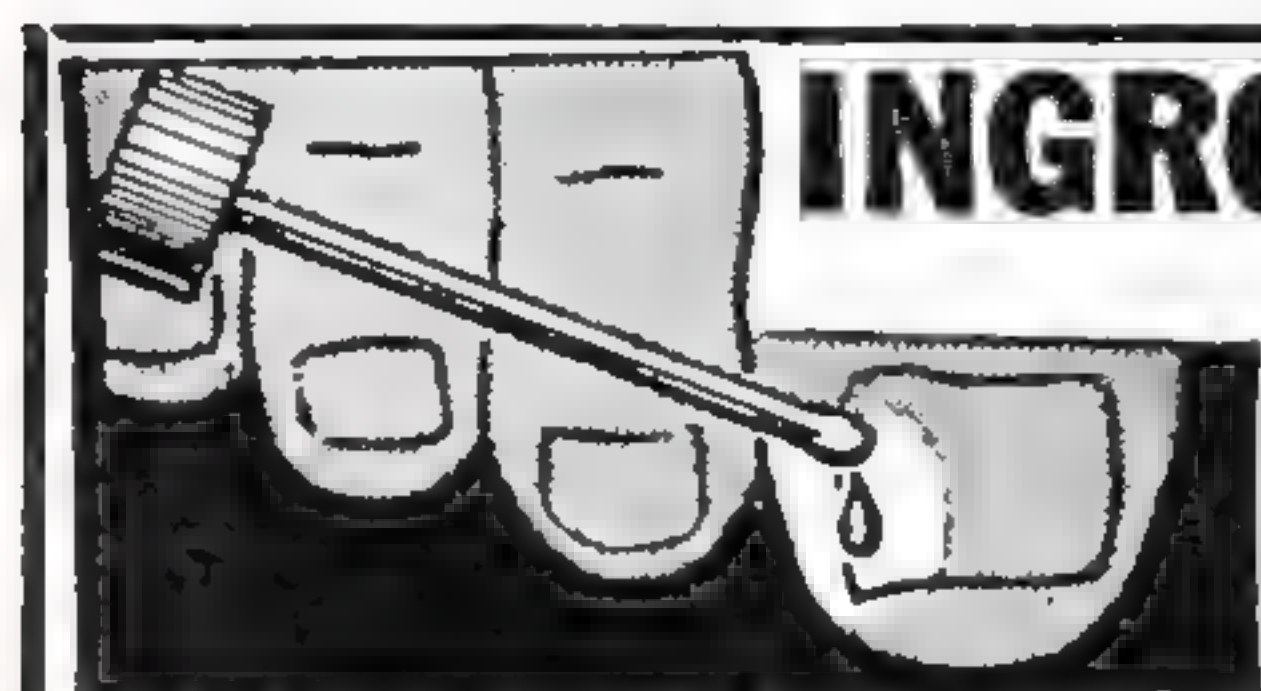
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expert but wholly impersonal, his words gave Freddy the feeling for the first time that perhaps he'd really found his way.

"Cut or uncut," said Huff, "a diamond's a diamond. Your voice is a diamond in the rough. Work, and one day you'll sing for me at the Academy. Only bear this in mind. You've got to sing, sing, sing, and live in a world of music. Cut out everything else. Don't let yourself be derailed."

Then Grandpop stepped in, the unwitting instrument of destiny. He'd been trying to step in for months, but Mom and Pop had stood up to him like a wall. Now he put the heat on, storming, "What is this? Instead of working, the boy listens to records. Enough is enough. It is time he goes out and does something."

Fred sympathized with his view. "Mom, Pop, I'll drive one of his trucks for a while and make him happy. It won't interfere with the singing, I promise you." Reluctantly they agreed.

Which is how it happened that three young huskies, including our hero, delivered a piano at the Academy of Music where Koussevitzky was conducting that night. Crossing the stage, Huff spotted his uncut diamond, dressed like a truck driver, doing a truck driver's work, chewing tobacco like a truck driver. (Now he doesn't even smoke, but at twenty he had to be tough like the rest of the crew.) "What the devil are you doing here?" Huff demanded. Fred told him, and departed about his business.

It was a Wednesday. In Philadelphia the stores stayed open Wednesday night. To lure the trade in, Wanamaker's offered a concert with the world's largest organ and some well-known soloist. Its brilliant windows hove into sight of the boys, still making deliveries. "The heck with work," said Grandpop's young hopeful. "Let's park the truck and dig this concert for a while."

Meantime Huff sat in his box at the Academy, with Fred's coach as his guest and Fred's plight on his mind. As the house lights dimmed, a plan struck and took fire. He leaned toward the coach. Five minutes later she was phoning Freddy's house. No Freddy. Where could she find him? Anywhere. Still working maybe, maybe at Grandpop's or a friend's. She called them all. No Freddy. On a last wild throw she raced down to Wanamaker's.

Eight galleries rise from the rotunda where the concerts were held. Frantically she shoved her way through seven, and on the eighth found Freddy. Just time to haul the truck back, gallop home and wash, scramble into a suit, grab a couple of sheets of music. As the final note of the

final number quivered on the air, they panted into Huff's box.

He took them backstage to the dressing-room opposite Koussevitzky's. Drenched as always after a concert, the late great maestro was changing. "Sing," said Mr. Huff. A dazed and shaken Freddy broke into the opening strains of "Vesti la Giubba," the one aria he knew well. Across the hall, the door stood slightly ajar. Slowly it opened wider to reveal a tall spare figure in trousers and undershirt, towel draped around his neck. The eyes of the two men locked and held. Slowly the elder moved forward, and Freddy's voice soared as if to meet him—soared, sobbed and died in Canio's lament. A moment's silence, broken only by the crazy pounding of his heart. Then he felt himself being embraced, kissed soundly on either cheek—and heard again the unbelievable words. "You have a truly great voice. You will come and sing for me in the Berkshires."

CANDOR being one of his charms, Mario tells you today that he didn't even know who Koussevitzky was. A big conductor, yes, since he had a big symphony. Otherwise, the name stirred only vague echoes, and he'd never heard of the Berkshire Music Festival. If it wasn't opera, Freddy didn't know it. He knew enough, however, to say, "I will come."

He went as Mario Lanza, Coccozza being no handle for a tenor. It was Mom who suggested the masculine variant of her maiden name. Koussevitzky pronounced it perfect, and only on his father's account did Freddy feel troubled. "You're sure you don't mind too much, Pop?"

"Sing," said Pop bravely. "What difference is the name?"

Five weeks of intensive training at Tanglewood in the Berkshires. The sixth week, and an erstwhile truck driver stepped out on his first stage and sang to his first audience, packed with connoisseurs and plain music-lovers. The applause thundered, the New York critics raved, the managers swarmed. He signed with William Judd of Columbia Concerts, and from Philadelphia Mom phoned. "Fred, there's a funny letter for you here. It says, 'Greetings.'"

On a mistaken shipment they sent Private Coccozza of the Air Force to a spot in Texas whose principal output was dust. A fair share of this lodged in Mario's throat, turning his tenor to a gravelly bass. By the time Sergeant Peter Lind Hayes of Special Services came through, hunting material for "On the Beam," Mario was off it. They couldn't hear him for dust. Lying sleepless in his bunk, he watched

Alan Ladd's kidney deluxe

Makes 4 servings

- 1/2 pound lamb kidney
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 slices bacon, diced
- 4 scallions, chopped
- 8 large mushrooms, chopped
- 1 1/2 tablespoons butter
- 1 1/2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- dash pepper
- chopped parsley
- 1/3 cup Sherry

Wash kidneys. Cover with cold water. Bring slowly to a boil and simmer for 20 minutes. Drain and slice, cutting away fat and tubes. Saute bacon in 2 tablespoons butter until crisp. Add scallions and mushrooms; saute 5 minutes. Add kidneys and cook 5 more minutes. Melt in a saucepan 1 1/2 tablespoons butter and stir in flour. Cook over low heat until blended. Add water. Bring to a simmer, stirring; cover and simmer 5 minutes. Add gravy, Sherry wine, salt and pepper to kidney mixture. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

a shaft of moonlight point like a persistent finger at his locker-box, and the wild idea came to him. Out of the box he took a Caruso record. Over the label he pasted another: *Mario Lanza and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood*. Tomorrow he'd send it to Special Services. After all, the worst they could do was kill him. Two days later, under general's orders, he joined "On the Beam."

Now that he's a sensation, gleeful scribes pounce on this incident and twist its spirit to prove that the Lanza head was swollen from 'way back. Cheerfully Mario continues to tell it as it happened, let the chips fall where they may. "I yielded to the temptation to get out of hell. I got out of hell. So it couldn't have been a great sin."

A year of touring with the show—singing. A big night at Las Vegas for Army Emergency Relief, where they dubbed him the Caruso of the Air Force. At Visalia, Moss Hart heard him and asked for his transfer to "Winged Victory," to lead the chorus of 300. He and Bert Hicks, who played one of the smaller parts, became close friends. Originally from Chicago, Bert had settled in California. He showed Mario family snaps.

"Hey, who's that?" Perched on the fender of a car, shapely legs crossed, the girl smiled out at him, friendliness in the dark eyes, generosity in the warm curves of the mouth.

"My sister Betty. Went out to stay with my wife and kid in Los Angeles. Landed herself a swell job at Douglas. Great gal."

"Married? Engaged?"

"Uh-uh—"

"Tell her," said Mario dreamily, "to send more snapshots."

Be My Love

"Winged Victory" hit Los Angeles in June of '44. Bert took Mario home to dinner. In red slacks and an off-the-shoulder blouse, the girl of the snapshots sat across the table from him. Her mother was there too, visiting from Chicago. "Mom," said Mario, already one of the family, "make her stop looking at me."

At twenty-two, Betty had never been in love. Boys came and went, and whether they went or came didn't really matter. Then a boy walked in, and suddenly the air was electric. His great black eyes laughed at her even when he wasn't laughing. "Make her stop looking at me," he said, and the way he said it turned her knees to water. Within two hours Betty was sunk.

There's an eating place in Hollywood called Roméo's Chianti Restaurant, beloved by many for its food and genial atmosphere. To none is it dearer than to Betty and Mario. The owner is an opera-lover who plays his rare records for the pleasure of customers. But he changes them himself. Only two others have been allowed to touch them—Danny Kaye, a frustrated opera singer, and Mario.

At the Chianti, Mario gave a birthday party for Bert Hicks, about to be shipped overseas. Then they all climbed into Roméo's big Cadillac, and went to hear Faust. "Now," Roméo announced, "we go back to the place."

"But it's closed—"

"We will open it."

For the friend of his friend Mario, he'd had a big birthday cake baked, and the champagne iced. It was the first champagne Betty ever tasted. On the record machine, the host placed Caruso's "Vesti la giubba," and Mario sang along with the record. Betty sat rooted, skin prickling with bumps on bumps. They'd told her about his voice, but until you heard it, how could you possibly believe it! Now they were crowding around him, kissing him with true Italian fervor. With true

Irish fervor, heightened by music, love and champagne, Betty flung her arms around him and kissed him too. He held her tighter than he did the rest.

On August 29th they went to dinner at Roméo's, just the two of them. The candles burned, the music played in the background. Across the checkered cloth Mario was looking at her as he'd looked that first night, but with a deeper gravity. "I love you, Betty."

"I love you, too, Mario."

"Will you marry me?"

She slipped her hand into his where it lay on the table. "You know I will."

He filled their wine glasses. Each took a sip of his own, then of the other's. "Now you're my fiancée," said Mario.

THEY planned not to tell anyone for a while, and to have a church wedding when the war was over. One thing and another happened to alter their plans.

Several Hollywood people had heard Mario sing, Sinatra among them. Frankie went mildly insane. He picked up a phone and called Columbia Records. "Look, I've just heard a voice like you'll never hear again. Send a contract over. Nail this guy before somebody else hooks him."

If he'd asked for the moon in those days, Columbia would have dispatched a jet pilot to fetch it. They sent over a regulation contract. Grateful though he was, Mario refused to sign. "But why not?" pleaded his puzzled friend.

A faraway smile touched Mario's lips. "On account of a little white dog," he said.

The little white dog turned up at a party. As a rule, Mario didn't go for parties, preferring quiet evenings with Betty. As a rule, he didn't sing at parties. Until after their marriage, Betty heard him sing only once. But this party was different. "It's at Irene Manning's," Mario Silva said. "There'll be lots of Hollywood stars, all music-lovers." Our Mario was still fresh enough out of Philadelphia to be curious about movie stars. He went. When they asked him to sing, he sang and knocked them for a loop. Their tingling excitement infected Mario. High with good wine, good music and good people, he sang and sang. At 4 A.M. Walter Pidgeon phoned Hedda Hopper. "Get over here quick."

"Are you nuts? I'm asleep."

"Then wake up. We've got a he-angel singing."

The house was high in a canyon. As she mounted the steps, a cascade of golden sound poured out. "Caruso!" she thought, her gorge rising. "If they dragged me out to hear records, I'll pulverize them." But the boy beside the piano was no record. "My hair stood up," she said later, "and shot straight through my hat."

At seven, Mario begged off and the man came over. For nine hours, while the others went into transports, the man had sat apart, arms folded, eyes on the singer, never saying a word. He made Mario uncomfortable. "What am I, a lesson book, that he stares and studies?" Now he broke his silence, handing Mario a card. "Can you come to my office at two this afternoon?" The card read: "Art Rush—Western Representative for RCA Victor." In the corner a little white dog cocked an ear to His Master's Voice.

Mario managed to sleep for five hours. Art Rush phoned Jim Murray, head of the company, all set to plane out for New York that morning. "Jim, you've got to stay over. You've got to hear this boy—" Murray stayed over. Mario sang, and they signed him to a ten-year contract. For the first time in Victor's history, they paid an artist \$3,000 just to sign. Mario floated out. The fairy tale had come true for him and Pop. The little white dog thought he was good enough.

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year another dream came true. Discharged from the service because of a bad ear infection, Mario had been summoned by Victor to New York. He refused to leave without Betty.

"But, darling, what about our families? And our church wedding?"

Round and round it went, and came out the same way. "If you don't go, I won't go."

Being in love, she yielded. They got their license. At the jewelry counter of a little department store, Mario paid \$6.95 for a wedding ring, which Betty has never allowed him to replace. With her sister-in-law Harriet and Mario's friend, Al Gordon, as attendants, they were married in Judge Griffith's chambers in Beverly Hills.

Betty was to spend a few days in Chicago with her folks, while Mario went on to find living quarters and tell Mom and Pop that they had a daughter. With the first job he had no trouble. The second seemed to present some difficulties. Joining him a week later, outspoken Betty asked an outspoken question. "When do I meet your father and mother?"

"Well—they're coming in Sunday—"

"What did they say?"

"I haven't told them yet—"

"Oh, Mario—"

"Look, honey, I could talk for a year about how wonderful you are, but it won't be the same as if you're there. Let's tell them together."

"No. It's not fair to them, Mario. You're their only child. You've been so close. Naturally it's going to be a shock. Here's what we'll do. On Sunday I'll go to a movie or something. Then, if they feel like crying, they can cry without having me around to embarrass them."

"Okay, I'll tell them I married an angel."

"You tell them you married a girl who loves you and wants them to love her."

Whatever he told them, his voice was blithe when she phoned after the movie. "Everything's wonderful. Come on up."

The door was open, and so were Pop's arms. Betty flew to them. Mom kissed her and called her "my daughter" in Italian. The memory still has power to mist her eyes. "Such beautiful, gentle people. They took me in, and it was as if I'd belonged to them forever."

On July 15th, with all their loved ones present, Betty and Mario were married by Catholic ritual in the lovely little church of St. Colombo.

Fulfilling the Gift

For a while it was Eden without the serpent. From the Park Central they moved to Robert Weede's apartment. Weede, whom they met at a broadcast, said: "I'm going to live on my farm. You like my place? Take it." His place was perfection—in the heart of the 50's, overlooking Rockefeller Center's ice-skating rink.

Mario worked with a coach. He made test records for Victor. Every night they walked down Fifth Avenue, laughing, planning, window-shopping, stopping at some juice bar for a tall cold drink. They'd go down to Philadelphia, or the folks would come up. Pop would stand at the window, feasting his eyes on the majesty of St. Patrick's. "Freddy, we go light a candle to St. Anthony for all the beautiful things that are happening—"

But \$3,000 slips away fast in New York. Against his judgment, almost against his will, Mario accepted a radio offer of twenty-six weeks on "Great Moments of Music" for the Celanese Company, taking the place of Jan Peerce. From the first it made him miserable—a great opportunity that he felt he wasn't yet up to. By Mario's code, you don't go before the public except at your best. To achieve his best, he needed real voice training now with some

fine Italian teacher. Yet where was the money to come from? Already they were floundering in debt and he was sinning against his own musical standards. Before each broadcast he paced and shivered, physically ill. "I can't go through with this torture, Betty. It's all wrong."

"Something'll happen to make it right. You'll see—"

Sam Weiler happened. Weiler was a wealthy real estate man, in love with singing. Aware that he had no voice, he took lessons anyway just for the hell of it, and his teacher was Mario's coach. One day he arrived ahead of time. Through the open transom, a glorious tenor swelled, and suddenly Weiler didn't want to sing any more. Unable to contain himself, he knocked. "I know I shouldn't intrude, but I had to get a look at you. May I stay and listen?"

ORDINARILY, Mario would have frowned the suggestion down. But this was such a smiling, kind-faced man that you couldn't say no to him. When Mario left, Weiler stared after him. "Why, with a voice like that, does he look so unhappy?" The coach told him, and Weiler forgot his lesson. "I want to talk to that boy. Where can I reach him?"

"He sometimes hangs out at a health food shop across the way."

Weiler found him. They adjourned to the Park Central drugstore. Mario's not one to spill his woes to a stranger. But talking to Sam was like talking to your brother. "Just tell me about yourself. Maybe I can help." Four hours and thirty-five cups of coffee later, they'd reached a verbal agreement. Sam was going to take over. "I want to sing and I can't sing. Through you I can. Just one thing more. I'd like to meet your wife."

"That's easy. Come to dinner."

"Fine. What can I bring her?"

"She's crazy," laughed Mario, on top of the world, "about little toy dogs."

... They climbed five flights of stairs to where Betty waited on the landing. "Honey, this is Sam Weiler. He's going to be someone very special in our lives."

Gravely Sam handed over a stuffed puppy, done up in cellophane. Betty put an arm around him and kissed his cheek. Not because of the dog nor even because of Mario's special introduction. But because when you looked at him, you liked him. Instinctively she knew that this man could never do anything but good.

Today he's Mario's manager, and the families are like one. Actually his management began when he straightened out their money tangles and gave them six months a week to live on. There was no awkwardness involved. In Betty's words: "It was like your mother and father walking in, saying 'I'm going to take care of you.'" He settled the Celanese contract after eleven broadcasts, removed Mario from circulation and took him to Enrico Rosati, famous teacher of Gigli.

Rosati's greeting was unconventional. "You," he said, gleaming-eyed, "are so-and-so. Go in the room—"

"Hmm," thought Mario. "He doesn't like me."

Rosati shut the door. "You are a so-and-so because you are destroying what your mother gave you."

Mario tried to duck with a feeble jest. "What about my father? Didn't he have something to do with it?"

"The papa, yes. But the mamma, she had the baby. Why do you sing before you are ready to sing?"

The tongue lashed on, dropping Mario's morale lower than an earthworm. Then, abruptly, it stopped. "Sing!" commanded the ogre. He sang. Deigning no comment, Rosati strode to the door. "Come, listen something!" he shouted. Like two go-

mice, his wife and secretary stole in and sat down. Mario sang again. Head bowed, fingers still on the keyboard, the old man spoke as though to himself. "For thirty-four years since Gigli I wait for this voice." Then he looked up. "You will come at eight in the morning. This means not one minute before nor one minute past, but eight precisely."

"Yes, maestro," said Mario meekly enough, but the words were a song.

Fifteen months with Rosati. Then the concerts began. His first Chicago appearance drew 35,000, his second trebled that. On the strength of Claudia Cassidy's review, the St. Louis Symphony booked him in. Though he'd mastered only four operatic roles, Edward Johnson, then manager of the Metropolitan Opera, made him a bid. Opera is the lodestar of Mario's professional life, but he declined. "I have too much respect for the Met to make my mistakes there."

In Hollywood, the Bowl was scheduling its '47 season, looking for a big-name tenor to sing with Eugene Ormandy's orchestra in August. Art Rush took a record to Ida Koverman, who was (1) right hand to Louis B. Mayer (2) an influence in musical circles. "I want you to hear this voice," said Rush. It was an acetate record, which does justice to no voice, but it sufficed. Mario was engaged for the Bowl, and Koverman played the record for L. B. Then she showed him a photograph. "You mean," he demanded, "that this voice comes out of this face?"

"Wait. Wait till you hear him."

At every concert Betty sits out front, part of the crowd, caught up in the general delirium, forgetting that Mario's her husband, beating her hands like mad with the rest. Once it's over, she may feel a trifle red-faced—what is she, a claqué?—but while he sings, she's lost. The Bowl concert was no exception. The whole place rose to its feet and let out a roar. In all the Bowl's history, Jascha Heifetz rated the longest standing ovation—sixteen minutes. Mario's ran four minutes under.

Koverman threw a big party. Studio calls clogged the phone, but the inside track belonged to M-G-M. Work came to a halt while fifty-five assorted executives gathered on a sound stage for the command performance. At its close, the boss pumped the performer's hand. "You're going to be our singing Clark Gable—" Mario grinned. Last April they'd offered him a regulation contract, which he'd turned down. Movies were fine, but to be chained to them, no, since his primary purpose in life was to sing. Now they took him on his own terms—six months a year for five years, all record and radio rights reverting to him.

An unusual deal, not to be wondered at in an unusual story.

Mario's sentimental. Whenever they go back to New Orleans, he insists on the same suite in the same hotel where they first stopped. New Orleans is the town of his operatic debut in "Madame Butterfly." To Mario, it's also forever "Colleen's town—"

The heat was stifling, but the Lanza appetite rises above heat. With Sam and Sam's wife Selma, Mario and Betty went to Arnaud's for dinner. Betty ordered curried chicken, swallowed a forkful and fled. To date, she can't look curried chicken in the face. Selma hurried after her. When anything's wrong with his wife, Mario flops. Not this time, however. They'd been waiting for the rabbit test, which hadn't come back yet. Mario's hand smote the table. "Don't tell me!" he crowed. "Rabbit or no rabbit, this is it—"

At 2 P.M. on December 9th, the baby was born, after twenty-two hours of labor. They finally prevailed on Mario to go home. His tortured face wasn't helping Betty any, and he had to record next day for "That Midnight Kiss." When the call came through, he was singing "Celeste Aida." Betty woke up to find her husband on one side, Sam on the other, both looking as though she'd done something unheard of. "It's Colleen, honey," said Mario. "She's a doll—" The name was his choice. People often asked him if his wife was Italian. "No," he'd always answer. "She's my little Irish colleen."

Another shining milestone had been passed earlier. At the end of his first concert tour, Mario had taken his mother's patient hands in his. "Now it's over, Mom. Now you quit working, and I work for you." When Colleen was six months old, her grandparents came out to visit. Mario finished "Toast of New Orleans." Then the whole family descended on Philadelphia for the opening of "That Midnight Kiss." "This was a week!" sighs Pop. "Cameras shooting us. From the station to the hotel with motorcycle cops."

"Even on the stage they call us. Freddy stands there with Kathryn Grayson and Betty and laughs and makes with the finger. My wife goes out like a queen. Me it scares. 'Smile, Pop,' says Betty. 'Smile, or I'm going to tickle you—'"

The Legion gave a dinner. President Truman was to speak, and Mario to sing. Being there was enough. Having six generals ask Pop about his wounds was almost too much. But the moment that burst their hearts was yet to come.

Truman arrived late, and had to leave early for a scheduled broadcast. "Mario Lanza is waiting to sing for me—" He lifted

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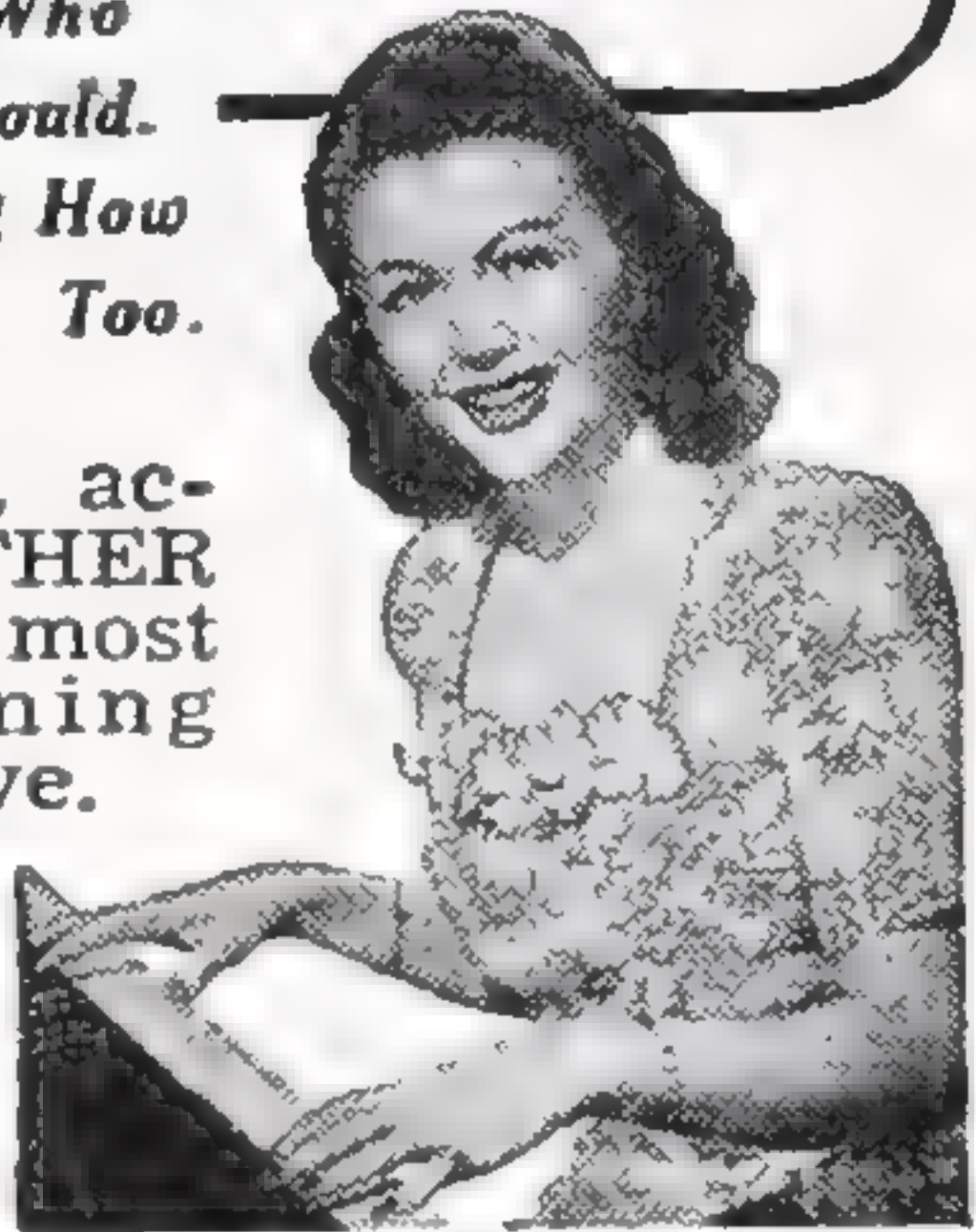
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his eyes to the young man on the balcony. "I'm sorry, Mario. Another time, I hope—" And his hand went to his temple in a smart salute.

... "I grab my wife. Do we dream, is it real that the President of the country we love so much stands before all and salutes our son? Mario he calls him—not Mr. Lanza, but Mario. How can such a thing happen?"

"Yet it happened," says Mom, eyes brimming.

While such things were happening, Grandpop fumed. Mario's tight schedule gave him barely time to breathe. But what was a schedule to Salvatore Lanza! "You mean I can't have my own grandson in my own house?"

"Look, Grandpop, the last show is out at eleven Saturday. Then we'll come to the house."

Muttering, Grandpop retired to his warehouse and ordered half the stock on its shelves sent home. A feast was prepared such as even the Lanzas had never yet beheld. Many were invited, and more showed up. Outside, the crowds set up a rhythmic roar. "We—want—Mar-io, we—want—Mar-io—" Inside, Grandpop filled wineglasses, including his own. "Eat, drink and be happy, everybody—" He filled the glass again. "Salúta, Freddy—"

"Salvado, that's enough," warned Grandmom.

"Why enough? I never died yet." He poured another glass. "Freddy, salúta. Tomorrow I go out and kiss that truck."

"We'll kiss it together, Grandpop," Mario promised.

THE papers had every tenor in the country playing Caruso. In her heart Betty always knew that Mario would do it. Edward Johnson had told Jesse Lasky, who owned the story rights, that Lanza was his man. Lasky tried to borrow him, but M-G-M wasn't lending. At length they joined forces. Through the endless complications that followed, Betty's faith never wavered. Not even when M-G-M called the whole thing off.

"Don't worry," she said. "They'll call it on again."

"I don't get it," said Mario. "They've already assigned writers."

"They've un-assigned 'em," said Lasky. "They're afraid of opera. Opera heads the list of don'ts. But I'm calling Mayer."

Mayer said: "Give me a few days—" Within those few days he rallied his more fainthearted associates and dumped a small Fort Knox into Leo's lap. By such hairs does movie history hang.

Once it was set, Mario's feet turned slightly chilly. "I'm frightened, Betty. It's like putting yourself on a pedestal with your idol." This feeling wore off. His aim is not to be Caruso the second, but Mario Lanza. He never reads reviews. He sings his best and, if the people like him, that suits him fine.

While he was making "Caruso," Grandmom's namesake, Elissa, was born—on December 3rd, two years after her sister. This time Mario was there, holding his daughter a half hour after her birth. Betty heard his laughter mingling with the baby's squall, and decided she was still under. Then his voice came through. "A bass, if I ever heard one! Aren't you ashamed, and your father a tenor!"

CARUSO SINGS TONIGHT. That's how the posters read on Hollywood Boulevard the night of the premiere. But the kids sang too. As Mario helped Mom and Betty out of the car and Pop followed, a fresh young soprano lifted itself in serenade, stilling the clamor. "Be my love, for no one else can end this yearning." Behind the ropes and up through the bleachers, it caught like wildfire. "Just fill my arms the way you've

filled my dreams—" Spontaneous, unheard and heartwarming, it dissolved Mom in tears. . . . "Eternally, if you will be my love—"

"You see?" said Mario. "You've made my mother cry."

"With happiness, Fred."

"With happiness, she says. So thank you for all of us. Whatever happens inside, you've started our evening with a bang."

What happened inside no longer needs telling. Except that Mario sat between Betty and Mom, holding a hand of each. And that Pop all but fell out of his seat applauding. After each number he'd lean toward his son. "Go on, Freddy, clap, isn't it good? Clap for Caruso." And Mario laughed.

Says he: "I watched Mom and Pop. For me, it was their evening. For me it was most exciting because my mother and father were there."

Says Betty: "We had a few close friends in later, about 125. After they went, we sat like a couple of zombies. There were no words left. We just kissed each other."

Say Mom and Pop: "When God gives so much, it chokes you up, and you don't know how to express yourself to Him. So we just went on our knees and told Him thank you."

As "Be My Love" started climbing, Betty predicted, "It'll hit a million—"

Mario said, "Never."

"Bet \$150 to \$100—"

"Be My Love" made it in eight months. In Victor's sixty-five years at the same stand, Lanza's the first Red Seal vocalist to sell a million copies. Iturbi did it with "Polonaise," but it took two years. Official presentation of the gold record will be made by Iturbi. Unofficially, Mannie Sachs flew out with it. Betty stuck a palm under her husband's nose. "Okay, pay off."

He signed a traveler's check. "There. It's the nicest bet I ever paid."

"And don't think I won't spend it. How about \$200 to \$160 that 'Loveliest' does the same—?"

"Loveliest Night of the Year" is well on its way. Caruso snowballs. The Lanza program for Coca Cola has sent TV-ers back to radio. Protests flood the station. "Why only seventeen weeks? Why not forever? Answer: because of other commitments. A picture called "The Big Cast." A concert tour in the fall—

Everything's wonderful, but for Mario the thrill of thrills lies ahead. His heart belongs to opera. "In movies you play someone else, which I love, but you sing to a mike. In concert, you sing to the people, which I love, but you're Mario Lanza in formal dress. I'm against formal dress. I'd rather sing in a shirt and pair of pants. In opera you're somebody else and you sing to the people. When I stand on the stage of La Scala or the Met, that will be my heaven—"

Victor di Sabbata of La Scala has invited him to open the season in Milan. His acceptance depends on conditions still in the making. "I can wait, I have time, I'm not thirty yet. Musically," says the guy whose music has electrified millions, "I'm not even born."

At Home

Like any barbershop tenor, Mario sings in the shower. His vibrancy brings a room alive. Talking to you, he makes you feel important. This is no trick, but a genuine warmth for people. His eyes are clear as child's, and honesty is one of the clues. Lanza. When he sings, it's the original key. If you own a Lanza autograph, it's real. He won't allow his signature to be fake.

Naturally gay and goodhumored, he explodes when the occasion warrants, but gets over it quickly. Sourpusses depress him. In hiring help, Betty looks for cheerfulness first, efficiency second. Next to m

sic and people, Mario loves food. Sitting at one meal, he'll be planning the next. He's forever carting delicacies home, three times more than you need. If at Mario's table a guest had to be told, "That's all there is," he'd crawl off and die.

Sunday's family day, which includes all the Weilers and any close friends who feel like dropping in. Mom and Betty take over the kitchen. Pop and Mario stroll by—"Make it rich, Mom."

"I've been making it rich for thirty years."

"A little more oil," suggests Pop.

Till suddenly Mom has enough. "All supervisors out! Clear the kitchen."

They live in Beverly Hills, and life centers around the home. Mom and Pop live nearby in the house Mario bought them. Each morning Pop and Colleen have a standing date. She waits at the window. "Buon giorno, Pop-pop—" Trained by Tenor, the spaniel, they go for an airing, wave to Charles Boyer and the mailman, discuss affairs. "Like a little old lady she talks to me, and that's my best fun—to be with Colleen and the little dog Tenor—"

Both babies have Mario's eyes, for which Betty thanks Providence. (Not that there's anything wrong with her own. Ed.) Like his father before him, Mario looks at his kids and melts. Colleen said "mamma" first. Elissa said "dadda" first, and the house fell down. Every night there's a ritual. After her bath Colleen appears on the little balcony over the living-room and dangles her hand. Mario picks up a folded paper and hits it. Gurgles of laughter greet this terrific joke. Then they all go upstairs. God is asked to bless a top-heavy list of creatures, ending with Tenor and Pretty-boy, the canary. "Now sing the baby song." Keeping it soft, Mario sings the Virgin Slumber Song, recorded for Colleen.

No matter how late, nor how many people they've had in, the Lanzas take a drive before bedtime, as they used to take

walks in New York six years ago. As in New York, they laugh and plan and dream. Mario will doubtless sing all over the world, but California's home. One of their dreams is to buy a ranch out there, where they can raise animals.

Mario's not superstitious. He and Betty were married on Friday, the 13th. It's their lucky number. Around the number Betty designed a money-clip, and inscribed it: "Darling, may we live as long as we love and love as long as we live."

He's not superstitious, but he won't move from here to there without that clip. . .

Postscript

One night when some friends were gathered, Mario put a platter on the turntable. "This is Pop's record. I made it for him and Mom."

The disc whirled. "O tu che inseno al gli angli," it sang in Mario's voice. At the first word Pop couldn't talk any more. Time faded—

... "You make me one promise, Freddy. Some time you will sing this for me—"

... "That's quite a promise, Pop. Let's put it this way. If I can, I will—"

The song reached its end. Still incapable of coherent speech, Pop grabbed his son and kissed him five times, maybe six.

"Someday," he says, "we have a party together, me and my wife, Colleen and little Elissa. I will tell them about a boy five years old who sits in the room and plays a great singer's record twenty-seven times.—Who is the boy?—Your Papa, Mario Lanza, a great singer. You know what they're going to say?—Let us play papa's record twenty-seven times. So we're going to do that—me and my wife, Colleen and little Elissa—" A rich chuckle escapes him. "This will be a party—"

"With coffee and cake," smiles Mom—

And Pop adds the benediction. "Let us live and wait—"

THE END

Here Comes the Graduate

(Continued from page 71) distinguished lawyer, his family had fondly believed. Words had flowed easily from him. But came a day when his left foot that wig-wags to rhythm got out of control—and he had headed out in a jalopy for Hollywood.

One evening not too long ago, into living-rooms across the country came a new voice, reminiscent of Bing's twenty years ago. It came into the Crosby living-room too. When the program was over, Bing put down his pipe. "He did a pretty darned good job," he remarked. But to the offers that came immediately for Gary he turned a deaf ear. Gary's immediate future was educational. After that—"It's up to Gary," he always added.

As for Gary, he didn't even want to sing on the show. "Thought he might get dazzled by his pals at school," his dad explained.

"They still razz me. I don't mind—too much," Gary had told me the day before his graduation, out in front of the small white cottage off campus where the good seniors are allowed to live.

He's become resigned to being ribbed—except when some columnist casts him in junior-size romance items. "I don't date anybody seriously," he insisted. "Besides, I'm not thinking too much that way now."

Gary, with his crew-cut blond hair, husky build, serious blue eyes and fast friendly smile, and the wild Hawaiian print sports shirt is "thinking" mostly of his fall at Stanford, going out for football, his dates at "Tiny's," a large neon-lighted drive-in near Ballarmine where the school kids gather, and where the customers attend a jukebox.

Did he ever make the juke box at "Tiny's?" I asked.

"Yeah," he admitted, "it's on there."

Get much of a play?

"Does it," he grimaced. "When we go there all the guys keep putting nickels in playing it over and over. They take turns holding each other up on their shoulders right up in front of the loud-speaker and listening—ribbing me. I feel like slinking down into a coffee cup."

Does he think he sings like his dad?

"Nobody's got a voice like Dad's," he said. "And nobody ever has been able to cultivate one."

He is enrolling at Stanford in business administration and later—"Well, it's too soon to know. I think Dad wants me to manage the ranch at Elko."

Show business?

"You've got to be good, really good." He spoke slowly, thoughtfully. "And don't forget all those guys coming up now like Guy Mitchell and the rest—I think Mitchell's great—I have several things in my mind I'm thinking about. But I'm not sure."

On the stage graduation day there was a sea of bobbing blue caps at assorted angles and swaying tassels. One by one the grads rose to receive a diploma and a handshake from the Reverend Thomas P. Cosgrave, S.J., President of Ballarmine.

In the audience Bing and Dixie watched attentively, Bing studying his program as each boy's name was called. Then "Gary Evans Crosby."

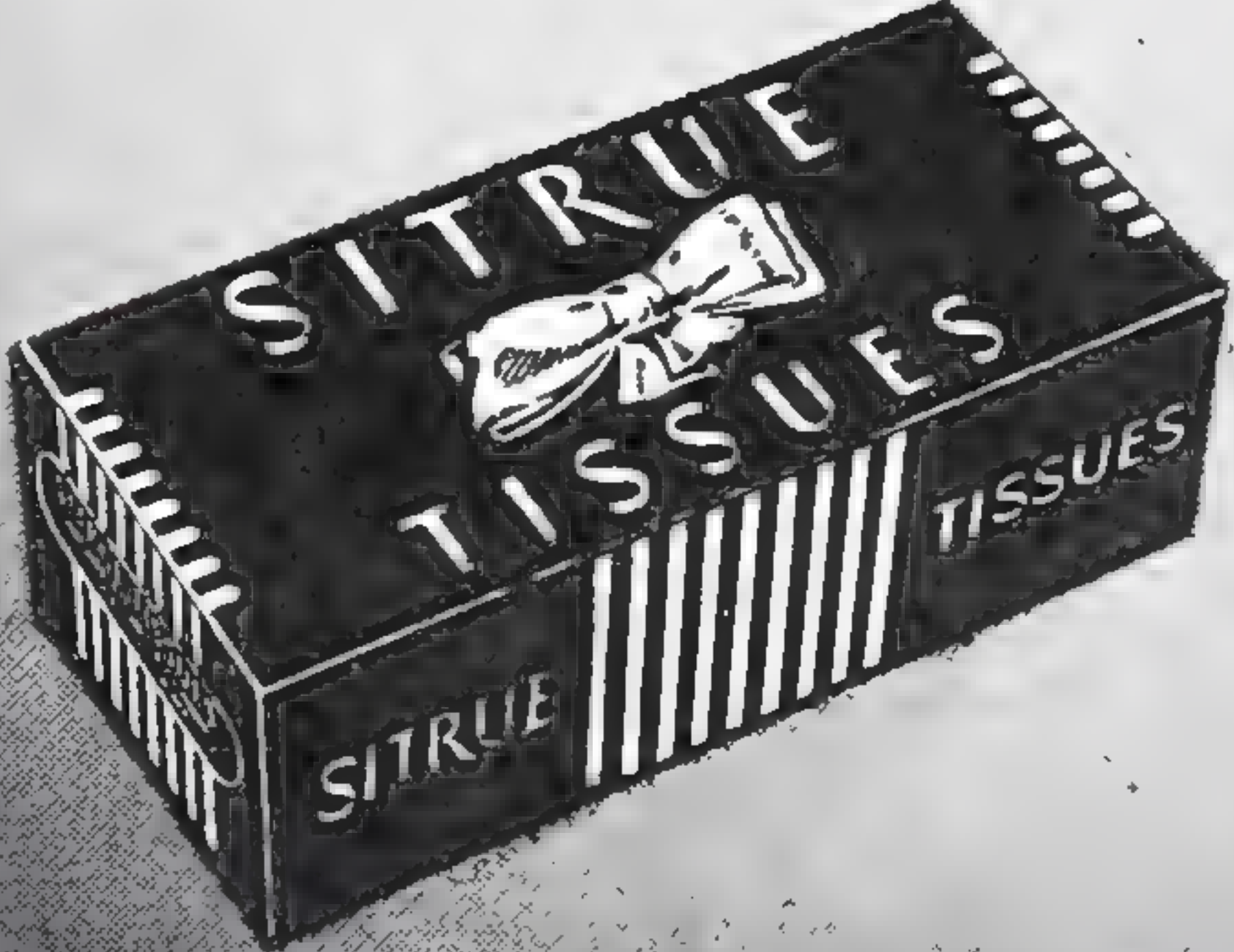
Outside, Bing waited to congratulate his son—the first graduate in Hollywood's "first family."

THE END

Joan Bennett

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Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 30)

Seventh Cavalry. Despite the fact O'Brien is an ex-Captain and a hero with the Union Cavalry, he enlists in the Seventh as a private and there locates his man, Forrest Tucker. Real Indian battles, or real enough for us, take place with all sorts of hazardous escapes for O'Brien and the girl he loves, Polly Bergen. Dean Jagger is good as Polly's father and O'Brien impressive.

Your Reviewer Says: Blood and thunder.

Program Notes: *Montana in Technicolor* never looked lovelier. The swift Yellowstone river, the wild buffalo country of the Big Horn, the ranges of the Crow Indian Reservation emerge in all their tinted beauty. But outriveling their glowing beauty was the pink of Eddie O'Brien's face when squaw Winona Plenty Hoops handed Eddie her papoose to hold while she went about the business of setting up a teepee . . . The local Indians loved working as extras but the assistant director assigned to securing their social security cards for them nearly lost his mind making out cards to Fred Takes a Horse, Gilbert Bird in Ground, Chester Bad Boy and Sarah Don't Mix.

✓✓ (F) Strictly Dishonorable (M-G-M)

FULLY clothed and after a hearty meal, the plot of this Ezio Pinza-Janet Leigh movie wouldn't weigh a good two pounds but there's a chuckle or guffaw in every ounce to keep it bouncing along. As the middle-aged opera star who falls for a dewy-eyed Southern gal, Pinza has a made-to-order role, delivering several operatic arias worth double the admission price. Janet plays the pretty, naive, iron-willed cutie who catches her man in the very trap he's set for her—and with the same piece of cheese. Maria Palmer as Ezio's ex-love, Gale Robbins as the wife of a publisher whose calliope voice starts all the rumpus, Millard Mitchell as Pinza's personal representative, Esther and Silvio Minciotti as Pinza's mother and uncle, are all delightful.

Your Reviewer Says: Amour for all ages.

Program Notes: Janet Leigh was at the height of her romance with Tony Curtis (now her husband) during the shooting and felt none of the world-famous charm of the "South Pacific" hero. A breathless "good morning" and "good night" just about cleaned up the daily conversation . . . Pinza, who had become a papa for the fourth time (he has a daughter by a former marriage) was too busily engaged in planning a European trip for himself and charming wife to notice much, anyway . . . The Minciottis, who are members of the Italian Theatre Guild, and Ezio had themselves many long Italian gabfests.

✓½ (A) Peking Express (Paramount)

THIS tells of China and the present day turbulence. Joseph Cotten is a United Nations doctor. Corinne Calvet is a French singer. And Edmund Gwenn is a Catholic priest. All are aboard the crack Oriental Express bound from Shanghai to Peking. Also aboard are Benson Fong, a young Red newspaper man; Soo Yong, a distraught woman who shares Miss Calvet's compartment and a prosperous looking Chinese, one Kwon, who turns out to be Marvin Miller of all people. However, no sooner does the train get up steam than Soo Yong is stabbed by Kwon, who turns out to be her husband. The train then is halted by a band of black marketeer hoodlums who force the passengers to alight. Cotten, Miss Calvet and Mr. Gwenn are taken to a

near-by farmhouse where the leader turns out to be none other than Kwon. Bent on killing them all, Kwon finally promises Corinne to spare Cotten's life if she remains with him. Kwon's son arrives in the nick of time to save Corinne and Cotten as well. But nearly everybody else gets killed off. Fongs, Kwons, Songs, Yongs and Bongs drop like flies.

Your Reviewer Says: More mixed up than a bowl of chop suey.

Program Notes: Because the Chinese actors outnumbered the Americans, thirty to one, director William Dieterle had all instructions delivered over the loud speaker for outdoor scenes, first in Chinese and then in English. No difference that all the Chinese spoke English. That's the way it was going to be, see . . . Miss Calvet and husband John Bromfield were reported "tiffing" during the filming but on the set Miss Calvet, she zay nozzing. Nozzing at all.

✓✓ (F) Hard, Fast and Beautiful (Filmakers-RKO)

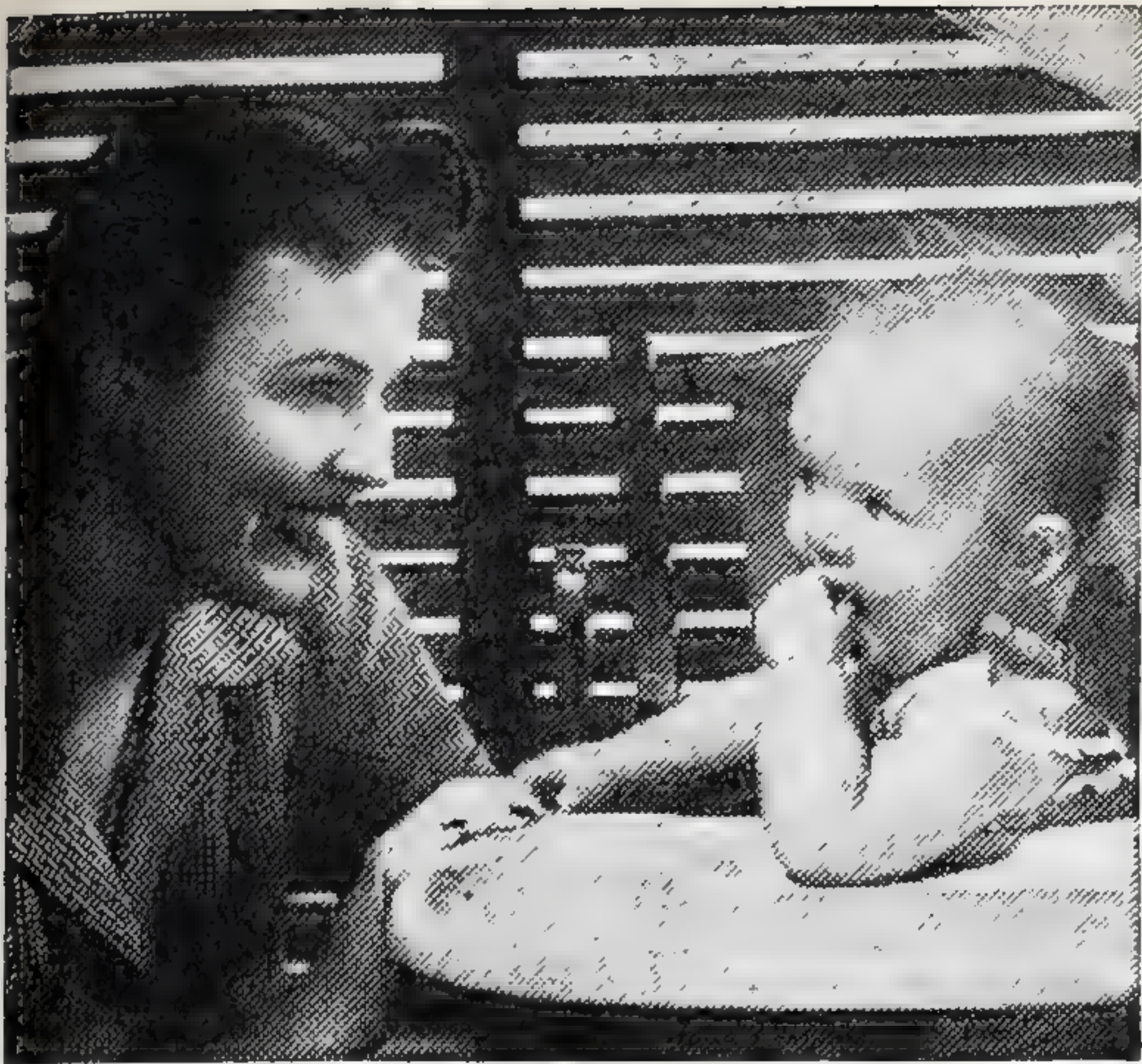
TO MIX a metaphor, this story of tennis stars and tennis "rackets" packs an unexpected punch. The rise of a champ and the frank expose of the "expense money" source, comes as a real eye-opener to those of us who never gave it much thought. But so cleverly is it told as a fictional tale, it takes nothing away from the sport as a sport. Claire Trevor gives a socko performance as the greedy, ambitious mother who promotes her daughter, Sally Forrest, out of marriage with Robert Clark and into the tennis championship. Carleton G. Young is a smooth promoter and George Fisher the same genial radio announcer he is in real life.

Your Reviewer Says: Right across the net.

Program Notes: It was quite a sight to see the neat, trim, beautiful Ida Lupino enveloped in her director's chair, handling cast and crew with all the skill of an old time director. Ida and her producer-husband Collier Young dined together almost every evening during the shooting to discuss production chores . . . At a special preview held at Toots Shor's famous New York bistro noted tennis players (some convinced the story was about them) pronounced it "good tennis" despite those behind-scenes dollar juggling . . . A New York cameraman traveled to the Forest Hills matches in New York for long shots but portions of the Forest Hills Inn were carefully reproduced on a Hollywood sound stage . . . Sally Forrest spent weeks learning to smash a ball with championship technique and succeeded.

✓✓ (F) That's My Boy (Paramount)

THEY'RE back again! Martin and Lewis those mad-hatter comics that rioted all over the screens in "My Friend Irma" and "At War with the Army" return in a milder, homier sort of story that depends more on premise than gags for its laughs. And while the idea of anemic, introverted Lewis attempting to emulate the heroic of his father, an ex-All American football star on the alma mater team is funny enough, the boys are best when allowed to run wild. There are plenty of laughs when string bean Lewis sets out to become a football star with handsome Dea Martin, the college hero, to help him. Eddie Mayehoff as Jerry's dominating father provides the exact contrast that heightens the absurdity. Ruth Hussey, Jerry's beautiful mother and Mario Marshall the co-ed both boys love.



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Your Reviewer Says: Lots of laughs.

Program Notes: *Bedlam!* Sheer, unadulterated bedlam broke out all over the Paramount lot when Martin and Lewis decided to disagree with their manager during the making of the film. Every kind of gag was perpetrated by the boys to keep the fuss going, which caused the cast to wonder if the comics were only having fun, if they were really as upset as they pretended or if they were coming down with whooping cough or something... Polly Bergen had become slightly used to the Martin-Lewis capers, having made her movie debut with the boys in "At War with the Army"... Marion Marshall moved over from Twentieth to Paramount for her role and liked it so well she hopes to stay there... The college scenes were shot at Occidental College in Eagle Rock, a suburb of Los Angeles, with twenty-nine USC and UCLA football stars participating in the games.

✓1½ (A) **St. Benny the Dip (U. A.)**

THREE hoodlums, Dick Haymes, Roland Young and Lionel Stander, take refuge from the police in a New York church basement and emerge as men of the cloth. Exchanging their own garments for the stolen ecclesiastical vestments, they seek shelter in a deserted Bowery mission. Here they are mistaken for real ministers by the police who jump to the conclusion the mission is about to be reopened. And by these three, yet. Of course, with little or no stress on the cranium you can take the story from there. You know they do open the mission and each finds regeneration in his own way. An interesting story idea acted out by clever people who never get into it, somehow. Nina Foch is quite good as the girl who finds romance with Haymes. Richard Gordon, Freddie Bartholomew, Oscar Karlweis, Dort Clark and Will Lee complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Hallelujah!

Program Notes: "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town" could well be the theme song, with cameras chasing the cast all over Manhattan for authentic background shots. When inside scenes were necessary the company moved into the old Biograph Studios where D. W. Griffith, the Gish sisters, the Talmadge girls and Valentino all began their trek to fame... Dick Haymes and Nina Foch are alien-born American citizens. Dick was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Nina in Leyden, Holland. Both came to the attention of the public through music; Nina as a pianist and Dick as a singer. This is Dick's first straight role, his one song far from the screen musical idea... Hidden cameras enabled the cast to get through most of their street scenes without attracting too



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much notice. A few heads turned at the sight of three scrambling ministers but no one stopped to comment. Blasé New York, you know.

✓✓ (A) Iron Man (U-I)

IF YOU enjoy fight pictures—and we don't—this is one of the best to come out of Hollywood in a long, long time. Jeff Chandler is so imbued with the spirit of his role, it's difficult to believe he is not the simple, easy-going coal miner, coerced into becoming a fighter, that he portrays. He is just that good. Counting on Jeff's murderous temper, once aroused, as a deadly weapon for success, his brother Stephen McNally and Jeff's girl, Evelyn Keyes, persuade Chandler to take to the ring. His lack of skill and ruthless brutality when crazed with temper make him a hated, thoroughly booed fighter. Once launched on his career, he is unable to stop before reaching his goal—the championship. This determination loses him his friend, Rock Hudson, a popular fighter; his bride, Miss Keyes; and his brother McNally who has managed his career. Jeff reaches his goal, in time, but when defending his title against his former friend, Hudson, Jeff undergoes a change of heart and tactics. Jim Backus is excellent as a sports writer, Hudson most personable as a fighter and McNally excellent as the brother. But it's Chandler's picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A he-man's movie if ever there was one.

Program Notes: Chandler and Hudson made all their own punches in this film. The two men trained for many weeks under the studio trainer, Frankie Van, undergoing a strict regime to keep in shape. Many mornings Jeff drove through the studio gates at four thirty to have Bud Westmore plaster on swellings, bruises, cuts and black eyes before the cameras began turning at nine. . . Evelyn Keyes claims she's well on her way to being punch drunk after two terrific slappings around by Chandler, first in "Smuggler's Island" and then this one. . . McNally was sent home after the coal mine rescue sequence with a "black powder headache" caused by the explosive powders used for realism. After seven pictures in ten months McNally was ready to keel over from sheer exhaustion. . . Oddly enough, with all the slugging, the only casualty was sustained by Joyce Holden, who plays Evelyn's rival, when she fell over a burning can of resin used to create the smoggy atmosphere of a large arena. Miss Holden burned her hands and knees.

✓✓ (F) Four in a Jeep (U.A.)

AN UNUSUAL and intriguing little movie with a mixture of English, French, Russian and German dialogue with translations—although the action is so self-explanatory the English sub-titles really aren't necessary. The tale is laid in Vienna which is under joint occupation authority. In the center of Vienna is the International Zone where the four leading powers alternate in a monthly command and an M.P. from each country ride together in patrolling the area. A jeepload of M.P.'s made up of Ralph Meeker as the American; Yoseph Yadin the Russian, Dinan the Frenchman and Michael Medwin the Englishman, run into Viveca Lindfors who is under suspicion by the Russians because her husband fled a prison camp a few days before his scheduled release. The attempts of each man to aid Viveca—with the Russian torn between compassion and duty—form the basis of action.

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting—and educational too.

Program Notes: Producer Lazar Wechsler planned to have his characters come from the

countries whose citizens they portray in the picture, but Swedish-born Viveca Lindfors, playing an Austrian girl, was the one exception. Her accent, however, is perfect. . . The entire film was shot in authentic locales, with Vienna being the one city remaining where Russian, French, British and American officials still work in cooperation with one another (at this writing, anyhow) . . . Wechsler used great care in selecting the bomb-wrecked building used for the big chase sequence. Although the climax called for falling beams and collapsing partitions, he had to be sure the "accidents" wouldn't come off prematurely. . . Ralph Meeker had a regular tour of Europe during his last two pictures. Saw Italy for "Teresa," and Austria during the shooting of this film. Meeker, who replaced Marlon Brando in the New York production of "A Streetcar Named Desire" finally got to make a picture in Hollywood. He plays opposite Betty Hutton in "Somebody Loves Me."

✓✓ (A) He Ran All the Way (U. A.)

HE RAN all right, with the audience breathless trying to keep pace with the swift and menacing action. John Garfield plays the runner and to the tiptop hilt, turning in a terrific performance. Meantempered, distrustful of everyone, ruthless as a cornered animal. John makes of this robber-murderer a thing not at all pleasant to behold. You can imagine, then, the helplessness of the Dobbs family when Garfield takes possession of their modest flat as a hideout, constantly keeping one member of the family near him as hostage. Shelley Winters is marvelous as the simple, trusting waitress who meets Garfield at a public swimming pool and takes him home to meet her father, Wallace Ford, her mother, Selena Royle, and kid brother, Bobby Hyatt. Each reacts in his own way to the unwelcome guest. Gladys George and Norman Lloyd complete the cast of which every one rates a "best."

Your Reviewer Says: Take your nerve pills with you, chums.

Program Notes: John Garfield did a double take one morning on the set when the call sheet for prop requirements read, "whiskey and chase her." Since the scene included peppy Shelley Winters, John was glad to oblige, only they hurriedly explained they meant "whiskey and chaser." However, the "chase her" command did happen when John accidentally dropped a hot cigarette ash on Shelley during a scene and set her filmy negligee ablaze. Like a shot Shelley took off over the sound stage with John in heroic pursuit. Wallace Ford came the next cropper when a sliver of wood ran into his finger during a five-page scene with Garfield. Ford calmly extracted the splinter as part of the action. . . Bobby Hyatt, who began his career as a baby in "Penny Serenade," has completed 48 pictures in his young life, despite the fact he contracted polio at age seven. . . With R. B. Roberts, Garfield heads his own company, which produced this film.

Best Pictures of the Month

A Place in the Sun
A Streetcar Named Desire
Kind Lady
The Frogmen
Alice in Wonderland

Best Performances of the Month

Montgomery Clift, Shelley Winters
in "A Place in the Sun"
Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter
in "A Streetcar Named Desire"
Maurice Evans, Ethel Barrymore
in "Kind Lady"

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Esther Williams, R.F.D.

(Continued from page 55) building or furnishing.

Fit your home to your needs, too, your way of life. For example, Esther and Ben could have used damasks and velvets and silks. But they've two very young sons, so it's cotton throughout for the Gages. And for rugs Esther chose a colorful, sturdy multicolor floor covering. The style dates back to grandmother's era, when she used to make braided rugs from cast-off clothing. Esther's rug, however, is woven, with white cotton thread for the warp, and the woof of heavy, multicolor wool strips. It looks like an old-fashioned rag rug and probably will wear well.

"I like old furniture," declares Esther. "Pieces that have been lived with have a warmth and character that just cannot be imitated. Reproductions are just not for me!"

Consequently she's filled her house with

★ The height of fashion is often the low of good taste."

... LORETTA YOUNG

beautiful, old pine pieces. Inches cut from the legs made one old table into a superb coffee table, right for the front of the large rose antique satin sofa. A dry sink serves as a table beside the sofa, and against the opposite wall, under the window, stands a magnificent, large old library table. Next to it there's a wonderful pine breakfront with a spoon rack in the front.

ALTHOUGH Esther may not have thought of this, with children in the house there's an extra advantage in using old pieces. Every scar or nick blends with the others, instead of standing out, raw and naked, as it would on a shiny new surface.

"The cradle by the hearth," pointed Esther, "is old, of course, and we bought it for a wood box, but instead—we use it for the baby!" So she's filled it with blankets and topped it with a red shawl, ready for Kimmie at an instant. And right beside it stands a fine old Boston rocker, where she can sit and beam at her baby while rocking little Benjie.

Because the living-room is large, Esther chose large furniture pieces. Both the upholstered wing chair and the frame wing chair are massive, so that they fit the room. Keeping in scale is very important to a well-decorated room. Small furniture pieces in a large room clutter and confuse the scheme. Crowding large scale pieces into a small area is every bit as bad. Next time you buy a chair or sofa, reserve final judgment until you see it in your home, and can determine whether the size really fits.

The third upholstered chair is Ben's own, a deep-seated, button back, red leather chair and ottoman. The color blends with the brown, beige and rust-quilted cotton on the frame wing chair.

Esther used fine old indoor shutters for the lower half of the living-room windows. These date back to the period in which she is furnishing, but they're as right for today's homes as thermostat controls. She turned to fabric for the top window halves, using a gay green Provincial-patterned chintz made into tailored curtains and topped with a valance. This combination makes for complete light control and maintains privacy as well.

With so much vibrant color in the fur-



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nishings, Esther specified simple back-grounds, white panelled walls, a barn paint ceiling and wonderfully finished peg and groove floors. A massive used-brick fireplace at one end of the room balances the wide bookcases on the opposite wall and the stairway leading to Esther's and Ben's bedroom. Speaking of the stairway, they didn't waste any space there! They panelled over the area underneath and use the space for storage.

"You can see why we fell in love with this house," said Esther. "The kitchen!" And she's so right. It's the main feature, for it's kitchen, den, dining-room, family-room . . . the hub of family activities. And so attractive that you just naturally gravitate towards it.

Natural red quarry tile floors, used-brick corner fireplace, pine walls and a pitched, beamed ceiling set the tone for casual atmosphere. Doesn't sound much like a kitchen, but the cooking facilities, a built-in range and oven and cupboards for pans and foods, are all there tucked in a corner behind a bar-height partition. Red linoleum counters, cupboards and the sink round out the opposite corner, and between them a door opens to the service porch. All cupboards are of natural-finished pine to go with the pine walls and beamed ceiling, rendering them completely inconspicuous.

THE rest of the room is devoted to living. The raised fireplace occupies the third corner where it's handy as a barbecue too, when that's on the menu for the Gages. The used-brick stretches to the ceiling and around the corner, with a few ledges and shelves to give it interest, altogether as handsome and unusual a facade as you'll see. It's no wonder that the Gages burn a fire there daily! Esther put red and white Provincial paper next to the fireplace, and flanked it with a folding chair-table and another Boston rocker.

The fourth corner's for those peaceful hours after dinner at the end of the busy day. Here's an inviting red studio couch, the bolsters covered with a red and green farm print, and the same print's used on a nearby lounge chair. A small pine dry sink stands beside the studio couch, holding a lamp and performing the functions of an end table.

For meals, Esther put a maple drop-leaf table in the center of the room, under the quaint copper fixture, surrounded it with Windsor chairs, cushions of red and white checked gingham, and then finished it off with a smaller version of the living-room rug on the quarry tile floor.

It's a wonderful, workable idea, this doubling up of functions in a room. You might be able to work it into your home. If you've a separate dining-room, why not use it as a den, too, by pushing the table and chairs to one side and adding a studio couch, your television set and perhaps a desk?

If you're building a new home, why not borrow the kitchen-den-dining-room idea from Esther? It's an adaptation of the old "keeping rooms" of yesteryear.

A door in the Gage's "keeping room"

opens onto a small brick patio, shaded by a giant, ancient oak. On warm days it's perfect for breakfasts and lunches, so they move the table outdoors for a day or two. A picket fence edges the patio, making it a fine play-yard for young Benjie. Here's a good idea to jot down. The fence came from Esther's and Ben's other house, and when it was made, Ben had it mounted on pipe so that it could be moved.

Plans for the future include enlarging the play-yard area, which will at the same time fence off the kidney-shaped pool on the upper level. Even though her children probably will swim like little minnows, Esther will take no chances of accidents.

When they bought the house, the tremendous attic space was untouched. Esther and Ben promptly took advantage of part of the space to make their master bedroom under the eaves, at the head of the stairs.

THEY utilized every nook and corner for cupboards or closets, the low ones for suits and coats, saving the tall wardrobes for long coats and dresses. They went at it so enthusiastically that actually they have storage to spare, and Angie, their gay little cocker spaniel, benefits therefrom. One entire cupboard in Esther's and Ben's bedroom holds nothing but Angie's bed. "Angie's apartment," they call it.

Esther did their bedroom in soft yellow and gray, the pine ceiling, the knotty pine cupboard doors, the woodwork, all painted a really luscious, soft yellow. For the walls, she selected a medallion pattern that combined yellow, green and blue-gray, and she repeated the blue-gray in cotton carpeting. Although yellow sateen hangs at the windows in brief Dutch curtains, one fabric, yellow and gray striped cotton taffeta, is used for everything else in the room, quilted spreads, dust ruffles, slipper chair, studio couch, pillow covers . . . everything. It's most effective.

Whenever you're planning a room scheme, remember to keep it simple, and underdress the furnishings rather than overdress them. You can't make a mistake in combining fabrics when you use one and repeat it several times. If Esther had put a print on the slipper chair, and still a third fabric on the studio couch, the harmony and unity of the room would have been lost. It might have been attractive, but it wouldn't have the balance and serenity now evident.

She carried the carpeting, the wall-paper and the yellow woodwork into the adjoining tiny dressing-room and bath, so that one room seems to flow into the other. Consequently, you're not conscious of size at all.

Both Esther and Ben always have liked headboards with shelves for radio, books, and miscellany, but these very definitely have a modern style that's not for the Gages! So they designed an adaptation which works like a charm. Since their bed was in the traditional, Early American style, they had the panels in the headboard cut out and replaced with sliding panels. Where the panels open, they inserted a shelf, behind the headboard. It amounts to an entire new back for the

headboard, but it cannot be seen from the front when the panels are closed. The thickness can be seen from the side, of course, but it is not objectionable.

You find this same, fresh thinking in the baby's room. It looked so large and he was so small, and they needed a place for the nurse, anyway, so they built a room within a room. In the corner, they partitioned off a space about 8' x 9'. White paneling forms the lower half of the partition, shutters the upper half, so that this section can be closed off entirely or opened up to the room. It's just right now for Kimmie's crib and dressing table and attendant paraphernalia. Later on, it will be a grand play and toy area.

Benjie's room is as boyish as cowboys and Indians, and what's more, it's a room that can take it, with blue linoleum on the floor, natural pine-paneled walls and a high, beamed ceiling. Along one wall, between the ceiling and the top of the door, Esther put in a gay circus mural, and window shades on the opposite wall repeat the circus motif. They're in reds and blues and white, just enough color to lighten the paneling.

THERE'S still loads of unused attic space over the living-room, which is earmarked for the Gage offspring. "Someday," says Esther, "when the boys are older, that will make a wonderful playroom. I can see model railroads, games, and just about everything up there. This is one house it would be hard to outgrow."

If necessary, they could even spread to the little pool house, though that would be unlikely. It would be adequate, though, because again, Esther and Ben refused to conform to tradition. When they planned the little dressing-room, it was to be just the standard type. "Hey," said Ben, "it's a long way to the kitchen. How about an easy way of providing refreshments?" So they redesigned the pool house. The whole front can be opened up, revealing the sink, the cupboards and the tiny refrigerator. Or just the upper half of the front can be opened, so that a counter is formed. The bath and dressing-rooms are to the left, behind and on a higher level than the front bar.

"Wait," said Esther. "Why build just a couple of dressing-rooms? Why not make one large enough to hold a chair and a studio couch? That way, the pool house can double as a guest house if ever we should need it."

Ben agreed, and it was done. A red studio couch with chartreuse bolsters stands on the spatter paint floor, framed with red and white Provincial paper in the popular Cloverleaf pattern. Woodwork is white. The exterior is styled after the main house and wears the same yellow with white trim.

Esther has great plans for the landscaping, too. There will be ivy and geraniums taking over the banks, colorful petunias edging the brick paths, violets and shade flowers dug in at the base of the giant oaks. It's all to look natural and casual, straight from Mother Nature's book, and it's well on the way right now.

THE END

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